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REMINISCENCES—
SOCIAL AND POLITICAL.



MISS ROMA LISTER IN THE COSTUME OF LADY LISTER.
After Holbein's Portrait at Windsor.

Frontispiece

REMINISCENCES— SOCIAL & POLITICAL

By
ROMA LISTER

With 16 illustrations

SECOND EDITION

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FOREWORD

by LILIANITA BIANCA

ROMA LISTER, of distinguished English parentage and ancestry, was born in Rome, and thus christened with the name of the Città Eterna, in whose marvellous atmosphere she first opened her eyes—a child of Destiny, entering on rather an enchanted life.

Her English inheritance gave her the exquisite dignity and refinement inherent in the nobility of that land; she came of ancestry of Oxford traditions, of wide intellectual activities, of the finest order of English culture; she was herself endowed with affinities for scholarly acquirements, with a keen sense of humour, with a mental comprehensiveness and grasp that assimilated many unrelated orders of human experiences; she was, indeed, a born cosmopolitan. With all these Miss Lister had the temperament of the mystic, which has, indeed, coloured and dominated her life, yet quite as much in evidence is all the native instinct of the social elegances and social enjoyments.

In later years, when left as the sole mistress of the magnificent apartment in the historic old Palazzo Senni of Rome, Miss Lister continued the traditions of the charming hospitality of her mother, and became, herself, one of the most notable among the younger hostesses in Rome. At the very delightful little dinners given by Miss Lister the guests often included four or five nationalities: French, German, and Italian mingled with English and American guests, and the hostess conversing in all languages with equal grace. Miss Lister was a patron of the arts, she was the friend of artists, and one most finely critical in her appreciation of music, painting, and sculpture. Her omniverous reading made her familiar with many literatures, and as a conversationalist especially she held social sway.

The most spontaneous touch and go of her conversational art reveals itself in these *Reminiscences*, which are not especially tabulated, not relegated to any encyclopædic arrangement of specific chapter and date, but which flow from her pen as they flow from memory. They are not offered as any consecutive narration of the many phases of life on which they touch, but remind one of woodland flowers that spring up here and there,

where water-lilies float in their own element, or violets spring in a mossy glade, or the rose opens to the summer sunshine. These random and quite unclassified recollections must have their claim to be enjoyed for what they are, without demanding that which they are not. Miss Lister is not in any way attempting to write history, political or social, nor yet biography, nor autobiography ; but out of a singular wealth of mental resources, out of the heart of a life that has been steeped in contact and companionships with many of the most notable and most interesting people of the day—from the time of receiving in childhood the gift of a doll from Queen Victoria to the time of deepest interest in the marvellous personality of Mussolini—the life of Miss Lister has been exceptionally rich in human intercourse.

Through the tragic years of the War, when she, in common with all Italy and England, gave lavishly of aid and of sympathy, through these later years of turmoil inseparable from building the world anew, through all this period, as in the sunny and rose-crowned years before, Miss Lister has kept heart and faith ; she has been as one who

“ Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,”

and through all these glancing remembrances and varied memories, set down as they occur to her, there is still in evidence the controlling power of a serene and unquestioning faith and of her own boundless sympathy and inspiring courage.

LILIANITA BIANCA.

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Reminiscences—

Social and Political

CHAPTER I

OLD STORIES

Old stories—Tea at Windsor and a visit to Queen Victoria—Early days in Italy—Anglo-Roman relations, 1874 to 1885—Fräulein Gemeiner and her school—Carnival, ancient and modern—Relics of the Borgias.

APPARENTLY the way to begin Memoirs is to begin at the roots of a human plant and not to study so much the leaves, the flowers, the sun, and the temperature as the quality of the earth where the plant grows. To obey this fashion I begin by giving a few explanations and details of the families from which I spring.

My father, Thomas Anthony Lister, was the second son of the Rev. Anthony Lister of Hornby Castle, Lancashire, and patron of the two family livings of Giggleswick and of Gargrave, Yorkshire. His mother was Miss York, sister of Colonel Richard York, who married Lady Mary Lascelles, daughter of the Earl of Harewood.

My grandfather, like most Yorkshiremen, took his clerical dignities to heart perhaps more than most "Squarsons." He was generous, much beloved by his tenants, easy-going in his double capacity, and tolerant. In order that their congregations should not be wearied with repetitions, my grandfather and the Catholic priest—old friends—exchanged sermons regularly. There were too many marriages between neighbouring squires and too much relationship for religious squabbling. The family were great hunters. At Farnley Hall, the historic seat of the great Fawkes family, near Harrogate, there is a sketch of a meet. Among the members of the Hunt are painted my grandfather and his two sons. The sketch, in oils, is on a panel of the Tudor smoking-room.

My father's family is a younger branch of the Ribblesdales.

The correct name is Lister of Newsholme. Gisburne Park has been held by the Listers for many centuries, and it is from Gisburne that the cadet branch of the Listers of Newsholme originally sprang. There were many marriages between these Listers and neighbouring squires, such as Coulthursts, Tempests, and others. My grandfather's only daughter, Mary, married the Honourable Marmaduke Constable Maxwell, of Terregles, near Dumfries, brother of Lord Herries. There is not much to tell of the family. It fought for the White Rose of York, but did not join in the Pilgrimage of Grace, and took all it could get of the sequestrated Church properties. It was on the side of the Roundheads in the Civil Wars during the time of Charles I. The most remarkable ancestor is Lady Godiva. I believe some of her land belongs still to the head of our family.

My uncle, Charles Lister, the eldest son, was sent, following family traditions, to Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. Thomas, my father, was too delicate for school life. He used to ride his pony across the moors to Giggleswick Grammar School until, at the age of fourteen, he was sent as a Gentleman Commoner to Trinity College, Cambridge, and had the lovely rooms looking on the Quadrangle, later occupied by the Duke of Clarence. My father's vacations were spent at his brother-in-law's famous old house Terregles, where, in a historic past, the brave Lady Nithsdale lived with the husband she afterwards saved from the Tower and the axe.

At Terregles Queen Mary slept her last night in her native kingdom before leaving Scotland for ever and throwing herself on the mercy of her cousin Elizabeth. The last day of queenship and of freedom was spent under the roof of Terregles. During my uncle's lifetime the house held two heirlooms of this hapless lady—her *Book of Hours*, which was found beneath the pillows of her bed, and a pair of silken reins she had embroidered for her son King James. Another heirloom was the cloak in which Lady Nithsdale smuggled her husband the Earl past the guards of the Tower. An American sightseer surreptitiously cut a big piece of stuff out of the centre of the cloak. Terregles now belongs to Mr. Maxwell Stewart, owner of Traquair.

There had been a great disaster in my father's family. During the time that my grandfather was an undergraduate of Trinity, like many young men with more money than wit, he made friends with a young lady whose brother was a Cambridge solicitor. No doubt the young man said more than he meant, but the upshot was that both brother and sister declared Mr. Lister had offered her marriage. The whole affair was ridi-

culous. The idyll finished in smoke, my grandfather's life went on normally. Nothing more was heard of the ambitious damsel and her brother, yet they did not forget.

There was an old cousin, a Mr. Marsden, the owner of Hornby Castle in Lancashire, who was supposed to have no nearer heir than my grandfather. The estate was strictly entailed, and my grandfather was publicly known as heir to the then great fortune of ten thousand a year in land. Mr. Marsden died and my grandfather entered into possession. By the law of the entail he took the name of Marsden. Both his sons did the same, though my father had no part in the Marsden property. The old Lister lands of Bellhill were sold and a place bought for my father that ran by the Hornby Castle property, so the brothers would live near each other. All this time the deserted lady and her brother, the solicitor, had not forgotten and had not slept. It seems there had been in the past two Marsden sisters. From one of these came my grandfather's rights, for he was descended from her. She was the younger of the two. The elder sister had made a runaway match, and had been cast out and disinherited. The solicitor discovered that a certain Admiral Topham was her descendant. Being sure of his facts, the solicitor went to Admiral Topham and made him consent to a lawsuit in which the solicitor would pay expenses, and if they won the estate would be divided between them. On this lawsuit was based the once famous novel by Samuel Warren entitled, *Ten Thousand a Year*.

This case has the doubtful honour of being the longest lawsuit, except the Tichborne case, that ever came before the English law courts. There was no doubt at first how the case would end. Each court gave the verdict for my grandfather. But the claimant went on with his appeals. During the last hearing a fatal blow came to my grandfather and he lost all care for his interests. It was the time when his supervision was essential and the counsel were careless, for there had never been a judgment against them. To everyone's surprise the verdict went against our family.

The appeal to the Lords remained and the result was certain, but my grandfather had no heart left. His wife was dead.

A compromise was made. The claimant knew how little chance he had of winning. From the first my family had paid over a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The solicitor was ruined; his sister's vengeance had cost dear. My grandfather, to end all, took a great slice of the estate; the advowsons and the moors and farms were settled on my uncle with no entail. As things stood there were only three girls, my cousins, to inherit. Hornby Castle was sold, and was bought by Forster, the great

manufacturer of carpets, to whose descendant it still belongs. So uncertain was the settlement that for many years my uncle had to sign the leases or they were not considered valid. My father's place, Weddington Hall, was sold; he became a barrister and joined the Oxford Circuit.

While on the borders of flapperhood I used to meet at balls and on country visits a very charming youth. He was good-looking, in the Army, and his father owned Hornby Castle. Little by little it dawned on me that the great golden eagle and the octagonal chamber he described belonged to the same castle of which my father spoke. At that age a ball or a pleasant picnic was so much more important!

My grandmother's family, or at least a branch of it, was more romantic. They kept the original name of Sheepshanks. Their wealth originated in a curious incident. There were seven sons in the family; each of them had a line of his own. The learned man of the family was the astronomer who is commemorated in Cambridge University. The other six were remarkable, each in his particular way.

It was a sore grievance that the youngest son grew up without any promise of genius. It happened one day that a friend—a prosperous wool merchant—came from Leeds. During dinner he listened to the moans of the father, and remarked: "If the boy is so stupid send him to me, and I will put him into my office."

The mother backed this proposal. The boy, tired of being incessantly called an ass, left his home with delight. He entered the office and found his vocation. The despised boy became rich—very rich. Before his wealth the considerable family fortune did not count. He married into a historic family, had children, became possessed of lands, and died the principal member of his family.

His six brothers lived long and spent their energy in following their several hobbies. They were called "The seven wise men of Leeds." One collected silk bandanna handkerchiefs. When he died his house was full of them, in unopened packages as they came from the East. Another sought teapots; a third was attracted by old silver. The last, I remember, set his love on pictures. The nation benefited by this, as visitors to the South Kensington Museum can verify in the Sheepshanks Rooms built to contain his gift. The family had one peculiarity: no daughter of the house should marry. There were four girls, and three of them were beautiful. For these three suitors appeared—but not by daylight; a garrulous and trusted servant looked after her young mistress' interests (and perhaps her own) too well. Of

the suitors, one was in the Guards and of high birth, the second belonged to the Church and rose to be a bishop—Dr. Levitt. The third was from Flanders, Baron de Bois de Ferries. One night a trio of equipages stood waiting not far from the house. Three pretty maidens silently fled to their impatient suitors, and the romance ended in three runaway marriages. The maid took care that her three young mistresses took with them sufficient trousseaux. The fourth young lady had not the courage to leave her home, and she never married. I only knew the Baron. He lived at Cheltenham in a fine old house filled with wonderful Flemish pictures of ancient and modern Art and many heirlooms, which his nephew inherited. None of these three sisters left children. The Baron, unlike his Belgian relations, had Liberal ideas. He was a lover of England, became naturalised, and was a member of Parliament for many years. When too old for political life he still remained Mayor of Cheltenham, where he lived and died. I remember him, a dark, well-made man, when we first met at Arthington, the house of his brother-in-law. To my sorrow he put an ideal before me which I never realised.

The Baron decided I should carry on his honours and become a first-rate billiard-player. Next to the Arthington billiard room was a magnificent library, the collection of one of the seven brothers. The books attracted me, but the billiard-table was a nuisance, so when the kindly-meaning Baron, intent on his little cousin's welfare, had spent a busy hour teaching the secrets of a master-player, instead of practising my strokes I quietly slipped through the dividing door and lost myself in this paradise of books. Day after day I was discovered in my armchair and hauled back to the billiard table. More in sorrow than in anger the Baron appealed to my mother. Without constant practice, he said, I could never become an expert, and I had talent—which I doubted. The two ladies sacrificed me to their peace, so the Baron solemnly locked the library door. Alas for the guile of woman! There were two keys; I coaxed the second from the housemaid and never attained perfection in billiard playing!

My mother's family had the romance of the Highlands. My grandfather was a Mackenzie of Scatwell. His father, Colin, was the son of Sir Lewis Mackenzie (Mackenzie of Coul) and his wife Isobel. In her way, though not so dramatically as the Countess of Nithsdale, she saved her husband's life and lands by her native wit. It was in the terrible years 'forty-five and 'forty-six, and the forces of Prince Charlie were making ready for the battle of Culloden, and Lady Mackenzie was expecting the birth of a child. The lady happened to look out of a window and saw Simon, Lord Lovat, riding to the house with his attendants. Her

husband, Sir Lewis, was at home, but she, by some pretext, decoyed him into a side room, where she locked him up and left him calling for assistance that never came and trying to break down the door. The wise lady met Lord Lovat at the entrance, nor did she permit him to enter the house. She told him her husband was was ill in bed, and Lord Lovat rode away, having failed in his attempt to make Sir Lewis call out the Clan and join the Prince's army. Later a frightened lady faced her husband's wrath, but she was too ill to be scolded. The next day her son Colin was born within sound of the guns of Culloden.

Thanks to Lady Mackenzie's wit, the devastating troops of Cumberland, the Butcher, were forced to hold their hands and leave untouched Sir Lewis's people and their property. The Clan was safe. The story might raise a laugh at her clever trick, but there was very little laughter on the lands of those who had fought for the Stewarts.

This Colin, the second son, grew up and married the daughter of a Dutch financier, Van der Sprot, who had settled in Scotland. She was a beauty, and had, like all her sisters, a great fortune. The two, Colin and Janet, settled in London, where Colin also made a fortune.

There were three sons—Colin, Mark, and the youngest, Lewis, my grandfather. Lewis chose the Army and became a captain at fourteen. He left for the Peninsular War under Wellington in a cavalry regiment; later he exchanged into the Scots Greys. Several of his relations served in Spain. One youth of his family, a son of Colonel George Mackenzie, had joined a Highland regiment and was present at the taking of San Sebastian.

He was very young, and when the victorious troops rushed in to kill and loot, this young Mackenzie made his way to the house of the French Governor, but more especially to the kitchen. There being nothing visible, the intruder opened the oven door, and instead of a loaf or a roast, pulled out a pair of little feet. and with them a very pretty and most frightened girl. It was the daughter of General Barbier Deshayeaux, the General in command of the place; she had been hidden in the oven to save her from the terrible British. She was fascinating, the Highlander was honourable; he took her under his protection, sought out the regimental chaplain, and made her his wife then and there.

As soon as a ship could be found she was sent off to Scotland to her new father-in-law the Colonel, with two lines from his son to reveal the astonishing fact of his marriage. The bride arrived safely and was welcomed in kindly fashion. There was never a moment when the young Frenchwoman did not feel

herself welcome in her Scottish home. She was a Catholic, the Colonel was an elder of the Kirk, but each Sunday morning the Colonel's carriage drove her some ten miles to Mass.

There were three sons: two went into the Indian Service, and John became an Admiral. On the death of her husband Mrs. Mackenzie was able to return to France and see her relations after so long a time passed in the north of Scotland. My grandfather, Lewis Mackenzie, married a Miss Baneroff, granddaughter of Dr. Edward Baneroff of Boston, Massachusetts, secretary to Benjamin Franklin, head of the mission from the United States to Louis XVI. Daniel Bancroft, his brother, ancestor of the historian, was a Loyalist, but Edward, from the first, took an active part in the American Revolution.

He was a friend of Washington and Paul Jones. He tried to burn British dockyards and had to take refuge in Ireland, where he wooed and won the pretty daughter of Peter Wells, Esq., of Cork. They were married by a Catholic priest. Family traditions say that the wedding was celebrated under a hedge, for the penal laws were hard in those days against Catholic priests. The British Government had put a thousand pounds on the bridegroom's head, dead or alive. Returning to London in disguise, his first and second sons, Edward and Samuel, were born and registered at Marylebone under a fictitious name. At last, tired of disguise and danger, Dr. Bancroft went back to France and Versailles, where he was a favourite at Court. Marie Antoinette became godmother to his daughters, who were christened in state in the Chapelle Royale, Versailles. When the Revolution began in France, Edward Baneroff made his peace with the British Government and came to live in London. He was an eminent chemist and invented a process connected with dyes that was long in use. The Government of the day offered Dr. Bancroft a baronetcy and ten thousand a year if he would sell his invention, but in his character of philanthropist and humanitarian he gave the secret to the world and declined all reward. A number of letters and documents from Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Washington, and Benjamin Franklin existed in the family till his daughters, in an access of senile fear, burnt these historical papers. Because of Dr. Baneroff's generosity to the State in making public his discoveries without compensation, the Government had granted his daughters substantial pensions. Some hallucination made them fear that the pensions might be revoked, so they destroyed the records of their father's work against Britain.

In a treaty Franklin had negotiated, with the aid of Dr. Bancroft, with the Royal Government of France, Dr. Bancroft

had a commission on the prizes captured by the French man-of-war lent by King Louis XVI to the State of Maryland, America. The Prince of Luxembourg acted as intermediary, France and Great Britain being technically at peace. A certain number of British ships were taken and sold with their cargo by auction in Holland. Dr. Bancroft put forward his claim in America to the first sum of £20,000.

Under compound interest this sum grew fabulous. It was a large fortune when Samuel Bancroft, the second son, claimed it as a donation of his father's on his marriage. The claim was acknowledged by the United States, but not paid, and when my mother tried to claim it she was told the debt was too great to be discharged. The last attempt to reclaim the money was made by my mother and was stopped by the strange behaviour of old General Bancroft. This gentleman had married a millionairess, but he declined to accept the donation by Dr. Bancroft of the money to his second son and claimed that all money belonged to him as eldest son of the eldest son. He claimed that all papers should be handed over, contesting Dr. Bancroft's right to give them away, saying that if he had the money he might allow a small percentage to the rest of the family. This did not encourage my mother to begin a lawsuit, and the claim was allowed to lapse. I think it ended with the nineteenth century. I believe that until then provision was regularly made by Congress for the payment. Samuel Bancroft married an heiress and a beauty, Miss Dixon of Cumberland. The name is spelt in Burke's Peerage as Nancy Dickson, but the family records spell it Dixon.

Miss Dixon was brought out in London by the Duchess of Chandos. As a schoolgirl her studies give a very different picture of female education to those to which we are accustomed. Miss Dixon's studies included Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and of modern languages she learnt French and Italian. Besides this, she wrote poetry and painted miniatures, played the harp and what was then the equivalent of the piano. She sang in a sweet, flexible voice, wrote her diaries in Italian and read her Bible daily in the original. She translated French comedies for her friends and sometimes acted in them herself. The Bancrofts were also educated at this school, where Samuel saw Miss Dixon while he was paying a visit to his sisters, and he promptly fell in love. Dr. Bancroft sent his son to America to adjust his claim, and on his return the young couple were married. The world seemed open to young Bancroft. His friendship with Pitt promised a great future. Within a year of the marriage Nancy Bancroft was a widow and went with her little baby

girl to soothe her grief at Tunbridge Wells. The wonder of Nancy's beauty, even in her great sorrow, made three men fall in love with her—a father and two sons—Sir William Ashburnham and his sons, William and Denny, of Broomham, Sussex. All three were determined to marry the beauty, but while the father and his eldest son drew swords on each other in the Park and fought till one was wounded, the younger son, Denny, rode off to the lady, proposed, and was accepted! Sir William, enraged by the loss of the lady he loved, never saw his son again and cut him completely out of his will. Of Nancy's two marriages, my grandmother, Nancy Bancroft, was the only surviving child. The little girl lived with her mother, but her great fortune was left to the guardianship of her father's friend Sir John Copley, afterwards the Lord Chancellor Lord Lyndhurst.

Nancy the beauty had a quick temper, but from the many poems and descriptions that remain it can be gathered she was naturally sweet-natured but disliked opposition. She had the gift of attracting friendship both of men and women. She took her learning lightly and was very generous. In one of Samuel Bancroft's letters he speaks of the carriages and horses he was buying for his bride. He says his sisters had trained him well, so he knew that buying horses was a lady's business; he would never interfere, especially with so good a judge as his dearest Nancy. She was truly a perfect rider, and much ink and paper vouch for this in poems written to Mrs. N. B. or Mrs. N. A. Alone of this triumphant girlhood remains the admiration caused by her clouds of hair and her wonderful dark blue eyes.

Mrs. Ashburnham's death occurred in a curious fashion. She was in her country house and went into her garden. From that moment no one ever saw her alive. The poor lady was found dead. What followed was strange. Her daughter was prevented from seeing her mother's body, and a messenger was dispatched at once to fetch her guardian. When Sir John Copley arrived he carried his ward away with him to London. Nancy Bancroft, who was devoted to her mother, tried by writing to friends to find out what had happened, but all were silent. An old lady who had known my grandmother from birth told her that Mrs. Ashburnham had been murdered. There was a strange curse on the children, Nancy Dixon and her brother. The boy had died, poisoned, at school. The girl perished mysteriously in her own gardens. Her second husband was away at the time and knew nothing beyond the fact of his wife's death. Her great-grandson, my uncle, Sir James Mackenzie, wished to have the grave opened and a packet of papers which was buried with her recovered. They were said to explain the mystery of her death.

The necessary permission was obtained and arrangements made, but on examination the grave was found to be filled in with cement.

A figure, dressed in the gracious fashion of these long-past days, with straw hat and waving scarf, tripped through the drawing-room window, paused one moment to say farewell to her pretty daughter, hardly grown to girlhood, then made her way through flowers and flowering shrubs, turned again with a happy smile and vanished in the intricacies of a garden path. Thus did the mother disappear from her child for ever, shrouded in the beauty of flowers and sunshine. A mystery still unravelled. My grandmother, Nancy Bancroft, inherited her mother's beauty. Being without parents, she lived at the school where she had been educated, in a suite of her own. She remained under the protection of her guardian, Lord Lyndhurst, and his wife. Miss Bancroft had great talent for painting; like her mother, she studied the classics and Hebrew; she spoke French and Italian, and frequented much the society of the French *emigrés*.

It was after the fall of Napoleon that Nancy Bancroft decided to make the grand tour. She started with her companion in her coach for Paris, but another fate awaited her. A young officer of the Scots Greys had seen and admired her in London. This young officer followed her to Paris. A man is always useful to ladies travelling alone. Between one shopping excursion and another the fateful "Yes" was said. Lord Lyndhurst's consent sealed the engagement and Nancy married her Highlander.

The grand tour was given up for house-hunting. They were both rich, the curse of her mother's family was forgotten, and in her six children there seemed no sign of its existence. Still, the evil lurked unseen, and so did a more ancient curse which fell on her husband's descendants. There are stories that show the savage character of the Highland chieftains of old. One tells of the deeds of a chieftain whose sister had lost her husband. The dead man had two children, both sons, one by the first wife, the other son of the second wife. One day the widowed lady was glad to welcome the chieftain, her brother, who after having eaten asked to see his little nephew. The boy was sent for, and the uncle took him on his knee and played with him. Shortly after the boy heard the voice of his elder brother calling for help. He struggled to get down, but his uncle held him firmly.

"Why, that's Johnnie skirling!" cried the child.

"Bide you here. Johnnie is skirling that you may laugh later."

While his nephew was safe with him the unfortunate Johnnie was being murdered.

An ancestor who gave us some trouble had married, by proxy, the daughter of a powerful neighbour. When the bride came home she was discovered to the Mackenzie's horror to be one-eyed.

Back she was sent, riding a one-eyed horse attended by an escort of one-eyed men and with a one-eyed piper. Messengers were sent at once to Rome to secure the Papal annulment of the marriage. In the meantime the chief entered into an alliance with the Lord of the Isles to withstand the attack of his former father-in-law, who was enraged by the insult to his daughter. I do not remember how it happened, but my uncle, Sir James, had need of a copy of the Papal Brief of Annulment; which we had some difficulty in obtaining for him.

These horrors happen in all countries where the central authority is not supreme and the local rulers can go their own way. My mother's family can at least plead that their mistakes were foreordained some hundreds of years before they were born.

"Said Kenneth the Seer: 'James the Foolish, in his time the seed of the goat shall replace the seed of the deer.'"

On the entrance gate of Rosehaugh from time immemorial there stood two deer in stone. Sir James Randolph Mackenzie, being practically insolvent, was obliged to sell his family seat. A Glasgow manufacturer who had been granted for arms a goat as a crest by the Royal College of Heralds bought the place. When the new owner took possession of Rosehaugh he threw down the Mackenzie deer and put up two goats. So was the ancient prophecy fulfilled. The same Sir James Mackenzie married Lady Anne Fitz-William, one of Queen Victoria's bridesmaids. Lady Anne was appointed my guardian if both my parents had died. I was very fond of her; she was of a gentle, kindly nature.

Kenneth the Seer continued his prophecy: "His successor, James the Measurer, shall ride without a bridle the wild colt of his choice."

The name of James had been given by my grandfather to his third son; in order that the Seer's prophecy should hold good and a Sir James succeed a Sir James if the two elder brothers should die.

The word "Measurer" explains itself by my uncle having been trained as an engineer before he entered the Army. The last part of the word of Kenneth the Seer is made clear by my Uncle James having made a love match in the West Indies. Even so late as the last years of the nineteenth century there was much left of the old devotion to the Chief. My mother used occasionally to receive a letter from members of the clan appealing to her, as the elder sister of their Chief, to help them back to Ross-

shire. The number of these failures was few ; most Scots who find their way south stay there. The letters are interesting records of a time when it was as natural to appeal to your Chief as to write a letter to your father. For a long time baskets of fruit, venison, and salmon were forwarded to my uncle after the bank had seized his property of Findon and Mountgerald. The business was further complicated by the fact that Findon is part of the original gift of King Alexander and cannot be alienated : thus it belongs to the creditor until the debt is paid off, capital and interest, when the property reverts to the representative of the Chief. Of my grandfather's children, the eldest, Lewis, died poisoned at a dinner at Dingwall, where the cook used by mistake the root of aconite instead of horse-radish. He was engaged to Lady Annette Talbot, who afterwards married Sir Humphrey de Trafford.

The naturalist Watterton has published in his books a loving appreciation of Lewis Mackenzie, his friend.

My grandfather, when consoled with because his son had become a Roman Catholic, answered : " From his birth my son Lewis has never given me a moment's trouble. If he is satisfied, I am glad."

On this note of tolerance, so rare in those far-off days, I end these old stories.

The first of my childhood's memories is lying on a bed and crying my heart out. All the terrors of the Tower of Babel came home to me ! A dreadful thing had happened. The comforting home that meant all to me had vanished ! I screamed my loudest and would not listen to the unmeaning chirrups and uncouth speech I heard. Only one thing was left—howls !

No one understood my frantic appeals, but the yells became tiresome ; they called my mother and I learned the bitter truth. Clorinda had left ! Till then I had lived the life of a small Italian child, in a world of my own. No English servant could understand my baby Italian. Clorinda did not encourage visitors : she was furiously jealous of her foster child. The *balia* (wetnurse) came from Gennazzano, near Palestrina, in the centre of the Roman hills and famous for the miracle-working picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel and for the beauty of the women. For this same beauty Clorinda had been chosen, and she had the classic statuesque features of a Roman peasant. Her good looks were the cause of her departure, for she had resented the admiration of an English manservant and had flown at him with her dagger-shaped hair ornament. It was only a scratch, but the family decided it was time she should go back to her husband. She

left under the care of an old friend, Signor Valerio Trocchi, who had been "Conservatore di Roma" under the Papal régime.

A year later the second tragedy took place—my grandmother died. Mamala I called her. She had taken me entirely to her heart. I was born on the day her favourite son Augustus lay dead in the Sterbini Palace at Rome, and my birth woke her out of a stupor of grief. My early childhood was passed at her side listening to her friends, who counted many notable people. In her youth my grandmother, as I have said, was the ward of the Lord Chaneellor, Lord Lyndhurst. He confided to his ward the secret of his marriage with the widow of Lieut.-Colonel Thomas of the 1st Foot Guards, who fell at Waterloo. My grandmother was eighteen when she took the bride to church in her carriage and acted as her bridesmaid, and she had kept the secret of the marriage. In her youth she had danced at Court balls and had known the great Duke of Wellington and had frequented the Courts of George III and of his two sons. In those days the English Court was very restricted and still held to the old customs. The King kissed the ladies on presentation, and my grandmother told us that the cheek of George IV was peculiarly flabby.

Society was limited, the Queen's Drawing-rooms were held for those who belonged to the Court. All who had the right went to present their homage to the Queen as a social duty; those who did not go were held as disaffected to the Sovereign, or as people who for some reason or other were refused admittance. Friends sat and gossiped with each other. Queen Charlotte and later Queen Adelaide were pleased to hear the gossip of the day. When the reception was over the ladies dispersed, drove home and took off their feathers and furbelows. Major Mackenzie was a favourite and was generally present at the many dinners given in honour of the Princes. Fine, strong, handsome men were King George's sons.

My mother's uncles were well-known characters in London. One of them was among the founders of Brooks and the Travellers Clubs. They belonged to the great French clubs, and were good duellists at a time when to go to the theatre in Paris meant a challenge for any Englishman from one of Napoleon's veterans. The younger brother, Mark, was a great gambler. In those days you won this reputation cheaper than now. Playing with the Prince Regent, Mark lost in one game forty thousand pounds. At the end of his life he expressed no regret. "On the whole it was cheap," he said, "for I might have married."

Lord Lyndhurst held his ward in high esteem. In one of his letters he asked her to use her influence in favour of a young man he wished to stand for a pocket borough where her interest

was supreme. He wrote : " I would not ask you this, my dear Nancy, if I were not certain that the young man will rise to greatness. His family is of Jewish origin, and his name is Benjamin Disraeli." This letter was given by Mrs. Mackenzie to my aunt, Baroness Rosenkrantz. The Lord Chancellor was godfather to my mother, who was very high-spirited, so he nicknamed her " the tigress " ! A family tradition tells that, rushing into the drawing-room suddenly, and not seeing who was there, she pushed the Keeper of the King's Conscience off the hearth-rug before the Majesty of England, and so won her nickname. Among my mother's stories is one of coming into the house and hearing Lady Lyndhurst's voice calling down the staircase to the butler (a faithful dependent) : " If that is the Russian Ambassador, put him in the study. My lord is in the drawing-room closeted with the Turkish Ambassador, and if they meet the war may begin in our house ! "

In the grave period preceding the Crimean War both diplomats had sought counsel from Lord Lyndhurst's genius. Besides the Copley children, among my mother's playfellows were the children of William IV. The little band used to meet sometimes at the house of Queen Adelaide. At the Palace of Belvedere, near Weimar, I have seen many souvenirs of this English Queen who was born a Princess of Saxe-Weimar. Queen Adelaide was devoted to the King's illegitimate children—in fact, she adopted them ; with the result that the children were always talking of " our mother the Queen." As children do, they beat this into my mother's soul, until after much snubbing she retaliated : " If the King is your father and the Queen is your mother, why are you not princes ? " A free fight followed between the children, who were too small to find any difference between boy and girl ; after a little they were all friends again, but there was no more snubbing.

After my grandmother's death we left for Windsor, where my mother had friends and was away from London, so full of sad memories. At my age everything new was delightful. I remember the arrival of a most lovely French doll, dressed in green silk with an underskirt of white silk with green spots. It was a present for me from Queen Victoria. Two or three days later I was told to go to the Castle. When the time came I was dressed in my best frock, and my nurse, Henley, chaperoned me. I was taken to a large corner room, where I found Princess Beatrice with a lady in attendance—I suppose the governess. There was a window ; I still remember it looked over the gardens and the park. We had tea, and really delicious bread-and-butter, quite unlike Henley's nursery ideal. After tea came the grave question of naming the doll, and the Princess suggested " Beatrice." I had begun to play with her when a servant arrived, and I was hustled

into another room, where a little later there entered a short, dignified little lady in black—the Queen.

I was not allowed to finish my curtsy, for Her Majesty caught me up in her arms and, sitting on a convenient armchair, placed me on her knees. I was kissed and petted and generally made much of. The Queen told me I was a dear little thing and that she knew my mother very well. I was told that I had beautiful eyes and was a dear child, but very Italian. I resented this and said I was English. The Queen laughed and said other things I forget. She spoke some words in Italian to me, told me I was pretty, and then she asked me if I liked sweets; then I was put down with other kisses and the great Queen left me. I remember the laughter when I had to catch hold of the Queen's arm to steady myself, and the feel of the thick black silk she wore that made her lap slippery.

Then came another visit to Princess Beatrice, and then the climax. A gorgeous being in scarlet entered and offered me a white parcel neatly tied up with ribbon. He said: "Her Majesty the Queen sends this to Miss Lister." It was the first time I heard my full name and I felt much impressed. I went back to my nurse, and was taken to see some of the ladies, my mother's friends. One was in bed, and to my delight she allowed me to scramble over her as I used to do with my dear grandmother.

After this, home again, with my sweets which were destined to bring me sorrow. My mother had friends to tea and I was made to tell my adventures. The parcel was opened: it was full of the Castle sweets—large squares of scented sugar prettily coloured and flavoured with fruit syrup; outside, on the silver paper covering, were the Royal Arms and a gilded Crown in tinsel. All the ladies asked for one, and in despair I saw the Queen's present divided among my mother's friends. I protested loudly and was sent to bed in disgrace. It was the fashion then to tell children that they were little horrors, and as ugly as sin. I was not beautiful, but I suffered much from the servants in this way. The next time my child-pride was mortified, to the amusement of all I piped up: "The Queen said I am pretty, and the Queen can do no wrong! So you are wrong!" The servants stopped teasing me and I was no more plagued with abuse of my ugliness.

This was my only visit to the Castle, for I fell ill with congestion of the lungs and was on the point of death. When I grew better I was sent to the seaside. Before this happened many gifts came for me; I remember a scrapbook of Queen Victoria's which, to my mother's dismay, I insisted on giving to a playfellow, whose mother carried it off with delight.

Queen Victoria remembered her small subject. Fruit was sent and daily enquiries made during my illness, but the delicacy that followed ended my mother's wish that I should be connected with the Court when I grew up. As a girl my mother's name had been put down on the list of possible Maids of Honour by her relative the Duchess of Buccleuch: her marriage had prevented this from materialising, and my lungs showed I was incapable of filling such a post. My illness altered my life. From a small athletic person I became a semi-invalid. Only my lessons remained. I became a reader, and from this time dated my indifference to games and outdoor amusements—all but riding, to which, true to my Yorkshire blood, I remained permanently faithful.

After my father's death, when I was seven, this weakness forced my mother to take me to Italy. My eighth summer I spent with my Danish aunt and her boys at Nervi. What a change to this country! We had a small villa belonging to a Signor Niccchi near the Gropallo Gardens where we played. The Marchesa was a friend of my aunt.

My aunt had married Baron Rosenkrantz, who was the Danish Minister to Italy when the Capital was still Turin, and afterwards at Florence. There was a vein of humour in my Danish uncle which attracted people. In Denmark he went by the name of "the Red Baron" and was very popular. Being the leader of the Liberal Party he went against the noble and Tory factions. Every now and then he would get in a rage with the authorities and despatch a series of resignations to the Government. He had various posts and the salaries were precious, for he was not rich. His wife suffered from the frequency with which her husband would come in and announce that he had sent in a comprehensive resignation; it meant packing up and departing for other lands. In reality only a few months were lost, for with great patience King Christian used to patch up a truce and my uncle would accept some other post till the horizon clouded again. This habit ended my uncle's time in Italy.

The Danish finances were not abundant, and the Government hailed the chance of suppressing the Legation, at least temporarily. From the sunny shores of Italy my uncle travelled to the North Sea. He built a villa near Copenhagen, which he named Julia, after his wife, and then died suddenly, leaving her with four small boys. My father's death at that time made the two sisters decide to live in Italy while the children were young. In the autumn we left for Rome, and with this ended my life in England.

I was eighteen when I returned for my presentation and to

make acquaintance with my relations. Of these, two families came to Rome, their heads having posts at the Embassy. One of these was Frank Lascelles, afterwards Sir Frank Lascelles, Ambassador at Berlin. I was allowed by special permission to bring his children with me to play in the Vatican Gardens, no other members of Embassies attached to the Court of Italy being allowed to enter them. Another cousin was Lady Rice, wife of Captain Rice, afterwards Admiral Sir Ernest Rice, who was for some time Naval Attaché.

Early one November morning I was dressed in my best white frock with a white tulle veil and was taken with my four little Danish boy cousins to the Vatican. Fröken Ipsen and my governess, Miss Iron, were with us and were responsible for our manners. We drove into the courtyard of St. Damascus and found there my mother and my aunt waiting at the foot of the staircase. In those days there was no lift, so we climbed the wide steps flanked at intervals by resplendent Swiss Guards and were shown into a great chamber with frescoed walls and ceiling. There Monsignor Stonor met us, and produced a big bag of sugared burnt almonds, "to keep the children good" he said. So we patiently munched away and did not annoy our elders. We were five small creatures, and the solemnity of the occasion grew on us. It was a private audience, and the last almond had hardly melted in our mouths when a little rustle at the door told that the Pope was at hand. We were placed in position and knelt devoutly when the white serene figure came towards us. My cousins were a pretty picture—two dark-haired and two golden-haired boys; the younger were living replicas of the two angels of Raphael's "Madonna of Foligno," and His Holiness, I heard, was much struck with the lonely widows and their family. We were told to get up, and I was childish enough to think that the Pope wished to see which was the tallest! That touched me, for I was the eldest by nine months, and Gunderan me close. But the Pope did not seem to interest himself in anything but our names. When it came to my turn I answered "Roma." The Pope hesitated and a slight chill seemed to fall.

"Ah," said Monsignor Stonor, "Santo Padre, this Roma will be more grateful than the City Roma."

"I hope she will be good and more faithful to you, madame, than my Roma," said the Pope. "Brutto nome! Has she no other name?"

"Nancy," said Monsignor Stonor.

"What is that in Italian?" asked the Pope.

"Anna," said Monsignor Stonor, who was an old friend of my father's family.

"That is a good name. God bless you, little Anna, and keep you ever true and keep you ever faithful!" And this was my first vision of Pope Pius IX. What he said to our elders I knew not, for, as can be realised, I was a very small child, and much passed over my head in this first interview. Pope Pius never forgot me and was always most gracious when I was brought to the Vatican. Many pots of apple jelly sent by French nuns from convents of sunny France came my way as gifts to little Anna. Alas, I have never tasted their like since!

My mother took a small flat in Palazzo Gabrielli, now Taverna. It was a sunny, bright house, but far from the Pincio, so there was no safe place for a child to run about in, and my mother suddenly thought it might be possible to get permission to use the Vatican gardens. So she spoke to one of the Pope's four prelates, who take the place of Lords-in-Waiting of a secular Court. He was Monsignor Casali del Drago, one of the best and kindest of our Roman friends, and Pius IX most graciously not only gave us permission to use the gardens every afternoon, but also allowed us to pass through the galleries and staircases, so that we went out of the Bronze Gates into the Piazza of St. Peter's. This permission filled my childhood with a world of Art and loveliness that has gilded my whole life. At two o'clock the carriage used to take us to the gardens. There, through the long spring afternoons, I studied my lessons and played with my dolls. I used to leave them in a convenient sarcophagus behind the high box walls and run about to my heart's content. I was free to pick the flowers, and carried home baskets full of the roses growing near the Aurelian wall, where still exist traces of Nero's pleasure grounds. I sailed my toy ships on the waters of the great fountain where once the Pope's boat used to be moored, and ran down the avenues like a wild colt after ball and hoop in this true children's paradise. Then in the evening came perhaps the most wonderful experience of all, when we walked down the long silent galleries between the masterpieces of antiquity. The last rays of the dying sun illuminated the mysterious form of the Torso; to a child's imagination this mutilated trunk loomed strange and massive. I passed it with averted head and was glad to find myself beside the head of the Young Augustus and the marble children who climb over and round the robust limbs of Father Nile. From this splendour we passed into the Christian museum, where I played hide-and-seek with my cousins and ran races down the long gallery. Then past other mysterious passages guarded mostly by saluting sentries, and so by side stairs and short cuts known only to the initiated till we came to the Scala Regia, and so to the Bronze

Gates and the great square where the fountains flashed and welcomed us into the nineteenth century. In the winter evenings, when twilight sent us home earlier, there was the thrilling possibility of meeting the Pope being carried in stately procession through the galleries with torch-bearers in crimson brocade, Swiss Guards in Michael Angelo's costume, Camerieri di cappa e spada in Spanish ruffs, black velvet, and gold chain, and clustering round the supreme figure in white a gorgeous group of violet-robed prelates.

Down on our knees we fell, with sometimes an old peasant servant or some inhabitant of the Vatican beside us while the procession passed. The Pope's hand was raised in blessing, and he had a smile for little Anna, who felt herself an important person and peacocked homewards. Now and then I went with my mother to pay a ceremonious visit to our clerical friends. I always associate these ecclesiastical visits with wonderful Neapolitan cakes and sweets and glasses of raspberry syrup. I remember Monsignor Casali telling me very gravely, "I am the king of sweet drinks," and thoroughly I believed him and appreciated his kingdom. They are all dead, these courtiers of a past world, with their old-world courtesy and gentleness with a small, and sometimes tiresome, little girl. The life is dead, and one would not have it otherwise; but in my mind those gracious figures sweep through the halls of memory in their purple and scarlet robes.

Then came the Pope's Jubilee. Pius IX had outlived the years of St. Peter, being the first Pope who had broken this superstition. It was a fine sight, though not to be compared with the anniversaries of Pope Leo XIII. I remember going with my mother to see my Maxwell aunt's and uncle's gift of a gold altar-service.

So my Vatican experiences passed serenely on till a sad day came when we all filed in to salute with our tears and prayers the white, still figure, lying in state, so changed that it was difficult to recognise the old kindly face; and with his death passed away all privileges, and the Vatican gardens ceased to be my daily playground.

The last time I saw Pius IX he was too weak to be able to walk round the kneeling crowd as was his wont. He came carried in a chair by the Papal bearers and said very little to those present. One of our friends who knew that the Pope was pleased to speak with my mother stopped the chair as it neared where we knelt.

"Santo Padre, this is Mrs. Lister and little Anna," he said, so loudly that I could hear him. The Pope raised his head and his benevolent eyes rested for a moment on us.

"Ah, yes, Mrs. Lister and the child." He raised his hand in blessing. "Later, later, when I am stronger." He passed on, and we watched him carried away by the bearers. At the door he seemed to revive and signed to the bearers to stop. Raising himself a little he spoke these few words, his voice weak but clear: "I cannot say much to you to-day, but I tell you this: Love and follow Jesus Christ." He repeated this twice, and it was with these words on his lips that Pius IX disappeared through the great doorway. "*Aimez et suivez Jesus Christ!*"

I pass to Leo XIII, the great Pope in whose reign the Papacy attained the highest splendour—spiritual and temporal. I saw Pope Leo on the first day on which he gave audience to non-official people, and I noticed that he was more formal than his predecessor, and for the first time I saw the Papal foot kissed in a private audience. His eyes impressed me—they flashed like sparks of fire; his voice was resonant and his manner stiff. This was my first impression; later on he seemed to grow more human and less hieratic.

Two English friends had the honour of a private audience in the first years of his Pontificate. The lady was a devotee of Horace and referred to the poet in an answer she made to the Pope. Growing bolder, she ventured to quote one of his own sonnets to Pope Leo. The Pope's face changed; he bade both the lady and her husband rise. He sat down with them beside him, and the lady and the Pope delightedly capped each other's quotations. Leo XIII went himself to an inner room to fetch his copy of Horace, and the audience prolonged itself till the Chamberlain grew anxious, for others waited to be received. It ended with the gift of a copy of the Pope's own Latin sonnets—a most high honour.

Where Pope Leo triumphed was in the great Pontifical functions. Seated in his chair, high above the crowd, Pope Leo was more a symbol than a man. Blazing with jewels, his flashing eyes and his pale face seemed to possess a supernatural light. The cheering crowds and the wild manifestations of devotion from pilgrims of all civilised nations gave him vitality; as the roar of the crowds intensified the Pope's frail body seemed to absorb it and rise on it. Women fainted, men went wild, the scene was indescribable, and the shouts continued till the last of the Flabelli disappeared and the white plumes vanished into the Vatican. In 1900 I saw the Jubilee door opened with the appointed ceremonies.

Outside in the Piazza crowds waited all night long, warming themselves by great bonfires, and the Roman streets were full of strange figures. One pilgrim I met in Via Sistina was unfor-

gettable: he wore a long grey robe with a broad-brimmed hat, and on it a cockleshell fastened in the front. . . . He looked like a figure from a fresco by Giotto. Evidently tired out, he leant against the wall of a house, panting, and when he stepped forward again the tired bare feet could be seen.

Year followed year and the Pope's frail body still held rule over Christendom. The indomitable soul went on dictating the wisest measures that a successor of St. Peter was ever responsible for—measures that embodied the statecraft of a new era. Then the scene changed, and I stood once more in the death-chamber of a Pope with the niece of the Hereditary Marshal of the Conclave, Prince Chigi. I had seen the great Pope a few days before at one of his last audiences. He had said a few kind words, but his voice failed and it was hard to catch what he said. Now he lay dead, and the pale face was nothing changed; he seemed to sleep. At the four corners of the death-bed the sentries stood on guard; one by one the various members of the Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Holy See entered, genuflected, and kissed the Cross embroidered on the red Papal slippers. I waited till the bearers came, and in solemn fashion Pope Leo left his palace for ever. Perhaps the most interesting thing I know of Leo XIII is what H.R.H. the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar told me of one of her last interviews with His Holiness.

The Grand Duchess for some years acted as intermediary between her cousin Kaiser Wilhelm and the Vatican. A matter was going on that touched the interests of the Roman Catholic Church very closely.

It has always fascinated me to hear of the interviews between sovereigns and the Pontiff when the door is shut and the two great ones meet in solitary state. The etiquette is very simple and resembles all audiences. The Pope stands before his throne while the visitor—if a lady—makes the regulation three curtsies and kisses the welcoming hand offered her. A chair is placed beside the Pope's throne-like seat, the Pope sits down, and conversation begins. This time my friend was a little nervous because of the difficulty of the subject. With all possible care she explained that the matter was not within the Emperor's competency to alter. Said Pope Leo: "But is there such a word as 'impossible' in the Emperor's dictionary?" ("Y a-t'il quelque chose comme l'impossible pour l'Empereur?")

"Yes, your Holiness, there is such a word," answered the Grand Duchess.

Then followed a long silence, and the Pope remarked reflectively: "So even for the Emperor there is something left 'impossible.'" The conversation began again on a different subject.

When the audience ends the Pope rings a small electric bell placed conveniently to his hand, and the Court prelates come in and the Pope presents them, while the Sovereign, in his turn presents his suite. I am referring to the etiquette observed with Protestant royalties.

In the Piazza of St. Peter's I sat one day in my carriage with a niece of one Cardinal while the brother of another Prince of the Church stood beside me. The situation had its merits because both of the "wearers of the purple" were, as the Italians call them, "Papabile." We watched, all of us, most anxiously, the clear sky unclouded by misty smoke, till the world knew that a Supreme Pontiff had been elected. We watched till the fateful window was opened and adorned with rich carpets for Cardinal Macchi to tell the news. "Habemus Pontificem." The silence was complete, so the words were audible. Pius X, a saint, had come to wear the "Tiregnum."

Professor H—, of whom I have written as a nineteenth-century adept, knew Monsignor Bressan, the Pope's secretary, who had come with Cardinal Sarto from Venice, very well, and thus I heard much of the new Pontiff's former life as Patriarch. Here is one of his stories.

One day the Patriarch's sister, who also looked after his comforts, had to leave their dinner unguarded. She asked her brother to keep an eye on the saucepan that held the soup, which was their main dish. The Patriarch promised faithfully to do his duty and sat down in the kitchen. A bell sounded at the kitchen door and the Cardinal answered it. Outside stood a poor half-starved wretch who prayed in heartbroken accents for help. His wife had given birth to a child that morning, she needed food and help, but he had been some time without work and had not a penny in the house or in his pockets. The Patriarch's heart was touched; his hand went into his pocket. Not a penny in it. Then he felt for the ring that the ladies of Venice had given him, but it had already gone on its customary visit to the pawnshop, where it used to spend most of its time.

Cardinal Sarto looked round baffled; he had taken the man's name and address, but it was present help that the husband needed. Then a bright idea flashed into the Patriarch's mind. He seized the saucepan and pushed it with its contents into his visitor's hands. "Here, take this home, it will stop you from starving, and come to me to-morrow morning. Now go at once." And he hustled the man downstairs, grasping the saucepan. Then Cardinal Sarto sat down and waited events. Back came his sister with her purchases. Her first glance was for the soup—



*Deus adiuvet omnem benedictionem
suum in Vobis.*

Pius PP. X

HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

where was it? . . . She turned on her brother, and, like a man, he sheltered himself by an improvisation.

"The cat has taken it."

"That is a strange cat indeed which carries away the pot and the meat together!"

Found out, the Cardinal turned on his sister and said: "And why did you leave the kitchen? If you had been at your post the soup would still be there."

After this there was nothing more to say; the soup which was their dinner had vanished.

"And what shall we eat now?" she asked.

"Why, there is still a good piece of cheese and a whole loaf, and with this and God's blessing we shall have a splendid feast."

And thus Monsignor Bressan found them eating the frugal repast.

Fräulein Gemeiner kept a girls' school on the first floor of a dull old palace in the dullest street of Rome. I was then in the difficult age, and my mother hailed with joy the possibility of getting rid of me for more than half the day. Pius IX was dead and there were no more the Vatican gardens to amuse me. I liked the school very much. There were five boarders and the rest of us were day scholars. As under the old German ideals we were well and thoroughly taught, and what I learnt under Fräulein Gemeiner's care I have never forgotten.

We were all proud of the Fräulein. She wrote for a learned review that disdained women contributors—except Fräulein Gemeiner. I never heard of what she wrote, but, whatever it was, it satisfied the editor.

After my first year as day scholar I was sent to board at the school. My mother arranged a "wander year" among the less-known Italian towns. The school was now transferred to Via della Croce, and the other boarders had left; we were only three girls, Kitty and Elsa Hohenlohe and I. Fräulein Gemeiner had been attached in some capacity to the old Prince their grandfather, and to help her in her Roman school he had sent her his two grandchildren. The housekeeper, Mademoiselle Hildegarde, was a cousin. We did not love her in the school, but I think she had many troubles; we were not ideal children; there was much teasing, and small wonder Mlle. Hildegarde was grim-faced and scolded us.

Among the most charming incidents of our life were the interesting walks for which we were taken. Sometimes we went to the Palace of the Cæsars, where Fräulein Gemeiner would tell us the romance of past history and make the ancient world

live before us. Or we would wander in the classic fields of the Campagna and wind up with a feast of chestnuts, bread and eggs in some wayside inn. The next morning we would have to write an essay on what we had seen—the Forum, for instance—and, like Cæsar's Palace, it would live in our memories.

These were the last days when Carnival ruled openly in the city streets, and the Corso belonged to masks and masquerades during the weeks before Lent. The Artists' Club arranged most of the best cavalcades. I remember two that were excellent: the first was the procession of the Sacred Carpet of Mecca, for which camels were brought from the Royal Reserves near Pisa. To complete the illusion there were greyhounds, gazelles, and hundreds of men robed like Arabs. The second masquerade was the State entry of an Italian Prince into his capital in mediæval days. Heralds and footmen went round the principal streets and piazzas of Rome in the morning hours. They sounded trumpets and proclaimed the Prince's entry. At three o'clock the fun began. It was a never-ending procession; first came the men-at-arms, the escort of cavalry, and foot-soldiers guarding the great crimson coach; in the following ranks of courtiers rode the Court fools, jesters, and a dwarf; in the coach itself sat the Prince and his consort, both chosen for their resemblance to the ancient type; while the Princess was one of the most beautiful models in Rome. The Court rode, a knight and lady, two by two, in dresses of the period. The result of so much care and study was a complete success. Beside these processions there were countless cars drawn by oxen that represented some allegory or masque. I remember a car that carried a great tree and was full of men dressed as monkeys; they belonged to the Hunt Club, and caused great merriment by throwing very beautiful flowers and other gifts to the ladies who looked on from the windows and balconies. At a fixed hour the gun sounded and the street was cleared. All carriages and cars were turned into the side streets and two rows of infantry lined the Corso. Down the long street raced a number of wild-looking horses. The crowds shouted and the day was over.

The first change resulted from the protest of the General in command of the Roman garrison. It was not right or dignified, he said, that the army should be used for these races. The next year the horses ran without soldiers to keep back the spectators. The result of this was a grievous accident, with dead and wounded, and the "Barberi" vanished for ever.

When I first saw the Roman Carnival the Roman people were gentle and polite and entered into the fun. I remember a pony carriage covered with violets and drawn by four perfectly

matched ponies led by grooms in fifteenth-century costume. The two pretty children inside were children of Prince Chigi, and they were welcomed by the crowd. It is difficult to say if the crowd or the higher classes were the more enthusiastic or threw most flowers. In former times it was the custom of boys of Roman society to stand before the palaces of their relatives and sing madrigals. All this was over now and the crowd grew rough; the men dragged the flowers from the ladies they were thrown to, and it became no longer possible to drive down the Corso. A group of workmen came one day provided with cabbage-stalks, and our carriage was pelted. Said the coachman: "It is no longer possible to drive, the horses will be hurt." We turned out of the Corso, and so ended my last carnival.

We went occasionally to the Theatre Apollo, and once I heard *Macbeth* acted for charity, the part of Lady Macbeth being taken by Madame Ristori, then the Marchese del Grillo. It is a wonderful memory. The play was very badly staged, being a charity performance: the kilts of Macbeth's army were quaint in their diversity. The stage manager had evidently given them out on the rule of the longest kilt to the shortest actor. Ristori dominated the scene from the moment she entered.

My four Danish cousins were with us, and Arild, the youngest, sat open-mouthed, not missing a word. When the great scene of the sleep-walking began it was too much for him. He threw himself on his mother, crying. "Poor, pretty lady! Do help her mamma!" he called out in Danish, and burst into tears. His governess had to carry the child out and soothe his fears in the passage.

Later on came the tournament, or carousel, in honour of the Duke of Genoa's wedding. It was a clever reproduction of an historic fête, and the result was superb. It was held in the Piazza di Siena in Villa Borghese. I went with the Contessa di Valgoria, who, as Mrs. Tomkinson, had been for years an old friend of my mother. The Count, her husband, had a high place in the tournament. The present King Victor Emanuel, then Prince of Naples, rode into the lists on a beautiful white Arab. The Prince wore a suit of royal blue velvet sewn with many jewels belonging to Queen Margherita. Prince Odescalchi was the living picture of a great noble.

It was Prince Ladislao who arranged the tournament, with the help of his friend the Marchese di Gandia, known as Mario. The next day I went out to see the popular fêtes with my maid. We wore shawls and no hats so as not to be robbed. The fêtes took place on the open ground on which now stands the beautiful Prati Quarter. The scene was absolutely mediæval. From

all sides spouted great fountains of red and white wine. In improvised booths the different companies from the theatres of the capital were playing to enthusiastic audiences, and on long trestles stood great dishes, and white-jacketed men cut slices of roast pig and other popular dainties and gave them with bread to the waiting throng. Boiling cauldrons full of macaroni were being emptied, and great "pizzi"—I do not know of what they were made—were also being eaten.

The crowds were all good-tempered; the men served their womenfolk and brought them tumblers of wine from the fountains. Round these fountains men lay too full to drink more, but one saw no active drunkenness. One old man as I passed near him lifted up his head and said: "Tutto buono, tutto gratis" (All good, all gratis!) Then he rolled over and said no more!

There were cleared places with wooden flooring arranged for dancers and military bands. The peasants had come from the "castelli" (villages) near Rome, and were dancing the Saltarello, and the Romans joined them. Youths with mandolines sang loudly, but there was no roughness and everyone enjoyed themselves. A lad came up and offered us tumblers of wine. My maid accepted one, and the youth said: "It is the first time I have ate at the King's table. I hope it will not be the only time he asks me!"

In Lent there were the wonderful Church ceremonies. They were shorn of their old grandeur, but impressed young minds. Besides these there were days when behind closed doors the Pope came down in full state and gave his blessing to the cosmopolitan multitudes gathered to meet him. The Sistine Choir was very different then; the voices were like angelic sounds rising into the silence. Italians occasionally possess a masculine voice which is rarely found elsewhere; it is a natural soprano which is far sweeter and stronger than a woman's voice, and it differs from the artificial soprano by being more flexible, more expressive. One of these singers was discovered at the little village of Porto di Recanati on the Adriatic Coast. He was a simple fisherman and his voice was first heard while he was mending his nets. His discoverer was the then organist of St. Peters. He wrote to the director of the Papal choir and asked him to come at once.

The virtuosi were delighted, but it was a difficult matter to entice the fisherman from his nets. His wife and his parents objected. "How could he keep his family which increased every year if he gave up his trade? Even if he had a good voice, who would pay to hear our Toto sing? . . ."

At last the eager maestro secured his prey, and the singer came

to Rome and began his training. The voice proved more wonderful than was even expected. I heard him privately at the *Mastro Commendatore Moriconi's*, organist at St. Peter's. His singing was almost superhuman in sweetness and quality. His wife was brought to Rome, silks and luxuries were lavished on her, the children thrived, but the man was not content—he pined for his nets. His voice grew more and more wonderful, but at last the moment came—he had to leave, and Rome saw him no more. Years afterwards, seeing an old sunburnt peasant, I was told he was all that was left of the man who had captured Rome with the glory of his voice.

There was also a Franciscan friar, *Fra Giovanni*. The Pope gave him a dispensation, and I have heard him, too, at the little flat whose windows open on the Trevi fountain. There was not much time given in which to hear him, for the change of life from his tranquil cell in the country convent to the hours and fatigue of a singer sapped his vitality. One evening he sang us the Jewel Song in Gounod's *Faust*. The scene was unforgettable: that glorious voice trilling out the notes in strange contrast with the decorous friar's brown robe. Soon after a sudden illness came and *Fra Giovanni* sang no more.

Surely Italy is the country of Romance! Many years later I was told a story which may be of interest, and which shows that the influence of the old poisoners still lingers.

I was staying at a small town in Umbria with an American friend who had married an Italian. As we passed down the main street, I saw a little black figure furtively make her way into a shop.

"Look there," said my friend, Countess F——. "You shall hear the story of that lady to-night."

Two pleasant officers dined with us. Dinner was spread under the veranda, and towards the fruit course I claimed Countess F——'s promise.

"It is Captain B——'s story, not mine," she said, and so the young man related his adventure.

It appears that in this town of Umbria lived a branch of the terrible family of the Borgias. There was a legend that the women of this family possessed the recipe of the Borgia poison, and that it was handed down from mother to daughter to this day. Fate had not been kind, and the lady I had seen that morning was the last descendant, and she was poor—so very poor that they had gradually lost all the land they originally possessed. Her first husband had died and the widow had married again. Her second husband had some property in Perugia, which was divided between his younger brother and himself, and the guardian.

of the boy was a priest. The fortune of the second husband followed the other fortunes, and at last, by continual sales, the property at Perugia was completely exhausted.

They next thought of appropriating the younger brother's share. Here the old priest intervened, and so the matter stood when they thought of asking the priest to dinner to talk over this business. The priest accepted, and went over to dine with the Borgia lady and her spouse. He was never seen alive again. Evidently the couple had not allowed for the fact that a servant who draws wages will be anxious if his employer does not turn up. So the matter came to the ears of the police, and a visit was paid to the house where the missing man had dined, and though the owners denied at first having seen the priest, the authorities were so unkind as to dig up the garden. There they found the body, carefully buried. As a result of this the master of the house was arrested.

His defence was not clever. He explained that the priest was taken ill directly after dinner, and in spite of all they could do he had expired suddenly. In their fear, and wishing not to make trouble, they had buried him in the garden. The poor body was sent to Perugia, and all available medical science procured, but no traces of poison could be discovered. Still they hoped to get the truth from the husband, who seemed less hardened than his wife. In this hope they allowed an interview to take place between the husband and the lady. The only result was that they found the man dead in his cell the next morning. His body was minutely examined, but nothing was found, and for want of proof the case had to be abandoned. The widow, finding herself in poor circumstances, entered into a third marriage, but this was as unlucky in a pecuniary sense as her two other unions. Losing everything except their palace, the couple were obliged to let rooms to the officers, it being a garrison town. The rooms were generally empty, because of the lady's history, but Captain Z—— (who was also dining with us) happened to like the rooms, and knowing nothing against them, being a newcomer, he took them.

At mess he heard the story, but as he was comfortable he stayed on. The only child of the lady was a very pretty girl, and the Captain used to be invited occasionally to join them in the evenings. There was, besides the Borgia lady, a sister-in-law, and the three used to sit together in the sitting-room. One day the Captain began to talk of hypnotism, and from talking the Captain arranged to experiment on the girl. They were fully engaged in the all-engrossing passes, when Captain Z—— saw that his subject had fallen into a trance. He looked round to call

the mother, and to his horror found they were alone in the room. With great presence of mind he caught up the girl and carried her to the door, opening it suddenly, incidentally upsetting the aunt and mother, who had their eyes alternately glued to the keyhole. He gave the girl to her mother and fled. At the end of a week Captain Z—— was honoured by another invitation, which he foolishly accepted. There were no trances, but the girl came in with a single tall glass filled with lemonade, which she offered him. Thus he related his experiences :

“When I saw that portentous glass standing before me on the table, all the tales I had heard came back to me. It was my turn to feel faint, and with no excuses I literally fled from the room. In the morning I told my orderly to pack up, left him the rent money, and never saw one of that accursed family again.”

CHAPTER II

COPENHAGEN UNDER THE GRANDFATHER OF EUROPE

Winter of 1883-1884—My uncle, Baron Rosenkrantz, and his wife—Nicholas and other princes—The great Tzar Alexander III—Palace and other balls—Before democracy—Historic ghosts—Countess Toll and her two daughters, Olly and Mimi—The story of the Rosenkrantz name—The Nix and the Baron—Copenhagen and the wind—Christian IX and the sentinel—Another Rosenkrantz legend.

It was in the winter of 1883 and 1884 that my mother decided it would be well for me to see a little of the world.

Letters were written and I was told arrangements had been made for me to spend the winter in my aunt's house at Copenhagen.

My aunt, Baroness Rosenkrantz, lived with her four boys in a pretty house in the then fashionable quarter of Toldboveien, facing the grounds of a public park.

The leader of the Liberal Party, Count Holstein, had the second floor, and my aunt and her family lived in the lower flat.

From Rome we went direct to Berlin, the one and only time I have stayed in the Prussian capital. It struck me as a very dreary town. Even the famous "Unter den Linden" seemed overrated. Everything looked heavy, massive, and without beauty. We did the customary tourists' round, and a gallery of Modern Art appalled me, fresh from the Roman and Florentine collections.

Two days after our arrival my aunt joined us. The unaccustomed cold made me quite unwell and very neuralgic. To avoid the damp I left at once with my aunt for Copenhagen, while my mother went on her way to England, where an unpleasant family lawsuit needed settlement.

The weather was atrocious. The steamer rolled so violently that I was tossed from my berth and narrowly escaped a broken arm. Every moment one expected to be overwhelmed by the waves. But the worst never happened, and after the roughest



BARON MARCUS ROSENKRANTZ.

Copenhagen Under the Grandfather of Europe 43

crossing my aunt had experienced we arrived safely, and to be on land was itself a joy.

A pile of invitations awaited us. There was a ball that evening at the British Legation, and my aunt decided that I should make my first appearance there.

It was my first great ball, though I had been to plenty of dances in Rome, where we had lived since my father's death.

The ball was to be an official entertainment, with Russian, Greek, and Danish Royalties present. Also our English Prince and the Princess of Wales were to be there with their two sons.

After my hair had been dressed the hairdresser had to paint my arm and shoulder, discoloured by the bruises received during the bad crossing. The old livery stable carriage my aunt patronised brought us to the Legation.

The British Minister was Lord Vivian, then the Honourable Henry Vivian. His wife was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, and was then in the first bloom of her beauty. She was dressed in a rich brocade of the indefinite colours then worn. My aunt presented me to her, and to Mrs. Gosling, wife of the second Secretary. This lady was a Swede and a great-niece of the celebrated Count Fersen, the "Chevalier de la Reine," who devoted his life to the service of Queen Marie Antoinette and perished in a riot at Stockholm, torn to pieces by a mob of his own countrymen.

The first Secretary was Mr. Raikes, the tallest man in the Diplomatic Service. He never danced with anyone and excused himself to me for not dancing, saying that he was obliged to wait till he found a lady as tall as himself. As that was not likely to happen, he had foresworn dancing for good and all. Mr. Raikes was later attached to the Embassy in Rome, where his great height made a sensation among the Italians, who were not then as tall as the present generation which has developed. The celebrated composer the Maestro Sgambati nicknamed him "*L'uomo a Cavallo*"—the man on horseback.

When the Royalties arrived it seemed as if the room was full of them. My aunt brought me up to make my curtsy to Queen Louise of Denmark, it being the Court custom for girls to be presented at the balls and not at private audiences. Her Majesty was very deaf, but she put me through a catechism to which I had to answer before a circle of Court ladies and, worst of all, a bevy of girls standing near who had been introduced to me only a few minutes before, and who were evidently taking my measure. After the Danish Sovereigns I was led up to the Empress Marie of Russia and the very Imperial Emperor Alexander III, who was standing beside her. The Emperor impressed

me greatly. A very giant of a man, who seemed a living irresistible force that would never turn aside from what he willed to do. Both the Emperor and the Empress were very gracious to me and said nice things to my aunt, who was a favourite of theirs.

After this I made my curtsy to the Prince and Princess of Wales—later King Edward and Queen Alexandra. As I moved away, the Duke of Clarence came up and carried off his most lovely mother for a waltz. They seemed more like brother and sister than mother and son. The general dancing stopped, and all eyes were fixed on the royal dancers, while a little buzz of admiration went round the room, quite involuntarily and against etiquette. The Prince of Wales looked on with a genial smile.

A very handsome man came up and asked me to dance. He spoke excellent English and I took him for one of the Legation secretaries. He asked me questions about Italy and said how much he would enjoy a winter in Rome. In fact, we had a very animated talk. He was most amusing, and, I fear, drew me out, for I was quite unsuspecting and chatted away freely. When my partner took me back to my seat, my next cavalier, who had been waiting for me, sprang up with a jump.

"We are not so polite in Rome," I confided to my supposed Englishman, who seemed amused. A few minutes later I asked : "Who is the handsome Englishman I danced with ?"

"Prince Waldemar."

I was aghast, and anxiously tried to remember what I had said to him. But evidently nothing was wrong, for I saw a good deal of the Prince during the winter, and we became good friends.

Then my aunt came up to warn me that King Christian was going to dance with me. It was a great honour but a doubtful pleasure ; for though a wonderful dancer, King Christian was not young, and only the night before at the American Legation he had fallen and hurt himself, which was naturally put down to the fault of his partner. My aunt warned me, saying : "Mind, if you let the King fall I shall never forgive you, and I shall send you off to your mother at once." As I was still tired and dazed with the long journey and the storm at sea, I felt more like falling myself. Fortunately my luck held. At that moment the King's aide-de-camp appeared and there was no more to be said. I managed to retire on my final curtsy without disgracing myself. "I would not have been in your place for anything," whispered Ida Gosling, as I sought a place to hide in and recover from my fright. Mercifully in proper time the ball came to an end. The Royalties departed. My aunt had finished and won her

game of whist ; home we went, and "so to bed," to quote the immortal Samuel Pepys.

There were some very delightful girls among the Diplomatic Corps. Those I remember best were the two Goslings—Ida and Alice. Ida was the most beautiful, like a Titian portrait. Alice was a perfect English type, with milk-and-rose complexion. Olly and Mimi Toll, daughters of the Russian Minister, were clever, brilliant, and pretty. The two Daneskiolds were like Dresden statuettes of the eighteenth century. The Lövenskiolds—Elisabeth and Annie—were called "fair" to distinguish them from the "dark" Lövenskiolds, whose parents held high office at Court. We made a very gay little circle with their brothers and my cousins. We went for walks down the Lange Linie in a flock, and settled our dances and partners while watching the great waves beating against the rocks.

In the winter mornings the cold was great. It made me so ill that my aunt sent for the Russian Court doctor. He came, looked at me, and then gave a Spartan order : all my warm woollen vests were to have the sleeves taken out. No more woollen stockings, only silk or thin thread allowed, and so I was dressed in future. Strange to say, I have never had a chilblain since, and, till lately, when years must tell, I have never suffered with my lungs.

Each day brought its round of gaieties. When there was no official entertainment we danced informally at each other's houses and walked home about one a.m., escorted by many cavaliers.

Count Sponneck, the statesman who had guided the young Danish King of Greece into smooth waters, was my cousin's guardian. He gave a dinner which I shall not forget. King Christian had recently presented him with a fine young dog, one of the great Danish hounds that are only found in the royal kennels. This animal was not yet accustomed to house life. It wandered round the dinner-table while the fruit was being served. It came up to me, wagging its tail in a very friendly manner, no doubt sensing my fondness for animals. I knew nothing of the wild instincts of this breed and felt no alarm, even when the hound caught my arm in its mouth, thinking it the whim of a playful puppy. When I tried to withdraw it, to my alarm the teeth closed gently and there came a sulky growl. Count Sponneck looked round sharply, grew pale, and exclaimed : "Don't move. Don't struggle. Don't speak, anyone, or the dog may bite it off." The whole party remained silent. "Send for the major-domo," ordered the Count ; "he is the only man who can manage the animal."

All this time the dog's teeth were holding my arm, and I sat motionless, afraid almost to breathe, lest the dog should not approve. After what seemed centuries the major-domo appeared, bringing with him a large piece of meat, and, calling the hound, offered him the tempting morsel. The Dane hesitated one terrible moment, then gave up my arm. He decided that the meat looked more satisfactory. He was led off by the collar and the danger was over.

I found myself the heroine of the evening. But it was a fearful peril, and I have never loved the Danish board-hounds since.

There was going to be a great ball in one of the palaces of "Bredgade." It was given in honour of Count B——'s only son, a very nice fellow, who had recently come of age. We were all looking forward to it. This was the last social event before the departure of the Russian Imperial party. Unlike the transparent draperies of to-day, my dress was a rich white satin with wild roses—quite lovely—and I was much pleased with myself.

The ball went its way like most other balls, and nothing surprising happened till supper-time arrived.

I may as well explain that I was one of a very exclusive coterie, remarkable for our impudence and determination to go our own way. We had settled to sup together, though where did not much matter. The young son of our host was perhaps the chief influence in all our escapades. The boy had been bragging about the really magnificent supper provided for the ball. As we had been skating all the afternoon our appetites were excellent. In a body we poured into the supper-room reserved for us, to find to our disgust that every place had been taken by our elders. Our young host was in despair, till a more ingenious spirit suggested that, as no place had been reserved for us, we had better find one for ourselves. I do not know who suggested it, but the idea was adopted that we should settle ourselves on the divans at the entrance to the royal supper-rooms and confiscate what pleased us from the dishes that passed into the sacred assembly. Thus the men of the party, captained by the son of our host, stopped every footman carrying dishes! And we fared in truth like princes!

"It is their fault," said our young host; "if nobody thought of us, we must look after ourselves." So with shrieks of laughter, we had an excellent feast. The despair of the old major-domo was comic. He almost wept when he saw the finest dishes held up. But, as young Count B—— was adored by the household, there was also much laughter and friendly abetting. And, I fear, it was not the first prank he had played.

We were near the end of our feast when a slight movement at the great doors warned us that the royal procession was about to pass. Headed by the Masters of Ceremonies and Chamberlains, they filed out before us! There were no means of hiding the plates and dishes. But we stood solemnly in two rows and performed our official curtsies and bows in the prescribed fashion. There was no doubt that our escapade was known. It was amusing to see how the injured parties took it. The men of the royal party were smiling, even the Emperor Alexander. But the Empress Marie and the Queen of Greece were very grim. Queen Louise and the Princess of Wales appeared to ignore everything. And we left it at that.

Soon afterwards Prince Waldemar joined us, and we heard what had taken place on the other side of the door.

"So you heard us!"

"I should think so. Sometimes we could hardly hear ourselves speak. I have a message from my father and the Prince of Wales, who both told me to tell you that they wished that they had been with you to share the fun. It was amusing, but I fear our kind hosts had a bad time of it, for nothing seemed to happen as arranged and the supper got rather mixed. There were several long waits, and the poor Countess B—— looked somewhat anxious now and then."

That was all we heard of our prank. Later the handsome Count Blixen, son of the Princess Augusta, King Christian's sister, told us that it was decided to ignore the whole affair. "For if we scold them, they will only do something worse." On that principle we were left to make the best of our victory. Everyone agreed there had never been a more enjoyable ball.

This story leads up to a little anecdote of the Czar.

A very pretty Irish girl, who was staying with the wife of the American Minister, had been securing all the autographs she could collect, written on her white silk fan. She showed her last victims and said she decided to ask the Emperor Alexander to write something for her. We all exclaimed, but she added: "Let us bet a bag of chocolates that I shall get it. And I shall ask him now."

Off she went to where the Czar was standing. We had to give her that bag of chocolates. She soon came back with the coveted signature. But when she displayed it, over the autograph was written: "Impudence always succeeds."

It was at a dance that I first met the explorer Nansen. He was not at all conceited from the honours showered upon him. We danced in a quadrille of honour with the Crown Prince and Princess. Mr. Nansen had forgotten all he ever knew of that

rather complicated dance, and told me he trusted entirely to me to help him out of the muddle, never having danced it out of a school dancing lesson. The sight of the people standing round to watch it put every figure out of my head. In despair, I told the Crown Prince of my trouble, and he promised and did help me to get through the ordeal, and I dragged my partner with me. We made no flagrant blunders and my curtsies were sublime. Everyone knew it was my first effort and noticed my helpless partner. So, when it was all over, the kind-hearted spectators praised me, and first of all the two Royalties. Alas! my pride was cruelly nipped in the bud by Countess Toll, who came up to my aunt with: "Julia, you must certainly give the child some dancing lessons. I never saw such a hopeless exhibition"!

This was nothing to what followed. A nephew of my aunt had asked her to present him to Countess Toll. He looked very youthful and was called "Baby Rosenkrantz." When this lady saw him, she asked:

"Quel age avez-vous, Monsieur?"

"Vingt-deux, Madame."

"Julia," said she, turning to my aunt, "to think that our girls have to dance with such babes! In our time we should have sent them to the nursery."

Young Rosenkrantz fled. Needless to say it was some time before he heard the last of this interview. Even the most hardened of our set were glad when they knew that this lady of the kind heart and bitter tongue was safely seated at the card table.

Countess Toll was a brilliant member of society and had an interesting story. When a girl she held the post of Maid-of-Honour at the Russian Court. One night in mid-winter some tableaux vivants were given. One of these consisted of a pyramid of girls dressed in white tulle, and mounted on stools one above the other. All around the actors were cleverly arranged lights. The little theatre, alas! was constructed of wood. By some mischance, when this scene came on, the flimsy draperies of the future Countess Toll touched the flame of a candle, and in a moment the whole dress was in flames, but in her fright the young Maid-of-Honour kept her head. The whole Imperial family was amongst the audience. There was no time to think. The young girl rushed from the stage, crying to those who tried to save her to let her be, for if not the Sovereign and the whole place would be burnt. Rushing past them out of the theatre, the girl fled in flames to throw herself into one of the many fountains in the Palace gardens, forgetting that they were frozen over. She would have been burnt to death if a sentinel had not thrown his cloak over

her as she passed him and smothered the blaze. For some time she was ill, but in the end recovered. Her bosom only was much burnt and covered with scars. When I met Countess Toll I saw with surprise that her dress was only cut low behind down to the waist-line. As the lady was very thin, an ill-natured diplomat said it was an interesting view of the vertebra of a well-developed skeleton.

Apart from her bitter tongue she was extremely kind-hearted, and those who knew her best were very devoted to her.

Her eldest daughter, Olly, was the heroine of an unfortunate love affair. My visit to Copenhagen happened when this affair had come to a crisis.

One of the Danish Princes had fallen desperately in love with Olly. He was extremely handsome, and from a flirtation the situation became serious. The Prince was sent off to Greece in the hope he would forget her, but when he returned to Copenhagen it was easily seen that there was no change, and by this time Olly also had lost her heart. At the rink, at our schoolroom teas, the two were always meeting, and our sympathies were naturally with the lovers. The end came after a set of tableaux vivants at the Palace, when the Prince, dressed in Greek costume, and Olly sitting at his feet, personified the Corsair of Byron's poem and his Greek slave. They certainly gazed into each other's eyes with too much fervour, and the whole Court saw it. Soon after I left Copenhagen the matter was settled, and against the lovers, in spite of the affection--almost veneration--of the Czar for Countess Toll, who had saved his family from death by her matchless devotion. If it had only not been his wife's brother (I heard the Emperor had said), any other prince would have been accepted, but his subject could not become the Czar's sister-in-law. And so the romance ended. Olly was married in the greatest honour to Prince Kudasheff.

The Emperor took her father's place and the Empress Countess Toll's place as mother of the bride. The bridegroom was given the best vacant post in the Russian Diplomatic Service. But Olly and the man she loved were separated for ever.

My friend was at Brussels when the Great War broke out; she did her part very bravely in the Siege of Antwerp, but by some fatality her blood was poisoned. She died some time later at the Russian Embassy at Paris, where her sister, Madame Isvolsky, was Ambassadress. She painted with genius, was one of the kindest and most amiable of women, and a true friend. I was to have stayed with her in Brussels in the autumn of 1914.

My visit to Copenhagen was timed at a fortunate period. The old régime had passed away, and from the offensive it was on

its defence. Past were the days when the tea-service was pushed under a convenient sofa or curtain to avoid grandmother's wrath; past were the days of severe chaperonage; but life for the average girl had the atmosphere of Miss Yonge's novels. A certain Puritanism made Sunday a day peculiar to itself, but Sunday discipline began on the Saturday evening, and Sunday evening lost its sacred character. Politics were bitter, but the Conservative element was in the saddle, and those of the upper classes and the nobility who were in sympathy with new ideas were marked people and more or less boycotted.

Mr. Oestrop had been in power for long, but there was no sign of his being turned out by the Liberals. He also lived in Toldboveien, and it was not pleasant to the old party that my aunt had allowed Count Holstein to occupy her second floor in the same street as the Conservative Premier. The Danes are a charming people, but have long memories. England was not popular in spite of the royal marriage, for the citizens of Copenhagen still remembered the bombardment of the town by Nelson's orders. A family whose ancestor had been supposed to have furnished the great Admiral with a plan of the city was held in contempt. No man spoke with them and they were boycotted by all.

Copenhagen is a very finely-planned city. The Dragon Tower broods over the old part, and Oestergade, the Bond Street of Copenhagen, has some fine sixteenth-century houses. Shopping has some surprises for the unwary; the Danish pound is of 16 ounces, but the "oll" is a very short measure. So all things sold by the pound seem dear, while to buy by measure is delightful till the shopper has her purchase measured off. Early in the eighteenth century an Italian pastrycook found his way to the North and settled in Denmark. He made his fortune, and also the happiness of everyone who enters a Copenhagen café and pastry-cook's. I cannot speak as to other Danish towns, for my whole visit was passed in the capital. But what cakes! They were unique, for to Italian art had been joined the perfect butter and cream of Northern farms and fine white flour. I do not know if the hardships of the Great War have changed this, but when I was in Denmark everything connected with pastry was ideal.

The mind of the people was loyal; they were proud of their King and of the importance the marriages of his daughters had conferred on the country. King Christian was of the old type of monarch. I often saw him stroll about the streets with a splendid collie the Prince of Wales had given him, and once in Kongens Nytorv I saw him snowballed by naughty boys who

threw their missiles and then bolted, followed by the King's laughter.

In the handsome street of Bredgade there were great buildings falling into disrepair, and when a Dane passed them his face darkened. I asked the reason of these stone palaces being evidently left to fall to pieces. They belong to the nobles of the Duchies, who leave them in this state as a protest. In the cemeteries there were parts filled with little wooden crosses, and on them the inscription : " Died for his Country."

No, the Danes have not forgotten their defeat. The Prussian Minister who was there during my stay was not likely to smooth matters ; he had even less than the usual tact with which his class are credited. To one of the most patriotic of Danes he said pleasantly : " Come, come, in a few years we shall be all one family. And you will all be having your palaces at Berlin." He received no answer to this gracious remark. Telling the story, Count C—— said : " There is nothing I could say unless I knocked him down, and that might bring complications." Those things were hard to stomach and the Prussians were not popular. My uncle, Baron Rosenkrantz, had distinguished himself in the war for the Duchies by bringing back safely the remnants of the Danish army after their defeat. All other officers were out of service, and so in spite of his youth he had to take the command. During these turbulent times my uncle was sent with a troop of cavalry to secure the person of the Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, who was suspected of treason. My uncle had made all possible speed, but he was too late. As he rushed into the drawing-room he found the family had fled. So near had been success that the lump of sugar in the Princess's coffee cup that had been left standing on the open piano was still unmelted.

" What did you do next ? " asked my mother, to whom Baron Rosenkrantz was telling his tale.

" I saw I was too late to catch them, so I sealed up every cabinet and drawer in the house. I went down to the stable, chose the best horse in it, mounted it and rode away. The Prince was lucky to get off in time, for if I had caught him we should have cut his head off." And that would have certainly happened, for the Danes have no mercy for traitors.

In my time, and perhaps now also, the mode of execution was by sword. There was one chance of delay. No man was executed until he confessed himself guilty. It is surprising that anyone should confess when he knew that otherwise he was safe ; but the chaplain and the long dreary confinement generally brought out the truth. A case happened during my stay when

the man confessed. His was a horrible death ; the first stroke blundered and did not sever the head, only wounding the victim. Losing his nerve, the executioner struck again, and again failing. Then he threw down his sword and burst into tears, refused to continue. Everybody seemed to lose their heads. The officials tried to make the man take up his deadly work in spite of his visible incapacity. They threatened and persuaded, with no result. The only one who seems to have behaved with propriety was the poor criminal, whose blood was streaming on the scaffold. At last the headsman gathered courage and struck again and again, killing the poor wretch. But in the end a knife had to be used to separate the head from the trunk. All this caused a great sensation, and there was much talk of abolishing the death penalty.

The season progressed and each day brought its share of gaiety, until Lord Radstock arrived and a series of prayer meetings began. It was amusing to see the dismay of most of the mothers when the fashion turned to piety. Many hopes faded, for the girls refused to go to dances and kept away from worldly pleasures. This meant a stop to promising flirtations and still more promising marriages—and the mothers sorrowed. It brought complications at Court, for the Crown Princess had given up frivolities, and that did not please Queen Louise. A pilgrimage of my aunt's friends used to come to our house and confide their troubles to my aunt's ears. It is something to be the mother of sons : you are thus on neutral ground. The girls wept and became martyrs, and then Lord Radstock went on to Sweden and the struggle ended. My aunt—wise woman—interceded always for the daughters : " Let them alone, a little absence will not hurt ; if Carl or Otto finds Elsa or Mimi does not appear, they will come after her ; besides, it takes away others, and that is to the good. Don't persecute," she said, " and youth will triumph. It is a matter of time unless you complicate matters with confinement and scolding." Before long the little set was its old and laughing self, and then I, too, had my taste of the complexities of life. It was very ridiculous, but it gave me some bad moments.

I had flirted, and there was one man who resented it. At a little dance in one of my cousins' houses I gave a few flowers to she fascinating youth, and the resentful one came and asked for the rest of the bunch of violets. I was cross, because I had been told not to flirt with my Prince Charming, and refused. The incident was over ; I gave no more thought to it. But my sin soon found me out. Next day I met my best girl friend, and she said, " What have you done ? So-and-so says you have

insulted him, and as he can't fight you he has challenged Gunde [my eldest cousin]. And the two madmen are really going to fight."

I stared. It was some time before she could make me understand. It was the bunch of violets that had made the mischief. My aunt in tears, Gunde lying dead, and Prince Charming, who, it appears, was prepared to fight also after Gunde: no, the ladies of old had no good time with the tournaments, I feel sure. Altogether a pretty muddle. And how to get out of it? Fortunately, one of my friends had stayed in Hungary and she gave me sage counsel. "If you really want to stop it," said the bloodthirsty maiden, "go up to the resentful man and ask him to take you in to supper this evening at Countess Moltke's. That will settle everything, and they will have all to-day for reflection; and there is the Court ball on Thursday. You are supposed to know nothing; but it's a great pity you don't let it go on. They never hurt themselves, and it gives us all something to talk about." So that evening I went up to the gloomy youth and gave him the supper dance, never dancing with Prince Charming, and the whole matter was over. The most disappointed one was my cousin Gunde. This was his first year out, and he had jumped at the chance of being a hero—for he was in love with two of my friends, both charming girls.

Poor boys; they went into the Russian Army and were both killed some three years after—both Prince Charming and the "resentful one"—and my cousin Gunde died of lung disease a few years later.

I was lucky enough to see a Court ball given in that immense palace King Christian the Great built for his use as Emperor of Scandinavia, which dream had never been realised. The palace was far too large and magnificent to be lived in by any modern sovereign, but it was still used for great Court functions. Very wonderful did the Ritter-Saal look when it was full of people and lighted by old-world chandeliers; filled as the halls were with plants and flowers, they looked like what might have been at Versailles in the days of the Roi Soleil. While dancing I picked up a diamond pin with huge stones; they almost looked false from their size. It turned out to belong to the Crown Princess, and I restored it to Queen Louise, who seemed much relieved to get it back, and pinned it on her own dress with complacency. I came in for much graciousness as being the lucky finder and relieving the Princess's anxiety. The great palace was burnt to the ground next year.

I loved the quaint old-fashioned reindeer sleighs that sometimes passed down the wider streets on their way to the country. My

time in Denmark was drawing to an end, and a little sight-seeing intruded itself into my life—Thorwaldsen's Museum, Rosenberg Slot, old-world grandeurs. We never got to Christianborg, though my curiosity wanted to see it, for I had heard so much of its haunted halls, where my aunt had been given an apartment when her second son, Palle, was born. Though I was never inside it, I heard a good account of the old legends from a newly-appointed Lady-in-Waiting who was unfortunate enough to pass her first turn of "service" while the Royalties were staying at that palace.

This lady, Baroness S——, came into town for shopping and took tea with us. The legend of Christianborg relates that the palace is haunted by the spirit of Queen Juliana, who was not a saint, but rather merited to be a relative of the Borgias by her unpleasant ways of getting rid of unnecessary people. She is said to come with her Court to inspect every newly-appointed Lady-in-Waiting on the first night of service. So accustomed are the servants to this, that the lady is never expected to appear at dinner that evening, and the Queen has to do without her attendance. She is generally in bed with hysterics. So it is not wonderful if my aunt's first question was: "Did you see Queen Juliana?"

The Baroness laughed. "I kept up the tradition properly. It was a most distressing experience. My maid had laid out my dress and I went in early, so as not to be late. You know I am not superstitious and I did not feel nervous, but when I had finished my hair and my maid brought me my dress I felt something like a cold current of air, as if the door had opened and a number of people had come in. The room was full of whispering, and 'they,' whoever they were, pressed round me. My maid gave a scream and rushed out of the room. I got up, and I think I should have conquered my fright, but I happened to pass a long glass and looked at it. My dear Julia, there over my shoulder grinned the most ghastly face of an old woman! I could bear no more, so I gave the classic scream and fainted. Thus my maid found me. She had gone to get assistance, and the servants were all waiting for news; I did not disappoint them. The next night nothing happened, but if it was Queen Juliana I saw, she was indeed an ugly old hag!"

The first of the Rosenkrantzes to bear this name was a certain knight who joined the Crusades, and, more fortunate than some of his companions, returned home in safety. On his way back the knight had audience of the Pope, and the Pope gave him, besides his blessing, a rosary. This rosary the knight wound

round his helmet, and when he passed through the streets of Copenhagen the citizens called out "A rosary! A rosary!" Not being very enamoured with his former name, the knight took the crowd's nickname and called himself Rosenkrantz, which is Danish for a rosary. This happened several hundred years ago and the name, or their dourness, brought the family luck, till at last you find that Denmark is studded with castles which bear the name of Rosenkrantz carved over the entrance, but no longer, alas, belonging to this family.

The greatest figure among the Rosenkrantzes is a certain Baron Palle, who was celebrated in various ways. He was sent to Constantinople, and on his formal entrance had his horse shod with silver shoes, put on so loosely that they fell off for the crowds to pick up. He covered the land of Denmark with castles and practised magic. One day he told one of his pupils to go up into the tower, where his study was, and bring him down a book. The youth obeyed, but when he entered the room he saw Baron Palle seated at his table, and reading the book he had sent for. So the pupil returned and explained that he could not bring back the book because the Baron himself sat reading it. "Is that so?" said Baron Palle, "then make the most of my teaching, for I shall be dead in three months." And so he was.

A Rosenkrantz was sent as Ambassador to Queen Elizabeth, hence the appearance of the name in *Hamlet*. On his return, his mission completed, Baron Rosenkrantz, in the joy of seeing once more the coasts of Denmark, threw his seal ring into the sea. In the 'sixties my uncle was dining with the King when they came to tell him that a sailor had come to his house and asked for the Baron, saying he had important news to give him. Baron Rosenkrantz sent word that the man must wait his return. When he got home he found the sailor, who told him he had picked up a ring, very old and with the Rosenkrantz arms. He had found the ring on the seashore and, being very poor, had pawned it. He was also honest, and so had brought the pawn-ticket, if not the ring, to Baron Rosenkrantz. The sailor got a present and my uncle went for his ring; it was the same ring that his far-away ancestor had thrown into the sea in the days of Queen Elizabeth. By Danish law all treasure-trove in Denmark belongs to the King; so when the King met Baron Rosenkrantz he chaffed him as having defrauded the State of a treasure. "No, Majesty, there is no treasure trove when something lost comes back to its rightful owner, even if there are a few hundred years between the loss and the recovery." My aunt always wore this ring, and now, I believe, it is in the possession of one of her sons.

There is a curious German legend that is connected with the

Rosenkrantz family. Many years ago a certain Baron who lived near the Rhine was riding home when he lost his way, for it was dusk. In his trouble he saw an old dwarf come out from behind a great tree, who led him on his way home. Before they reached the castle gate the old man left, but first asked for the Baron's word that if ever he asked him a favour he would grant it.

Time passed, and the Baron had almost forgotten his adventure, when he was told that a dwarf was waiting who wished to speak with him and who claimed his promise. It was the old dwarf, who asked the Baron to go at once with him to his house where a Christian woman was in urgent need of help. The Baron kept his word, and though the hour was late he went with him. The dwarf took him a long way across open country until they came to a river bank, which they both climbed down, and entered a dark cave. The dwarf produced a lantern and led the Baron through a hidden door, when he found himself in a sumptuous subterranean palace. They passed into many rooms, but there was no one in them—no servant, or anyone except the dwarf. Excusing himself, the dwarf left the Baron alone, but returned almost directly, and said: "Go through this door; the lady who needs help is waiting for you." Much intrigued, the Baron entered a bedchamber that a Queen might have envied on account of the rich furniture. A lady lay on a curtained bed, and it was very clear what was the matter with her. Marvelling much, the Baron did his best to help her, and before long a beautiful male child was born. Then the lady spoke:

"Dear sir," said she, "God bless you for your chivalry. Now one thing remains, to christen this babe; you are a Christian knight, so it is permitted you to administer the Sacrament. The Baron, marvelling much, did as the lady asked him, and named the child Joseph Mary. The baptism over, the lady's distress increased and her eyes filled with tears.

"I must tell you all now," she said. "My husband, whom you know as an old dwarf, is the River Nix, and I am a human woman, his wife. He treats me well and I love him, though he keeps me always in this hidden palace. Only one sorrow have I. He has warned me that every child we have must die at its birth. But he has also promised me that he will at each birth bring me a Christian man who can baptise my poor doomed babe. For, alas, I dare not profane the Sacrament, being cut off from Christian company by my marriage with this being. I thank you from my heart, and in return I warn you that when my husband returns he will test you. He will lead you to his treasure-house and ask you to take what you will. But, I

pray you, resist all his temptations. Only in the last room of his treasures you will see in a corner, on the floor, three things, and those you may ask for and take home with you. They are : an old purse, an old sword, and an old leather bottle. Now leave me, for my child has but a few seconds to live." At the door stood the Nix, who led the Baron into a room filled with gold and bade him fill his pockets, but the Baron remembered the lady's advice and refused. The next room was filled with precious stones, but again the Baron refused all gifts. The Nix looked thunderous : " You cannot leave my palace unless you take a gift from me," he cried loudly.

The Baron saw on the ground three shabby-looking objects : one a leather purse that seemed useless with age, next a sword all rusty, and beside it an old leather flask like the peasants use. " I will take these things," said the Baron. The Nix looked angry, but he picked them up and handed them to the Baron, saying, " My wife told you to ask for them, and know that no prince on earth possesses greater treasures. The owner of the purse will always possess great fortune and wealth. He who has the sword will never lose a battle, and he who has the bottle will never lose a vintage, and his wine will be the best in the country."

The Baron went home and never saw the Nix again. He married and had three daughters. To the eldest he gave his castle and his vineyards and also the leather bottle, and I believe it is still in existence. The sword the Baron gave his second daughter, and Wallenstein came from that family. He carried the sword in all his campaigns, but by some mischance it was broken and Wallenstein's fortune fled. The third daughter married and the purse came into the possession of the Rosenkrantz. Alas, one of them lost it, and with the magic gift of the old Nix vanished the greater part of the Rosenkrantz fortunes. Fairy gifts are good for a time ; in the end they bring destruction to their owners. So teaches the wisdom of popular legends—which is a parable and an allegory.

In the North the wind blows with a force none can understand unless they have been among the victims. I have seen Lord Vivian and Mr. Raikes clinging to a lamp-post, their legs in the air, only anchored by their desperate clutch on the firm iron. I was reduced to the kerbstone on my knees, and the second Secretary, Mr. Gosling, rolled along the pavement. A little similar is the wind in Aberdeenshire, blowing over Kildrummy Castle.

I think it is the cold that prevents much riding. Rarely do you meet a lady on horseback ; there are plenty of men riders.

The Citadel is a favourite walk even in winter, though the old system of a strict guard is kept up.

Here is another story about King Christian IX. He wished to take a short cut by the Fortress, when a sentry jumped up from the back of a hedge and barred his passage. The King was surprised, but, realising the sentry was a country bumpkin, explained he was the Sovereign.

"No one can pass here without a card of permission."

"But I am the King."

"How do I know that you are the King?" said the recruit.

King Christian was puzzled. Then some good angel sent him a suggestion; he pulled out of his pocket a large silver piece.

"Look at that," he ordered, "and then look at me."

The sentry took the silver piece and very slowly identified the face printed on it with the face before him, while the King waited. At last the man said:

"Well, you may pass; I hope it is all right, for if you haven't got permission, King or no King, I shall have a week's confinement to barracks."

The King left the money with the sentry. But he asked the General-in-Command to let the sentries know that the King had free passage.

Even in Denmark the native shopkeepers are not averse to a little extra gain. The story goes that the honorary colonelship of a regiment of Hussars was given to a foreign prince. The prince was generous, and on his inspection he said that he would like to see them in full uniform with their Hussar jackets. A royal wish is a command; but since Denmark's bankruptcy it is very difficult to get Parliament to allow luxuries to the Army. After the royal desire, the regiment, from private to colonel, received their fur-lined jackets, but the bill was sent in to the prince. The fur was expensive, and it was multiplied by fifty in honour of Royalty. The prince paid.

To end this chapter with a Rosenkrantz legend. In Rosenholm Castle there is a gallery, and at one end there is a bulge in the wall. A great Lord Rosenkrantz possessed a very beautiful daughter. He also had, among others, a very handsome and sympathetic page. Then came fate to the boy and the girl, for they were little more. The boy, of high birth and great ambition, and full of the courage of youth, fell in love with the beautiful girl, and told her of it. She answered with a pathetic avowal and the two agreed to fly from the father's anger.

They were betrayed. What happened to the page no one knew. He disappeared. The girl was caught in the moment

of escape and was dragged before her father. The Lord Roscnkrantz ordered her to be taken to the gallery. Here a cavity was made, and still pleading for her lover—on whom her father had already avenged himself—the wretched girl, almost a child, was walled up in the castle she had dishonoured. Many years have passed, but the place of her living burial still remains untouched, kept as a lesson to the rash girls of the Rosenkrantz family and to enforce respect for their great lineage. My aunt said she did not like this evil place where the outline showed who lay there, enshrouded, enshrined. Besides this cheerful memento, a hell-hound is supposed to lurk in the gardens of Rosenholm. Whoever sees this pleasing creature dies within the year. One of the rooms of the Castle has an exceedingly evil reputation ; so many brave adventurers have unhappily gone to face the unknown in it, and in the morning their dead bodies have been carried out.

At last a very holy parish priest went into the danger zone, armed with his Bible and his faith in God. The next morning he appeared alive, but his hair was as white as snow. He told the lord of the castle that even in hell he could not pass a worse ordeal. But he had made a pact with the demon that no Christian should seek to communicate with him in the haunted chamber, and so long as they left this room unoccupied no evil should happen. Hurriedly the door was walled up, and the holiness of the priest kept away all further danger.

CHAPTER III

ROME IN THE 'EIGHTIES

A visit to a country house near Bracciano and the Lake—A tragedy of the Roman middle classes—Society manners—The trouble to be or not to be an Excellency—A visit to a relation—Circe's Mountain—Anglo-Roman relations at an early period—Foxhunting—An Irish beauty—The old British colony—The National Gallery and the supposed Raphael—The evil eye—A buffalo story.

ONE of my earliest recollections has to do with the little village of Anguillara, on the borders of Lake Bracciano. We were invited to stay with the patron of our coachman, Giovanni, whose family had been long in their service. One day the horses were put to, and we started on the long but picturesque drive. We were glad of this unique chance to explore the life of a very interesting class that only exists in the Roman Campagna. Unlike most nobles, the Roman princes did not take personal care of their country estates, but let them to a class of men called "Mercanti di Campagna" (country merchants). These people, during the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had gained a strong hold on the land; they lived on it, supervising the farmers, and practically owned it. Theirs was a very close caste which inter-married among themselves, kept aloof from all foreigners, and held to the habits of their forefathers. The girls were treated as in mediæval times: the ordinary age for marriage was from twelve to fourteen, and the marriage was arranged purely on monetary grounds. I remember once being taken to pay a visit to a young bride whom I found sitting on a sofa playing with a doll. It was the bridegroom's wedding gift.

A year later I paid another visit and found my hostess again sitting on the same sofa. This time, besides the doll, there was a little swaddled baby. The child-mother was playing alternately with her doll and her baby. This system had evil consequences sometimes.

In Albano, during one year of our stay, there was a very beautiful

girl who used to drive through the village on the box of a four-in-hand that belonged to a young Count P——. This lady belonged to the "Mercanti di Campagna" class. She had been married, like the other bride of fourteen, to a friend of her father's, aged sixty. There was no baby, and from her great beauty she had, unfortunately, attracted the attention of some of the golden youths of the Caccia Club. Of those butterflies, Count P—— became the favoured one. Her husband came only to Albano once in the week, leaving on Monday, and she was left to herself for the rest of the week. There was no mother-in-law to look after her. Nearly all the summer season this lasted, and the girl passed each day, in the triumph of her beauty, down the little High Street on Count P——'s coach. At last the inevitable happened.

Someone—surely a woman of her own class—angered by the liberty she enjoyed, wrote an anonymous letter to the husband, rousing his suspicion. He came to Albano unexpectedly, and his wife had not come home. He left at once, and only the servants knew of his visit. This happened on a Thursday; on the Saturday, the husband came as usual and found his wife expecting him. On the Sunday evening he told his wife she was to come with him to Rome as he had some household matters to consult her about. Suspecting nothing, she left in their carriage, telling her friends she was coming back next evening. No one saw the lovely creature again. All that is known is that they went straight to their apartment in Rome, which was empty, for the servants were left at Albano. Early on the Monday morning a doctor was hurriedly sent for to the old Stewart Palace. He found the wife in bed dying, the husband weeping beside her. They sent for her confessor; to him and to the doctor she stated that she had poisoned herself. She gave no reason, but told them they would find a box of matches under her bed and a glass of water, in which she had soaked them to extract the phosphorus. And thus she died, protesting her repentance to the last. Her funeral took place at Rome and passed most decorously, while her husband, after the proper period of mourning, married again. No one was rude enough to enquire why the young creature killed herself—not even her family. Strange to say, I heard that the doctor said the poison puzzled him; it was not phosphorus she had taken.

What did take place in that empty apartment when she was alone with her husband, on the night between Sunday and Monday?

At Anguillara there was no impending tragedy. It was a

return to the Renaissance. We arrived about eight o'clock and all the family was at the door expecting us. There was a schoolboy of my own age with whom I fraternised at once. We sat and talked with our hosts till eleven, when we were taken to our rooms to prepare for dinner, which was served at midnight. It was not long, but the dishes were handed round till we could eat no more. Then a game of Tarocchi, and at two after midnight we went to bed. At five they called us all. The carriage waited, and we were driven to the great sheepfolds of our host. There we were given bowls of curds and whey, of sheep's milk, and we were shown the clever and most ancient mode of milking the flock. Each ewe was forced by the shepherd to pass into a low corral, where a bar fell down and held the ewe passive while a man milked her, then, the bar being lifted, the animal was free and scampered off to her fellows. We children were given plates of "ricotta," which we ate with slices of country bread. Then home again before the heat began, to be able to sleep a little, which, as we had only slept some three hours of the night, was very welcome. At three came the great meal of the day. It was Rabelaisian; Pantagruel must have eaten thus. All country dishes flavoured with saffron; great pies of macaroni with small birds; maize flour cooked in many ways; whole lambs for roast; chickens (boiled and stewed). A dinner to be afraid of—but good! Everything perfect and cooked to the point. We waited for it, not it for us. Then came creams of every form and colour: "zuppa inglese," and dishes of candied fruits. We moved into the salons and there found biscuits and coffee as good as the rest. With our party the notables of the place had been asked: the "archiprete," the "pretore," and the local doctor and chemist; they were interesting, each one in his way, and explained the local curiosities. Then to bed again till about nine, when the gorged house woke from digestive struggle.

The evening was twin to the day we arrived, and the next day followed the same routine. Only our drive was in a different direction, and we did not visit the sheep. The next morning we left for Rome; soon after we were asked by Senatore Trocchi to stay with him at Civita Castellana. The authorities of the town met our party at the station and a guard of cavalry escorted the three carriages to the Senator's Palace. Inside the rooms were filled with glorious Etruscan vases. They stood anywhere, and one of the finest was broken by a servant during our visit. One of the visitors, a pretty little woman, began to pay great court to me. I found out she wanted the Senator's protection for her husband, the pretore of this district. They had fallen under

some great man's disfavour. Would I speak to the Senator for them?

It was easy, so I asked her what post she wanted. "Via-reggio"; did I know that heaven on earth? This seaside town was then little better than a village, but in the season it had a theatre and a few "villegianti." I pleaded her cause, and the Senator was gracious; he promised what I asked, and later I got a letter of overwhelming thanks. It was the first time I tried to get Governmental favours for a friend. Like a first bet, I won.

We went to Falleri. In that time there were no inquisitive Government inspectors; the ruins stood open and one could take what one found. I expanded my energies on the dust heap, where, in the time of the Republic, ancient citizens had thrown their breakages. Nothing was perfect, but some pieces were only chipped: plates, lamps, cups, vases, some of Greek origin, and I got much loot. Some of the ruins had still signs of a second story and the old chimneys were dark with smoke. The same guards stayed near us that had met us at the station. There were still brigands on Monte Oreste (Soracte), and if they had known that such a prize as the Senator and his guests were near they would have tried a capture. We went the next morning to see the fortress, which then contained prisoners. The ladies were not allowed to come in, and I was glad of this when we were shown them in their recreation yard. One of the men saw us leaning over the balcony; he gave a kind of bestial cry and they all looked up. It was horrible! The Governor told us that the old brigands who had been left there by the Papal administration were allowed to go out with a soldier once every week and buy what they wanted in the town. They had a guard of soldiers, and were in chains.

After this we went to the pottery factory of the town. It was interesting, for they employed the old methods of the potter's wheel. Objects were made before us, glazed and painted. To each of our party was given a sample of the ware. I will not mention what this object was: a truly domestic article! And down through the principal streets this party of visitors carried their presents, men, women, and children. Some took them under their arms, some held them openly, others again waved them to emphasise any remark they made—the head of the officers in command of the garrison did this. Well, all ends in this world, and when we got to the Senator's house we wrapped our prizes in paper and returned to Rome.

When we first came to stay in Rome we found a little colony of old British settlers, who had taken apartments and furnished

them, in some cases bringing out their family possessions, plate and pictures, and settling down for good with no thought of returning to England. Others were content with hiring a furnished apartment, which they practically took for good and all, coming back with the regularity of swallows each winter, when the east winds grew unbearable in London.

To the first category belonged Miss Lockwood, who lived in an old palace near the Piazza Venezia, in the Corso. When it was pulled down to widen the street she moved to Piazza del Popolo, where she continued to give her pleasant teas and dinners in the same way that old Mrs. Lockwood, her mother, had done in Papal days. Mrs. Fuljombe, whose glory had been greatest during the General Council of the Vatican, followed in social precedence. Or maybe they stood on a level, like the twin fountains of St. Peter's Square. Miss Lockwood was a quiet, charming lady who corresponded to her epoch, but of Mrs. Fuljombe many stories were told. It was said that one day at her hospitable board several Irish bishops were discussing certain new plans and modifications of Church discipline. Amongst others, it had been proposed to allow the marriage of priests. Some of the party stood for one side and some for the other. The dispute became acrimonious, when the kind hostess, trying to smooth matters, remarked to the eldest and most warlike bishop, who was well over seventy: "This question, your Grace, does not at any rate interest us." The ecclesiastic turned round furiously. "Speak for yourself, madam, speak for yourself!" he stammered.

After these ladies came Mrs. Walpole and Mrs. Bruce. General Bruce had been Governor to the Prince of Wales and was an old friend of my mother's family. These ladies reigned supreme in the "white set" of English, as Mrs. Fuljombe and Miss Lockwood did in the ecclesiastical circles. Of the furnished-room dwellers, General Sir Vincent Eyre held supremacy. His distinguished career, with the glory of having practically saved India for the Empire by his great forced march, when against all difficulties he was able to bring up his troops at a decisive moment, had made him first of the little colony. At his flat were to be met all Englishmen of distinction, and his dinners were social events. Lady Eyre, fair, gentle, slightly an invalid, returned to Rome later, after her husband's death, but "Prince Charming" was there no longer, and the house ceased to be a social centre.

Mr. Macbean was our genial Consul-General. From deference to him the title of Consul-General still existed, Rome being one of the Italian States to which we had in Vatican days



GENERAL SIR VINCENT EYRE, K.C.B.

no higher representative ; so the Macbeans did not shed their former glory, in spite of the British Legation having moved to Rome from Florence. A short time afterwards the Legation was raised to the rank of an Embassy. Surely more distinguished representatives of Great Britain and Queen Victoria could not be found.

Lady Paget was a well-known cosmopolitan beauty, famed in all countries, not only for beauty, but for wit and her knowledge of life. During my uncle Rosenkrantz's appointment as Danish Minister my aunt had many occasions of admiring her lovely colleague, and now that my aunt, as a widow, had come to set up home for a couple of years in Rome, it was with no small delight that she met her friend again. There was no British Embassy, and to the then Ambassador fell the duty of deciding where the Embassy should be established. The first idea was Palazzo Farnese ; in those days it belonged to the late Royal Family of Naples, but when all arrangements had been made there came an impassable barrier. The Palace could not be purchased unless a pledge was given that in no case should the King and Queen of Italy enter it. This condition put an end to all idea of buying the Palazzo Farnese, and with marvellous intuition the site of the present Embassy was chosen, near Porta Pia, and near it most other countries have built their Embassies. Originally there stood in a glorious garden a small house, a kind of lodge, built for a pleasure house by one of the Marchesi Costaguti. This family is one of the five Marchesi del Baldachino, who rank as princes in the Roman hierarchy. It was sold to the Torlonia family, and from them it was bought by the British Government.

Rome began to expand : slowly the dirty, picturesque streets of central Rome disappeared and broad thoroughfares took their place. I think that it is wonderful, not how much has vanished, but how little was destroyed. It is now a different matter. The veneration that Rome inspired has passed away, and more has disappeared in the last twenty years than in the last thirty of the nineteenth century. The old Aurelian walls have been thrown down, the Renaissance sculptures and adornments of Villa Borghese have emigrated to the banks of the Thames ; the remaining Villas have perished wholly, unnecessarily, like the Villa Patrizi. For surely it was not necessary to build the railway offices for the Ministry of Public Works in the most beautiful and sought-for position of the capital.

This mistake had been amplified by allowing factory chimneys to encroach on sites sacred to antiquity and destroy harmony that can never be restored. Some part, even of Rome, must

be given up to commercialism, but at least confine it to one quarter and not let the Appian Way be overrun by auto-trolleys carrying rags and other food for paper factories. There is now no man in authority who can realise the treasure of beauty he has in charge. Italians in old days had an instinctive sense of art, and the peasants could be trusted to plant their cypress or pine in the spot best suited for it. This paralysis of the sense of beauty has found its worst expression in the so-called garden city on the banks of the Aniene. The place is the product of some mad enthusiast for jerry-building; fortunately the houses, of nightmare proportions, are already tumbling to pieces. Gardens there are none in this insane village: crumbling scraps of terraces with lost marigolds or damaged palms a yard high is all that is left of one of the most picturesque spots in the Campagna. The Nomentana Bridge, hidden by huge banks like a canal, lies below the new road, where the trams pass above it and the small two-storied villas congregate like so many Noah's Arks.

A man with a sense of humour would be invaluable in the councils of the masters of Modern Rome: and it is a great pity, for they inherit much that had been well done and well thought out by former city rulers. The Archæological Promenade is very beautiful, only disfigured by the factory chimneys beside Via Appia that detract from the ruins. Houses are built miles away from the city, disturbing the great sweep of the Campagna plains; and close to the city walls are big spaces covered with huts and half-finished buildings. Enough of this; no hope can endure until the municipality decides to admit artists as well as business men into the city councils.

One of the old delights of Rome is dying out—the fox-hunting. There is a brave effort to keep it alive, but the hounds have to arrive, like the hunters, in autos, and the old historic meets are deserted. That could be foreseen and cannot be regretted: country sports must disappear in the vicinity of the capital. A more dangerous innovation is the holding of bull-fights in the Stadium built for the glory of Italian youth. One must hope that it is a passing phase, and that common-sense will show the folly of bringing in a dying show that has nothing to do with Italy or Italian tradition. Fox-hunting in the old days was a joy: early in the sunshine of a winter morning two wiry little horses would rush you rejoicing to the meet at Centocelle, where aeroplanes are now kept. At ten the first comers arrived, and punctually at eleven the pack started. The Campagna is not an easy country; it is possible to find yourself at the bottom of an old ruin. This happened to one sportsman; fortunately, neither the horse nor his rider was hurt. Everyone went out to see the start. The

cavalry officers of Tor di Quinto took the first wall in a body, and, as it was their first time out, the foot of the wall at Centocelle reproduced Milton's account of the fate of Satan's defeated legions. But that was only at the first engagement: afterwards, and not so very long either, there were wonderful feats performed. Up perpendicular ascents that no ordinary rider would grapple with, over jumps worthy of the best Irish traditions, Italian officers distinguished themselves. Then when the last chorus of the hounds died away, the spectators would slowly return home with baskets of violets, narcissi, and cyclamen, as the season allowed.

A very dear friend of ours was Miss Beresford; she was all Irish and of Irish beauty. With Miss Beresford lived her mother and an old aunt, Miss Bull. Their apartment was in the Via San Sebastianello, on the top floor, and many who could not climb the second or third floor stairs of other apartments managed to get to the bright drawing-room of Mrs. Beresford. On the roof they had a kind of hanging garden with orange trees and bamboos. Under these plants we used often to drink tea. A lift came later, but when I knew them first there was no such luxury. Melanie Beresford had a talent for painting, and I think that most of her pocket-money came from her water-colours.

Another amusing artist was the Norwegian, Mr. Ross; he knew several tricks and was clever with his fingers. One of his little scenarios was a ballet dancer, another "the lady taking her bath," and they made all who saw them laugh.

Another English artist was a certain Mr. Moore. He had the good fortune to drop into Christie's one day when they were selling some pictures discarded by the National Gallery. It is the rule to sell for the benefit of the Gallery such pictures as have been left originally to the Gallery and are not worthy of it. A Committee is asked to pronounce on the rejected and then they are sent to Christie's.

A number had been sent up, and Mr. Moore thought they might be worth a glance. One of these attracted the painter strangely; he waited and bid for it. When he had taken his purchase to Rome, Mr. Moore began to realise his wonderful good fortune. The picture under his care began to lose its dark look: great colouring showed itself, and the truth was seen—the little despised easel picture was a masterpiece!

Raphael Sanzio had painted three masterpieces, easel pictures. One of these treasures was lost, had been lost for many a long year. Among the drawings, in Florence and other collections, were left to us a few sketches, otherwise the picture was no more. Mr. Moore said nothing, but waited till he had collected and arranged his proofs. Then he spoke.

A howl of indignation greeted his story. Was it possible that the great ones of the National Gallery had blundered? But the proofs were there; the man was a lighter and his story was very plain. For many years the picture of Apollo and Marsyas stayed in his studio, and then came victory: The Louvre took it and paid a splendid price. Best of all, Mr. Moore had vindicated the picture's name.

Among our friends were two English ladies, the two Miss Filders, aunt and niece. They lived in Via Sistina, but afterwards took an apartment in a house by the Spanish Steps. It was the only house where there was always good music to be found. Miss Filder did not, like so many hostesses of that retrograde age, content herself with amateur talent. It is cheap, but unprofitable. The younger Miss Filder possessed a beautiful soprano voice that had been greatly appreciated at their old home in Torquay; unfortunately Miss Filder had been obliged to leave England to secure her niece's health. The great musical talent of her niece had made her a favourite with the few real musicians whom we possessed in Rome. Thus, their concerts represented the soul of music, and they contributed to the pleasures of Rome. It is only in a small community that such pleasures are really understood. Far away is the time and, alas! gone are the givers of the music and the quiet hours passed in pure enjoyment. The apartment is now held by the daughter of the old owner of the Palazzo. I, who have a sure memory of those past hours of delight, can only mournfully deplore the silence that now reigns in Number 20, Piazza di Spagna. Miss Filder married Count Solone of the ancient family of Campello.

Count Essen for many years represented his sovereign at the Italian Court. Countess Essen was a woman of rare charm; she was beautiful, with hair that rivalled that of the Austrian Empress. She was a descendant of the Fersen family and had their profile. Her sister's child, Ida Gosling, told me in fun that this profile was their great inheritance. There were two fine boys—Gustave and Carl—but when I knew them in Rome there was no girl. That blessing came later and fulfilled the prayer of the loving mother.

The Swedish Minister lived in Palazzo Roccagiovanni. There I used to go for dancing lessons. I remember a fancy-dress ball they gave which amused me much.

The Danish Minister was Monsieur de Hegermann. He married a delightful American lady; her voice was perfection. It was as Mrs. Moulton that she first drew attention to her wonderful gift, which was of operatic power and sweetness. Then came the Danish Diplomatist, and so were shed the



COUNTESS GRACE DI CAMPELLO, *née* FILDER.

dreams of a world greatness. Her daughter, Nina Moulton, was a truly enchanting child. A cousin of Baron Rosenkrantz fell in love with her and was really "épris." He came every evening to our house and told us of his love. Though he was a great "parti," he was humility itself when he considered his chances of gaining the prize. Queen Margherita, with her royal kindness, threw her great power on the side of true love, and the constant lover won his cause. Nina was lovely indeed in the dress of a bride, and as we said good-bye she kissed me and whispered :

"They say that the kiss of a bride always brings good luck."

Madame de Hegermann was very amusing and was welcome with most Royalties. She was often invited by the Italian Court and sang to them in her glorious voice.

There was a queer Russian lady who had an unenviable reputation in society, for she was held to have the evil eye. Because of her position as the widow of a defunct governor-general, she had to be asked to most Court functions, but she was not liked the better. I remember at the Court balls the entrance of this lady : however crowded the ball was there was always a little space left, and into that space came a small figure who walked alone, with the gentleman whose duty it was to escort this lady hovering round her, but not venturing near enough to touch her.

There were many stories, but I remember one victim's account. Said Madame de Hegermann : "I never felt shy in my life, but when Her Majesty asked me to sing, and I opened my music, I found that I had no voice. I struggled, for my voice was in perfect condition half an hour before, but I could not get out a sound. I made my excuses, and so it ended.

"Another night the Queen invited me and to my horror the same thing happened ; when I got home I tried my voice and found it perfect. The next time I went to the Quirinal I felt a wave of evil ; I cannot explain it better, but this evil came over me. So I took my courage in both hands and told the Queen, and she very kindly said that I must not try to sing then, but I should come another time and this special lady should not be asked. Whatever can be said, the fact remains that I never had another loss of voice."

Poor lady, she was unconscious of the harm she was supposed to work, and I can only hope she remained in this ignorance.

The evil eye is not spoken of so much now as formerly. In my childhood a certain Monsignore was famed for his dangerous influence. It is long ago, but I remember Cardinal Howard made a knightly effort to help the priest. Meeting the Monsignore in the town the Cardinal stopped and asked him if he would drive

with him. The Prelate got in but before long they stopped, and the Cardinal asked what had happened : the harness had broken. It was the first time such a thing had occurred to the Cardinal : all his stable equipment was like an English Guardsman's. Still, the break was patched up and the drive resumed. Then came another stoppage and the reason was that a wheel was in danger. Again the drive was continued, and then the off-horse fell down heavily. The Prelate became concerned and, as they were not far from the City Gate, he proposed that he should get out.

"Monsignore," said the Cardinal, "perhaps it is best that we part ; if this goes on I shall not have a carriage left, and what is worse we may be dead, too." So the Prelate got into a cab. "I do not believe in it," said the Cardinal to my mother, "but I must say it is strange."

This superstition is originally from Naples. No one doubts it. The shops are full of little coral and gold and silver charms, and most people wear one. It is fatal for any poor devil to have this reputation ; no one will willingly meet or speak to or have anything to do with him. Oddly enough it is more often men than women who are held to have this evil. If you are "overlooked," the first thing to do is to go to a wise woman and let her make the charm that nullifies the danger : then you are safe.

Society after the entrance of the Italians into Rome theoretically ceased to exist. I suppose it is difficult to realise that most of the Roman aristocracy felt sure that the kingdom of Italy was a mirage which would vanish, and the old Papal régime would return in a few—very few—years. My mother asked a great prelate whether he really believed that the Pope would get back his temporality. His answer was : "I don't think about it ; I know it must be so." And this was the opinion of all the Roman nobles, except a very few enlightened ones.

The Duke of Sermoneta and his relations, the Sforza Cesarini, the Doria, The Lante, Torlonia, and Odescalchi belonged to the White Party. The Colonnas, the Massimo, the Borghese, the Orsini, Lancellotti, Altieri, Salviati, Bandini Barberini, Caffarelli, Aldobrandini, Rospigliosi, Ruspoli, Chigi held firmly to the Pope. In fact, all who had charges at the Papal Court sulked in their palaces and kept rigidly the mourning of the Church during her captivity. This meant that no official entertainment was ever given, though the mistress of the house received one evening a week, and during Carnival the young people danced. In some houses this dance became a ball, but no special invitations were sent out, no fuss was made, though a good orchestra played and a supper was given. During the rest of the year

these receptions were not gay. Girls arrived, greeted the hostess with a curtsy, and if the lady was of the highest rank kissed her hand. The mothers sat down, each according to a recognised rule of precedence, in a circle of chairs, each one in her turn having the honour of a few minutes' chat with the hostess, sitting beside her in the place of honour on the sofa. This over, when a newcomer entered, the lady in question vacated the sofa and joined a friend in the larger group. At least the elders could move about, but the girls had no such good fortune. There was a large backless sofa on which, in company with the daughters of the house, the young girls were expected to spend their evening. Where they were placed, there they sat, talking among themselves and drinking weak tea and syrups handed to them by the daughters of the house, who acted as hostesses to the younger visitors. The young men had a pleasanter rôle : they gravitated to the younger married women, who made a tour of the rooms with their cavaliers while the elder men settled down to a game of cards, and so the evening dragged on to the wished-for end.

This arrangement did not amuse foreign girls. The Romans did not care to make small talk with strangers who knew none of their small circle ; they were polite, said all the platitudes they could think of, and then talked among themselves of what really interested them. To a shy English girl this was a real tragedy.

I once saw a sad little scene. A dear little English girl, just out, and very self-conscious, had been sitting on the "*divan des demoiselles*" for the best part of an hour. The other girls had exhausted their conversation and left her alone. Her mother, Lady C—, had not the slightest idea of leaving, she was talking with a very brilliant prelate and did not see her daughter's misery. So time went on, and one big tear after another ran down the little face. Then St. George to the rescue ! A young Englishman, Mr. P—, came from the group of married ladies, went up to his countrywoman, and stopped the approaching deluge by a kind remark : it was the first occasion that Princess Altieri's receptions had seen such a sight, but the young man stayed there till the moment of departure. There was much gossip about the mad English, and many surmises that died away—for no engagement followed. Such were the amusements for the young in the greatest of Roman circles.

Dancing mitigated the dullness. There was no sitting out ; the girl stood by her mother and was returned to her chaperone when the dance was over. A second dance with the same partner was practically unknown. Flirting was reserved to the young married women—and they shone. In fairness, it must be said

that the girl life of a Roman was short indeed, sometimes it practically did not exist, for she was taken from the *Sacré Cœur*, and after a few weeks her engagement was announced. The two people most interested were seldom asked for their opinion in the matter. Then followed the signing of the contract, when a great reception was given. The *fiancée* stood by the future bridegroom to receive the congratulations of her girl friends, the presents were placed on exhibition and society flocked to admire and criticise. What wonderful jewels were seen then! Historic pearls—the gift, perhaps, of some great monarch—diamonds, emeralds—it was more like a show of crown jewels than those of private nobles.

The next sight was the marriage. It took place in the Palace chapel, where all society was convened, and a Cardinal—often a member of the two contracting families, tied the knot. Directly afterwards the great family state coach took bride and bridegroom to St. Peter's, where some of the guests followed them. The newly-married couple paid their devotions to the tomb of St. Peter and kissed the foot of the bronze statue of the Apostle, and then drove to the railway station. I omitted to mention that the engaged couple went on the first possible day of their engagement to the Vatican to receive the approval and blessing of the Pontiff. In certain families the wedding takes place at the Vatican, and the Pope officiates.

Benedict XV went further in his wish to do honour to Prince Ruspoli, who has an hereditary post as Grand Master of the Apostolic Palaces at the Vatican Court. Not only did the Pope officiate at the marriage of Donna Giacinta Ruspoli with the young Prince del Drago, but he gave the marriage breakfast in the Vatican to the couple and their relations.

But we have gone far from the Church's mourning and the so-called imprisonment of the Pontiff. This was the leading fact which kept Rome so unsocial in the 'eighties and 'ninties. The diplomatic world used to give official balls and receptions, but, being accredited to the Quirinal, their houses did not exist for the "Blacks." Besides this, there was another barrier which caused great heart-burning. Charles V had granted, among other privileges, the title of Excellency to all Roman Princes and their families, including the *Marchesi del Baldacchino*, who are held as equal to the Princes. At the Piedmontese Court the title of Excellency belongs only to Ministers, to *Chefs de Missions*, Generals and Admirals, and to the highest order of administrative and court officials. Some innovator of a meddling nature ordered that the title should no longer be given to Roman Princes as Charles V had ordained, and, worst of all, he

warned the Foreign Offices of other countries of this new rule. The Romans retaliated by accepting no invitations without the two magic letters S.E. on the envelope. This was unpleasant for everybody—and especially for the young people. It ended by a compromise in which the Princes were only given the "Excellency" on Court occasions.

In the 'eighties the English resident colony was practically non-existent so far as Roman society was concerned. Members of old Catholic families would take a large furnished apartment for the season and entertain, and to them "Black Society" opened their doors. Among these were the Earl and Countess of Denbigh with their pretty daughters; one of them—the sweetest and most charming—entered a convent in Paris after they had left Rome. During her stay there was no sign of this decision. The Denbighs had a fine apartment on the second floor of Palazzo Pulieri on the Corso. The first breach of the rule of mourning during the Church's Captivity took place at the Palazzo Orsini. It was a splendid ball, worthy of the Orsini name. Also it was the last time that this great house was thrown open to Roman society. Soon after the financial crash took place and the Palace of Monte Savelli was seized by the creditors. The principal feature of the ball was a cotillon, in which appeared a huge stuffed bear, who distributed a number of little gifts of small bears, alluding to the arms of the family. I do not remember anyone following the Orsini example, and balls were few except in Embassies. Sir Augustus Paget and his beautiful wife left for Vienna, and Sir John Saville Lumley came to Rome as British Ambassador.

Sir John was a classic scholar and most interested in excavations. During his reign at the Embassy I went down with him and Mr. and Mrs. Beauclerc to San Felice Circeo. The old Castle of the Templars had been bought from the Italian Government by Baron and Baroness Giacchetti. Baroness Giacchetti had first married Sir William Mackenzie of Coul, a cousin of my mother's. On his death she had taken a flat in Palazzo Bonaparte, and while there she had found her ideal in Baron Giacchetti and married him, giving up part of her larger dower. Baron Giacchetti was a protégé of Prince Antoine Bonaparte, who left him most of his fortune. There were those who said that Giacchetti had Bonaparte blood in him, and perhaps there was some resemblance. They were a pleasant couple: Lady Mackenzie had been a Ross-shire beauty and, though she was no longer young, had much charm.

It was a curious journey. We were received at the Velettri Station by a strong escort of Carabinieri. The soldiers stayed

with us till we reached Terracina. They said the road was infested by brigands who would have been glad to hold a British Ambassador for ransom. The little inn at Terracina provided a huge feast for everybody and charged us Paris prices. There were speeches and compliments to England and the Ambassador, indeed to the whole party, myself included, and Mr. Beauchamp answered for us. Then the Giacchetti carriage arrived, and we started.

We first discovered that our travels would present unusual features when we came to a suspension bridge that divided in two parts in order that the little fishing boats might pass down the old Roman canal. The halves slung together for what seemed like a breath and, as the clever little Arabs sprang over the danger spot, the coachman turned round and amiably said to Sir John Saville Lumley: "From this place one can easily go to Paradise." Sir John was too upset by our escape to answer.

We first drove down a very stony but passable road; this suddenly stopped, and before us lay the sea. "We go by the sands," said the coachman. "If it is stormy, it is dangerous." "But is there no road?"—"No, if we keep in the water it is all right." And so we did. In and out of the little waves we were steered most cleverly. Ever and again the carriage landed on a rock and we hesitated a moment: would the carriage capsize? No, it did not, for the speed of the ponies kept us going. They ran away most of the time and our driver did not try to check them. "One never knows what the little devils will do next. Yesterday they turned into the sea and would have drowned the Baroness if I had not jumped off and stopped them; they were just within their depth." So he comforted us: I have had pleasanter drives.

At the top of the hill on which the mediæval town stood, more authorities and another band met us. Luckily the Arabs would stand no nonsense; they knew their stables and made for the castle. Our host received us, and in her English-looking drawing-room Baroness Giacchetti presided over a most welcome table.

We were alive, and there were moments when we had feared the worst. The next days were very interesting. One day we spent climbing on mule-back the classic heights of Monte Circeo. On the summit there stood ruins of the prehistoric fortress-temple made of huge blocks of stone that antiquarians said came from Africa. Further off stood all that was left of the Temple of the Sun. There were no inscriptions and we made ribald remarks about the visit of Ulysses to the Queen Sorceress. It appears that the pigs of Circe's Isle, or Promontory as it is now, retain their old glory. They live in little huts like lake dwellings raised on

poles. At dawn and at sunset a small ladder is put up and the pigs climb it ; when they are safely inside, the ladder is taken away. Nearly all the products of the pork industry go to the Naval College at Leghorn ; the hams especially are most enticing, they are savoury from the herbs that the pigs eat in the cork woods. The peasants cure them with the strong red wine that was made from the Spanish vines, imported in the sixteenth century. Every day the pigs are driven into the sea and scrubbed down by the village children.

The next morning we drove in little two-wheeled carts to the Lago di Paola. Near the road stood ruins of Lucullus' Villa.

Still quite intact was the celebrated fish pond where he kept his eels ; it was entirely artificial, made of red Roman brickwork, and it served now as a fish reserve for the Giacchetti. Sir John was tempted, and arranged that it should be drained, so that we could see for ourselves if the tales of Lucullus' feasts were true, and that the gold cups and dishes still remained in his fishpond. I need hardly say that, when the pond was empty, nothing was found, and we understood that what Lucullus threw in at supper-time the slaves fished up for their master at daybreak. So nothing was lost ; the cups, etc., could be thrown in many times by this simple precaution. Roman historians were great gossips !

We rowed down the long lake bordered by forest lands. The sunlight danced on the little wavelets and where the trees allowed we could see immense buildings resembling the ruins of the Imperial Palaces on the Palatine. In some places they towered several storeys high. We could not explore them, for they were infested by serpents, mostly poisonous. So we had to content ourselves with looking at them from the lake. Before we left Lake Paola we were shown where our host had laid down oyster spawn, brought at some expense from France. Lifting up a tile, our host, to his joy, saw signs that the oysters were multiplying. " This means a fortune," he said. Indeed, it is possible that the experiment would have succeeded. Alas, Baron Giacchetti and his wife left in the autumn for Scotland and on their return they found the population had moved down to the lake and enjoyed a prolonged oyster-feast. There were no oysters left !

Five towns have existed on that sunny promontory. Under the sea are the ruins of the Greek settlement. Higher up on the hill are the remains of the city where Tiberius once stayed. Still higher, is the little town of the Templars and the modern village, where each boy was accounted a soldier of the Pope from the day he was born, and drew pay from his birth. This ended with the Temporal power.

One of the excursions took us deep into the forest to see a

family of wild little boars that had been captured by the forest people. When we came near their camping spot, we met two girls riding bareback. When they saw us, one of them fell off her pony and the other screamed for help. These people were so wild in their mode of life that they were frightened by any stranger they met. The men were less nervous; when they recognised Baron Giacchetti, they seemed glad to see us and brought out glasses and a potent liquor made from herbs. The little boars were sweet little creatures with quaint little heads, and were miniature reproductions of the terrible wild creatures they would become in maturity.

A peasant of San Felice earned his nickname "Il Cignale" by an act of great strength and bravery. He was going to visit his sweetheart when he met, on the rocky path that led to her cottage, a wild boar. It was a "Solitary" hermit boar, and had been excluded from the herd for bad temper. When it saw the man it dashed at him, trying to wound him with its tusks. The path was too narrow for two to pass; the rock precipice went sheer down to the sea, where in blue, clear water the sharks disported themselves. The peasant caught the boar's throat before it had time to wound him; and so, exerting his immense strength, he strangled the beast. Having emulated Hercules, this countryman flung his prey on his back and took it to the cottage of his beloved, where it was divided between them. But the story remained an epic amongst the people of Monte Circeo.

This is the spot whence the invaders of Italy left for Africa. Some of the hordes stayed behind and married; their descendants have kept the type and several families are called "Unni" or Huns. On the borders of Lake Paola countless masses of ruins existed. These were all the remains of palaces, built by Rome's richest patricians. The great water-works, sign of past luxury, is still standing, the rest lies half buried. Mosaic pavements and sculptured cornices are covered with an undergrowth of bramble. Ancient moneys are found now and then; Baron Giacchetti had collected many gold pieces of Nero and his predecessors. In those days the place was very prosperous and honoured with Imperial visits. The Emperor Tiberius, we hear, came there and killed a wild boar.

The best way of getting to the forest is to row across the Lake Paola and land where it suits best. In that way you avoid much unpleasantness, such as serpents, marshland and the buffaloes. Even in a boat you are not quite safe, for once, while I was exploring with Baron Giacchetti, we found ourselves surrounded by part of a herd, and the Baron remembered he had

engaged a number of buffaloes and their owner to clean his canals. This part of the Pontine marshes is drained by the old Roman canals. These start from the sea and drain all the country. They get filled with weeds, and at the time of which I am speaking the old custom persisted from immemorial times of using buffaloes to clean them. A master owns about a hundred, and to every twenty buffaloes there is a buffalo who is called, "il capo," the leader, who trains and drills the others which he is responsible for. This "capo" is chosen when quite young for showing an exceptional brain and great willingness. He obeys every order, under any circumstances, and has his own ideas of utilising the strength of his subjects. At the word of command he sends his workers into the canal, works himself, and sees that the strong muscular legs tear away all weeds and other matter that may obstruct the canal. When one lot is tired, another takes its turn, and so the hundred relieve each other. When the buffaloes surrounded us they instinctively followed their dislike of strangers. Fortunately the Baron's calls brought their owner to the spot, who stopped active hostilities. They stood round us, showing little more above the water than their horns and their evil eyes.

A series of queer names came from the man and afterwards five quick calls brought forward five magnificent dark beasts. They pushed and shouldered their way to their own divisions and the crowd of heads moved apart, leaving our way clear. The two boatmen looked happier and lost no time in taking us away from the interesting creatures.

"That was a narrow escape," said one of the boatmen. Then he told us a curious incident :

"My old 'Padrone' had lands near Terracina. He used to ask friends down for the shooting ; one was a clever lawyer, who was a friend of his at college. One day, when we expected them, the lawyer turned up, but my master never arrived. A letter came explaining that he would be a day late and told us to look after the lawyer as if he were the master himself. Next morning the lawyer asked me if he could go to the top of a small hill from where you could see the country.

" 'Well, sir,' I said, 'you had better ride the master's pony and let me come with you.'

" 'But why ?' said the lawyer.

" 'Because of the buffaloes,' answered I.

" 'They have always been very quiet when I have seen them,' said the lawyer.

" 'That is true, sir ; but don't forget we were all on horse-back and we had the headman with us and the buffaloes' keeper.'

"He would not listen to me, but went off on foot, and by

himself. We did not see him at dinner, and when the master arrived about supper-time there was no sign of his friend. The master was furious and we were all very anxious. A search-party was formed and off we started; fortunately, I remembered what the lawyer had told me, and we went towards the hill. There were some trees at the top of it, and looking attentively we saw a group of buffaloes. They were lying down, but one was standing beneath a big tree and something in his position made me think of a soldier on guard. We galloped up the hill and disturbed the sleepers. One was a fine fat cow and she had a fine well-tended calf beside her and she was cross, for the man had to use his pole to her. The master stood up in his stirrups and called out: 'Are you there, Camillo?'

"From a thickly-covered branch came the answer. You may imagine the shout of joy with which we welcomed the lawyer's voice. We had brought an extra horse and the two friends rode back together. As we passed the cow, the lawyer shook his fist at her.

"'To think,' he said, 'it was that cursed beast and her calf that made all the trouble.'

"After supper—for he had been fasting since four a.m. that morning—he told us his story. It was still starlight and the buffaloes were not up. It was true that they knew the lawyer because they did not stir, but by ill-luck he chanced to be near the cow and her calf, and managed to stumble over the latter. And then Hell was loosed. The cow chased him while he ran for his life, the calf giving him a salvo of bellows which made the cow still more furious. He got to the tree in the nick of time, and pulled himself out of the buffalo's reach. At first she shook the tree with her assaults. Then, finding she could not bring the man down, she trotted away with her calf. Cautiously he let himself down, but he had not gone many yards before he saw a buffalo charging on him full speed.

"'From the tree to which I hastily returned,' said the lawyer, 'I saw that accursed female with her calf bring up six buffaloes, who then kept guard in turn, relieving each other like sentries, while the malignant cow and her damned offspring passed the time between grazing by paying visits to the sentries and keeping up their ardour by bellowing their woes. This went on till I had the joy of hearing your voices.'"

"To make the place safe, they had to change the cow's grazing ground to one twenty miles away."

CHAPTER IV

ROME IN THE 'NINETIES

The Embassies and Roman hostesses—Two Corps Diplomatiques—In pre-War times—Piazza di Spagna—The Ojedas—British Ambassadors and Diplomats. Lady Rodd and her famous costume ball—The Cætani Palace—Fêtes at the Palace Doria—The great houses of Lante della Rovere and Montefeltro and Ruspoli—A Saint of high degree—The face of Beatrice—Countess Lovatelli—An Italian explorer of the Pacific—A brave man—What an earthquake sometimes means.

ROME has the advantage of being the only capital where there are two Corps Diplomatiques : one to the Holy See and the other to the Court of the Quirinal. The most important Embassies, socially, are those accredited to the King. Of these the most important, at the present time, are the French Embassy, which has its seat in the great Palazzo Farnese, built by Michelangelo, and the British Embassy at the Villa—formerly Torlonia—just within the walls at Porta Pia ; the United States of America, which is movable, having no fixed Embassy. The Spanish Embassy to the Quirinal is in the same position, but the different Ambassadors have succeeded each other in the splendid apartment in the Palazzo Barberini. The Russian one in Via Gaeta has lately been handed over to the Soviets. During the War, and until the signing of the Treaty between Italy and the S.S.U., the Embassy was filled with Russian refugees. The great ball-room that used to be the scene of brilliant shows of dazzling uniforms and Paris dresses, is only opened for periodical bazaars. The Belgian Embassy till now had a charming villa in the Ludovisi quarter. Most of the other Ministers established themselves in hotels.

The Italian Government has purchased a palace for the German Government in exchange for Villa Caffarelli, confiscated during the War. The Caffarelli Palace has been pulled down and its site given over to the Municipality and antiquarians in order that the site and ruins of Jovis Capitolinus may be explored.

As yet very little more than the foundations has been uncovered. It is supposed that the great wealth of this temple marked it for destruction. Too many nations have sacked Rome, and we must also count the numerous private loiterers who picked up any unconsidered trifles left behind by the Invading Army.

[The present city authorities intend, together with the Minister of Fine Arts and Antiquities, to convert this part of the capitol, together with the Tarpean Rock, into a beautiful public garden, connected with the Forum and the Palace of the Cæsars, thus forming a great whole with the "*Passaggiata Archæologica*" laid out by the Minister, Guido Bacelli.

Before the War the German Embassy with its group of sister buildings comprised a School of Art, of Archæological research, and a hospital which cleverly opened its wards, free of expense, to all Scandinavian nations, as well as German subjects. The reception-rooms were excellent, though it might be allowable to question William II's taste in having ordered an enormous fresco to be painted in the Throne Room, the subject being "*The Sack of Rome by the Huns.*" Certainly it was less politic to invite the Sovereign of Italy, of whom he was the guest, a ruler of a friendly country and his ally, to the inauguration of this tactless decoration.

The Austrian Embassy to the King, also before the War, had its seat in the State Apartment of the Palazzo Chigi in Piazza Colonna. The palace had been sold to the Government, and is now the seat of one of the Ministries.

Of the Corps Diplomatiques accredited to the Holy Sec, the first is undoubtedly the Spanish Embassy in Piazza di Spagna.

This "*Palace of Spain*," as it is called, was the seat of the Spanish Ambassador for many centuries. When the Italians entered Rome, naturally, it was the Ambassador to the new régime who had to seek a residence. So this historical building has never been changed from the time when the Infantes of Spain came to Rome to pay their respects to the Head of Christendom.

One of my friends, Marquis Gonzaga, lived with his wife in an apartment that had been arranged in the eighteenth century for the use of a certain Spanish Infante. Since the Prince had left, there had been no change in the decoration of the rooms or of the furniture. It was all a little faded, and recalled the rooms of a French palace of that date. Armchairs and tabourets stood ready for the Prince's visitors, so that each might be seated according to his rank. There was an aura of the past in those silent rooms, and when I had tea with the Marchesa (who was English) I always felt we were intruders and expected every moment the entrance of the royal attendants to a Spanish

Court who would ruthlessly dismiss us. From the entrance-hall one felt it was another world, peopled with phantoms of the past.

The State receptions, at which the Sacred College of Cardinals are always present, are perhaps the most picturesque entertainment still existing in Rome. At about nine o'clock—for their Eminences come and leave early—the string of carriages begins to form in the Piazza di Spagna. Porters in the royal livery of Spain stand, mace in hand, and salute the Ambassador's guests. The straight stiff lines of the State staircase are broken by palms and flowers. On the staircase stand men in ancient liveries, carrying great wax torches. These will accompany His Excellency, the Cardinal, and the royal guests in the same manner and with the same etiquette as in the year 1600, and in the case of the Cardinals the scarlet robes are identical. Opposite the head of the staircase there exists a window, well curtained over, and from this the personal friends of the Ambassador are privileged to see the cortège, when seven or eight, or more, of the Princes of the Church advance, preceded and accompanied by bearers of lighted candles, their trains carried by their gentlemen in black with swords and ruffles.

The glories of the Court of Austria have passed. The bridal processions of Imperial Germany have disappeared. But the throne of Charles V still endures in Rome, on whose Princes he conferred the highest honour he had in his power to bestow, the Grandeeship of Spain.

This is how the younger sons and daughters of a Roman Prince have the title of Don and Donna before their Christian names, and why they are addressed as Excellency.

The Ambassador Ojeda and Madame Ojeda were my very good friends. During his term of office, I had not only my own invitation, but the card had written on it: "Miss Lister and Cousins." I regret to say that one evening seven "cousins" came after me, and Spanish courtesy made answer to my apology: "I think you were most moderate."

Perhaps the fact that they were all young and pretty helped my excuse!

Once in the rooms the guests paid their devoirs to the Ambassador standing before the dais, the Golden Fleece, Spain's highest decoration, shining on his official uniform.

Here I recall an incident which happened in Denmark, during my girlhood. It was at perhaps the third great ball at which I was present, and I wore a particular piece of old lace that my mother had allowed me to take after much coaxing. I was dancing the Lancers—it was the fashion then to dance them at a great

pace—and as I hurried round the chain, I brushed past the Spanish Minister, and the Golden Fleece he was wearing caught in my precious lace. There was no time to pause, for Royalty was also dancing the Lancers. Without hesitation the chivalrous Spaniard snapped the decoration in half, and I passed on, my lace uninjured, while the Minister pocketed the gold and diamond studded fragments of his broken decoration. Later there was some talk about this incident. The Minister's answer was that he had done what the King, his master, would have wished, and broken the royal gift rather than hurt a lady's dress.

Since this chivalrous deed, I have always honoured Spanish courtesy.

At the time my aunt, Baroness Rosenkrantz, was playing whist with King Christian; the Minister approached the table and the King noticed that his decoration was missing. In answer to His Majesty's questioning, the Minister showed the two broken pieces and related what had happened.

The Chilean Minister, Mr. Errazuris de Urmeneta, lived for many years in a lovely villa in the best part of New Rome. His wife, to amuse their beautiful daughters, gave many entertainments on a brilliant scale. They were very rich, and His Excellency had bought the villa from the Marchesa Rudini, widow of the Italian ex-Premier. I do not know what Society would have done in those bitter days of war without the relief their pleasant entertainments supplied. To enter their house was to completely change one's mental atmosphere. Madame Errazuris and her two girls were tall and fair, of the aristocratic Spanish type; she was bright and amusing and evidently enjoyed receiving. The most original of her entertainments was one to which I went with a dear friend, Countess Gracedi Campello. The party was honoured by Royalty in the persons of H.R.H. the Infanta Eulalia, to whom we were both presented, and H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice of Bourbon, a rival Infanta, daughter of Don Carlos; I had known this Princess for years, since she first came as a bride to Palazzo Massimo.

There were many Cardinals and most of the Roman Princes and other members of great Italian houses were covered with magnificent jewels.

The British Legation to the Holy See is represented by Sir Odo and Lady Russell who have taken a pleasant villa near Villa Borghese, now Villa Umberto I. They are very popular and cordially welcomed at the Vatican. Sir Odo's predecessor in this post was Count de Salis, one of the most genial of diplomats; he had taken the apartment in the Borghese formerly occupied by Sir Henry Howard, our first Minister to the Vatican.

Sir Henry was a cadet of the great Corby branch of Howards. The head of the house, Philip Howard, married Clare Maxwell, the niece and adopted daughter of my aunt, Mary Maxwell.

Count de Salis had been in the thick of the War from the beginning, his post being in the Balkans. He told me a story which illustrated the majestic serenity of official British red tape.

For many months the Minister had been cut off from any communication with the Foreign Office. At last the "Bag" arrived, and Count de Salis hastened to inspect his correspondence. Among other letters, one document appeared from its cover to be the most important, at least it was especially noted for prompt attention, and it was opened first. It was a communication from the British Board of Agriculture, directing His Excellency to communicate at once with the Government he was accredited to and with the Ministry charged with such matters, and inform the authorities without delay that the quarantine on dogs had been reduced to four months instead of six months. Circumstances, unfortunately, prevented His Excellency from conveying this interesting information. The capital was in the hands of the enemy and the address of the Ministry unknown.

To this I may add another story I carried with me from the F.O. itself during my flight to Italy, directly after the declaration of War.

I was staying in London at the house of an old friend during those last fatal days of July, 1914. I was to leave that evening for Italy. In fact, my boat was the last that crossed from Folkestone. My host came back before I started and we dined together, when he told me the story. The Foreign Office was full of anxiety; ultimatums were flying in every direction. The one doubtful point was Holland. So when at last a ciphered telegram came from that country, its great importance was evident, and my friend deciphered it himself. There was very little will or wish to laugh in this supreme moment, and yet this message triumphed: "The City Authorities and the Chief Magistrate of the Hague trust that His Excellency, Viscount Lord Grey, His British Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, will honour them by accepting to be the guest of honour at the ceremony of the Inauguration of the Palace of Peace."

Then followed whatever is equivalent in diplomatic language to, "an early answer will oblige."

The answer my friend sent was as follows, including the necessary compliment that, "under the circumstances, he feared he was unable to bring this most courteous invitation to Lord Grey's consideration, for he might be accused of levity."

Before the War, the splendid Palazzo di Venezia, standing in

the Piazza of that name, belonged to the Austrian Government. In it was housed the Embassy to the Holy See, and they ran the Spanish Embassy close in the splendour of their receptions. The same elements were there: the scarlet and violet of great Vatican dignitaries, with the same *mise en scène* of resplendent liveries and old-world etiquette. To their personal friends both Embassies were more modern. Five o'clock tea gathered a pleasant company together.

All this has vanished with the Austrian Empire; the palace belongs now to the Government and is partly a museum, and also the headquarters of the Fascisti.

At the British Embassy Sir Augustus Paget, in the 'eighties, was succeeded by Sir John Saville Lumley.

Sir John was the last representative of a great type of British diplomat of which Lord Elgin, and, in still earlier times, Sir Horace Mann and Sir William Hamilton, are shining examples. In these more arduous days, this type has vanished. Sir George Buchanan collected political leaders and not artistic treasures in Russia.

Sir John Lumley was himself no mean artist, and in his day the British Embassy was hung with ancient red damask, which hid certain little cupids that had shocked the nerves of Victorian ladies. Among the many archaeological researches and excavations for which Sir John was responsible and paid for, the most important were his excavations at the Temple of Diana on the shores of Lake Nemi, where lived the priest "that was the slayer, and would himself be slain." Before Sir John decided on the present site of his excavations, he had to face a storm of antiquarian experts. I drove with him to see two sites, both claiming to be that of the famous Temple of the Golden Bough. Each learned sponsor was absolutely certain that his ground was the right site. One, the least interesting, was on the border of the Lake of Albano. The other, which had a certain probability, lay on the right side of the vanished Lake of Ariccia, which was drained by the princely family of Chigi about a hundred years ago.

Sir John was lured by no spectacled and bearded siren. He stuck to the old tradition and was rewarded by the discovery of many magnificent specimens of Greek art. Italy owes much to the genius of Sir John, who decided once and for all the intricate and long-disputed question of the shrine of the grim goddess Diana, made famous as the central theme of Fraser's world-famed "Golden Bough," supreme authority on comparative and sacrificial religions. Sir John also began excavations at San Felice Circeo. He was unfortunate enough to hit on the farm instead of the villa, so the only find was a quantity of oil

jars and amphores for wine, and the remains of oil presses. After two years of fruitless work, Sir John gave up his attempt.

Among other members of the Embassy at that date were Mr. and Mrs. Beauclerc and their family, and Mr. Lascelles, afterwards His British Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin, Captain Ernest Rice and his wife. Both families were relations of my father's, and the young people reminded me of merry old days in Yorkshire.

About this time I left Rome and spent some years in London and Florence. The damp and cold of Florence finally drove us back to Rome again, and delighted I was to be back in my native city.

We found the Curries installed at Porta Pia. Lady Currie had a very pretty talent for poetry and music, and owned precious high-bred Pekinese. Visitors to the Embassy were received by the Chinese "highbrows" as I may call them. So inseparable was her Excellency from these doggies that on one occasion, having to receive their Majesties, the King and Queen of Italy, at a garden party, Lady Currie caught up the nearest canine aristocrat to give her countenance, as she advanced to receive the royal guests. This created some talk in diplomatic circles, but Queen Margherita, always gracious and a lover of dogs, accepted the little creature's informal presentation and homage.

It was during the Curries' reign that I first met Lady Rodd, by far the most brilliant of our Ambassadors. At that time, Sir Rennel Rodd was Counsellor of Embassy. Unfortunately they were appointed to Stockholm, and Lord Currie left Rome soon afterwards.

The new Ambassador, Sir Edwin Egerton, was a relative of my father's. Lady Egerton was Russian. The speciality of the British Embassy was now not Pekinese but Cretanese, for the embroideries of this interesting people were very beautiful and stocked the British Embassy. Another speciality was Russian itinerant musicians, who gave concerts with expensive admission in the Embassy ball-room. Other entertainments were scarce. This explains a little conversation I heard in a Roman princely house. Enter the daughter-in-law in unaccustomed smartness. The Princess P——:

"Why, Susie, where have you been?"

"At the British Embassy, Mamma."

"But they never give anything. How did you get there?"

"By paying a hundred francs a ticket for myself and Baby. The music was so bad, I would have paid a hundred not to stay!"

Since the time of the great Pro-Consul, the Marquis of Dufferin and his gifted wife, who had brought the Embassy to the height

the Piazza of that name, belonged to the Austrian Government. In it was housed the Embassy to the Holy See, and they ran the Spanish Embassy close in the splendour of their receptions. The same elements were there: the scarlet and violet of great Vatican dignitaries, with the same *mise en scène* of resplendent liveries and old-world etiquette. To their personal friends both Embassies were more modern. Five o'clock tea gathered a pleasant company together.

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Sir John was the last representative of a great type of British diplomat of which Lord Elgin, and, in still earlier times, Sir Horace Mann and Sir William Hamilton, are shining examples. In these more arduous days, this type has vanished. Sir George Buchanan collected political leaders and not artistic treasures in Russia.

Sir John Lumley was himself no mean artist, and in his day the British Embassy was hung with ancient red damask, which hid certain little cupids that had shocked the nerves of Victorian ladies. Among the many archæological researches and excavations for which Sir John was responsible and paid for, the most important were his excavations at the Temple of Diana on the shores of Lake Nemi, where lived the priest "that was the slayer, and would himself be slain." Before Sir John decided on the present site of his excavations, he had to face a storm of antiquarian experts. I drove with him to see two sites, both claiming to be that of the famous Temple of the Golden Bough. Each learned sponsor was absolutely certain that his ground was the right site. One, the least interesting, was on the border of the Lake of Albano. The other, which had a certain probability, lay on the right side of the vanished Lake of Ariccia, which was drained by the princely family of Chigi about a hundred years ago.

Sir John was lured by no spectacled and bearded siren. He stuck to the old tradition and was rewarded by the discovery of many magnificent specimens of Greek art. Italy owes much to the genius of Sir John, who decided once and for all the intricate and long-disputed question of the shrine of the grim goddess Diana, made famous as the central theme of Fraser's world-famed "Golden Bough," supreme authority on comparative and sacrificial religions. Sir John also began excavations at San Felice Circeo. He was unfortunate enough to hit on the farm instead of the villa, so the only find was a quantity of oil

jars and amphores for wine, and the remains of oil presses. After two years of fruitless work, Sir John gave up his attempt.

Among other members of the Embassy at that date were Mr. and Mrs. Beauclerc and their family, and Mr. Lascelles, afterwards His British Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin, Captain Ernest Rice and his wife. Both families were relations of my father's, and the young people reminded me of merry old days in Yorkshire.

About this time I left Rome and spent some years in London and Florence. The damp and cold of Florence finally drove us back to Rome again, and delighted I was to be back in my native city.

We found the Curries installed at Porta Pia. Lady Currie had a very pretty talent for poetry and music, and owned precious high-bred Pekinese. Visitors to the Embassy were received by the Chinese "highbrows" as I may call them. So inseparable was her Excellency from these doggies that on one occasion, having to receive their Majesties, the King and Queen of Italy, at a garden party, Lady Currie caught up the nearest canine aristocrat to give her countenance, as she advanced to receive the royal guests. This created some talk in diplomatic circles, but Queen Margherita, always gracious and a lover of dogs, accepted the little creature's informal presentation and homage.

It was during the Curries' reign that I first met Lady Rodd, by far the most brilliant of our Ambassadors. At that time, Sir Rennel Rodd was Counsellor of Embassy. Unfortunately they were appointed to Stockholm, and Lord Currie left Rome soon afterwards.

The new Ambassador, Sir Edwin Egerton, was a relative of my father's. Lady Egerton was Russian. The speciality of the British Embassy was now not Pekinese but Cretanese, for the embroideries of this interesting people were very beautiful and stocked the British Embassy. Another speciality was Russian itinerant musicians, who gave concerts with expensive admission in the Embassy ball-room. Other entertainments were scarce. This explains a little conversation I heard in a Roman princely house. Enter the daughter-in-law in unaccustomed smartness. The Princess P—— :

"Why, Susie, where have you been?"

"At the British Embassy, Mamma."

"But they never give anything. How did you get there?"

"By paying a hundred francs a ticket for myself and Baby. The music was so bad, I would have paid a hundred not to stay!"

Since the time of the great Pro-Consul, the Marquis of Dufferin and his gifted wife, who had brought the Embassy to the height

of its popularity and brilliancy, there have never been better ambassadorial hosts than Sir Rennel and Lady Rodd. Under their rule the British Embassy was the social centre of Roman and Cosmopolitan life. There was an atmosphere of poetry and art. Everything was original and beautiful, Lady Rodd initiated and other Roman hostesses followed. The Embassy garden was a background to their masques and outdoor plays, performed by their own children and their young friends. The culmination of the pre-war fêtes was a costume ball.

The costumes were exceptionally splendid. Most of the Romans copied their costumes from the portraits of historic ancestors. There were three processions, one of the Olympians—Lady Rodd led this as Juno, Queen of Heaven, and was classic perfection in her rose draperies; my cousin, Charles Lister, was Bacchus, and looked the part in his leopard skin and vine-leaf crown. The second procession was from the East and there the jewels were wonderful. The Caliph was a very handsome young man, and had put on all his family jewels: from his aigrette of brilliants to the huge string of pearls and down to his slippers of cloth of gold he sparkled like the sun. The third procession was of the Renaissance period where Sir Rennel, as Sir Walter Raleigh, entirely looked his part. I had chosen to wear the dress of Lady Lister by Holbein belonging to the royal collection of sketches at Windsor. I know that the dress was technically correct and I believe was not quite a failure. Then came the War, and all gaiety and all social life vanished.

Of the next two Ambassadors Sir George Buchanan came to Rome from Russia. The sufferings and troubled life they had experienced there had undermined Lady Georgina's health. Miss Muriel Buchanan was most popular; she is exceptionally clever as can be seen from her book.

Roman Society has changed beyond conception. There has been a great emancipation of the youth. At the end of the 'nineties the barriers had not been thrown down, and the Victorian etiquette still reigned. Now all this is of the past. Marriages are no longer made by the parents, and the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie are beginning to mix. Wealth is less thought of; girls go by themselves in the streets, for it is foolish to continue the old ideas when the girls have been working most valiantly in the Samaritan and Red Cross Hospitals.

The Red Cross began long before the War; it was then a very amateur affair. The tale is told that the Countess C—who was far from young, but full of goodwill, had been learning how to bandage the wounded. A soldier was supplied by the military authorities as a patient. When it came to the turn

of this lady she found the task impossible for her physically, so with the best intentions, in despair, she asked the soldier to lift his leg higher so that she could reach it, and put it on the splints. She never could understand why the examining doctors laughed.

Of the Roman hostesses the Duchess of Sermoneta, born Miss Wilbraham, used to give balls in her almost royal apartment. In these great halls the tiaras and pearls of historic families shone as in their proper place; and the rooms were not crowded but full of palms and flowers, and seemed to emphasise the ancient glories of Roman patricians.

The Duchess Torlonia also received each winter in the halls where Lord Steyne and Becky Sharpe met for the last time. Is it not written in "Vanity Fair"? The great ball-room is still walled by huge mirrors, and the large conservatory is popular with gallant men and beautiful women. The State apartment formerly belonged to the head of the family. The palace has been recently sold to Don Marino Torlonia who lives there with his wife, Donna Elsie, née Moore. Before the War Donna Elsie used to entertain very splendidly. Her fêtes were then given at the Excelsior Hotel. She is handsome and tall and resembles the graceful type of the pre-Raphaelite Art.

Rome has always been famous for her beautiful women. King Edward VII. declared the most beautiful was Donna Vittoria Colonna, by her marriage Princess Teano, and now Duchess of Sermoneta. She is named after her great ancestress, the ideal woman worshipped by Michelangelo. Those who have seen her as Cleopatra at the great costume ball given by Baroness Blanc in Rome will not dispute King Edward's judgment.

The story of the Ruspoli family is interesting. The original name of the family was Marescotti, founded in the thirteenth century by a certain man called Marius de Scott, hence Marescotti. This ambitious and clever student worked his way so well that before long he found himself married to the niece of the Archbishop of Bologna, and in possession of a good slice of land belonging to the Archbishopric. Later, about the end of the year 1500, the marriage of Alfonso Marescotti with Giulia Baglioni brought the Lordship of Parrone; and in 1536, through the marriage of Sforza Marescotti with Beatrice Farnese came the Countship of Vignanello. The title of Count and the name of Ruspoli came with the marriage of the head of the Marescotti to the heiress of a Sienese banker, and the fortunes of the family continued to ascend with this change of name which took place in about 1652. At this time the family bethought themselves of high honours, but before this occurred, a certain little maiden—

Giacinta by name—illuminated the gloomy fortress-palace with a light not of this world.

While still in childhood the girl fell, by some accident, into the castle well, but instead of drowning—so goes the legend—the child's guardian angel supported the little body until the careless nurse went to look for her, and thus she was rescued. Later on, in the full glow of her girlish beauty, Giacinta and her sister were told the fate their father had arranged for them. Giacinta was to make a good alliance and her sister was to enter religion. Left alone the two girls expressed their satisfaction at the arrangement made for them.

Giacinta was delighted with the prospect of a wordly life, for which she was well suited by her beauty and her high spirits. For other reasons her sister was well content with the hidden life proposed for her. Unfortunately for the two young creatures their father chanced to overhear them, the dormant tyranny awoke and all was changed. The shy girl was appointed for marriage, Giacinta with her joyous spirit and determined character was hurried to the cloister. Rebellion was useless: Giacinta was too sensible to attempt it. Formally protesting, she took the vows, and confined her energies to making herself as comfortable as possible within the limitations of her convent, and to all who objected she explained how alien this life at its best was to her nature. Her walls were hung with tapestries, vases of smoking perfumes scented the little apartment allowed her as a daughter of Count Marescotti; her table paid no attention to the rule of the order; and then one day during illness her confessor was called for and Giacinta was told she was dying.

"What a smell of hell!" exclaimed the holy man as he entered the unmonastic apartment.

Giacinta recovered. A change of heart had taken place. For the first time the disappointed and embittered soul had seen light. She could never be the Roman Princess with guards and palaces, and children and husband. Wordly heights were closed for her, but there remained the road to heaven; the spirit that had led her to mock her vows reversed itself—she was hungry for goodness. From the day of her recovery she continued blessing her father for what before she had termed his cruelty. Her vows were spoken from her heart, and she set herself at once to fulfil them. Her rooms became the poor cell of one of her sisters in religion. Year by year spiritual graces flocked to her; even while she was yet on earth her fellow citizens venerated her exceeding sanctity. One day her brother brought his little sons to receive her blessing.

"We shall soon have to think of your sanctification," said

her brother, "if you continue to increase in holiness." So he spoke, half in merriment and half in earnest.

"My brother," said the saint, laying her hand on one of the boys' heads, "this child will assist at my sanctification. This big-head (testaccione) will think of everything that has to be paid for me."

This prophecy was fulfilled years later when the little boy had become a cardinal. The saint died in 1642.

It is told that after the sanctification of Giacinta, the then Count Ruspoli called the members of his family together and spoke to them saying: "My sons, I leave a solemn counsel to you all. Let there be no more saints in the Ruspoli family; this great honour has half ruined us: if another saint appears the Ruspoli family will exist no longer.

Still the graceful profile of Giacinta in her very human saint-hood, with her courage and goodness, survives like the old castle which was her home. One of the girls of each succeeding generation bears the name of Giacinta. The castle of Vignanello is one of the feudal remains that still exist intact. It stands on a high point and is surrounded by a deep moat. The gardens are in the Italian style, laid out with box-bordered walks. A great wide terrace hangs over the lower stretch of country which widens out into olive-gardens and vineyards belonging to the citizens of Vignanello. The lower part of the castle has great halls which lead to a bathroom of the sixteenth century. Four sarcophagi of white marble carved with round designs are fixed against the walls.

It is wrong to imagine that our forefathers never bathed till tubs were invented. In Italy both men and women bathed frequently, only it was not entirely a matter of hygiene but also a matter of pleasure. The bathers lingered in hot and perfumed water. It was a time of gossip, music, and good company; of eating fruit and other dainties. The bathroom of the Ruspoli castle was intended to promote good fellowship.

Underneath the bathroom and other halls came the necessary touch of mediæval cruelty. For three hours I explored with my friend those loathsome holes where men had rotted out their lives in darkness and misery. Sitting in the garden at tea-time, Don Checco, the Prince's chaplain, used to amuse us by reading from old chronicles written on old parchment the story of the ancient house of Ruspoli, Lords of Vignanello. It seemed a return indeed to ancient days; the chaplain, with a keen clerical face, deciphering the crabbed Latin and rapidly translating it for our benefit, my friends working at their embroideries and the

children playing in and out of the box-walled paths, while the voice went on :

"Messer Francesco took forty lances and a hundred foot soldiers. About the cross at the foot of the hill they met Messer Aguinaldo and they fought from noon to sunset . . . etc., etc." Then came the hoot of a motor-car and we were back in the twentieth century, this car bringing the news that the Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, might be expected to call on his way back from Fiuggi.

The three daughters of the last Prince Ruspoli were very fair. Donna Laura was hailed as a world beauty. I remember dining with Count Knut, the Danish Minister, and hearing his description of the first ball at which Donna Laura appeared. The scene resembled those described in memoirs of the eighteenth century when the beautiful Miss Gummings dazzled the eyes of London and guards had to be given for their protection. At the appearance of Donna Laura a rush was made and men struggled for chairs to obtain an uninterrupted view. It was only when a line had been formed, as it is for Sovereigns, that Princess Ruspoli and her daughter could enter the ball-room. Count Knut confessed that he had fought for a place, like the rest.

Prince Ruspoli's youngest daughter, Donna Giacinta, had a pathetic history. Quite young, tall and slight, of dreamlike loveliness, with hair of Titian warmth, she stood a radiant figure among her companions. She had hardly tasted life, when the summons came, and the doctors failed to secure any improvement. She grew weaker and the day arrived when the curtain fell on the tragedy of the young girl's life ; her death was a public disaster. Her body was watched during the first night of death by the old nurse who had tended her childhood. She tells that at the first light of dawn a band of workmen came to the half-closed palace door with flowers in their hands. They were masons who were employed in the new building in the "Prati." With tears in their eyes they asked permission to enter the death-chamber. Their eyes still wet, these rough men, one by one, came forward and reverently laid the flowers they carried at the feet of the dead girl.

"God in Heaven ! " said one, " why did you take away the one joy of beauty that cheered our work ? Day by day we saw her drive past, and, like the sunshine, she made our toil beautiful ! "

So the men filed out and left, piled up at the feet of the dead, the heart-homage of a people. She lay in state for her friends to say farewell, covered by the gorgeous mantle of her gold-red hair. Few people knew that in this wonderfully-gifted

child lay hidden a voice wonderful in quality and sweetness ; that by it alone she might have won a world-wide fame. Rome, who admired her living, prepared most reverent homage for her in death ; old traditions triumphed and the men of Rome followed in her funeral procession.

First came long lines of priests and Friars-minor chanting psalms. The rows seemed never ending. Prince Ruspoli is hereditary Grand Master of the Hospice of the Apostolic Palace. After the ecclesiastics came the servants of her house and of all families related to the Ruspoli, each man holding a wax taper to which was attached a shield bearing the arms of the family he represented. Then the coffin borne by her nearest relatives. After it came the men of Rome of all classes, ranks and age. There were deputations from every great club, deputations from the different popular societies. They came from the young men of Trastevere, from unions of different trades. Some men were openly crying because such beauty had perished from the earth. The procession passed from the Ruspoli Palace down Via Condotti, Piazza di Spagna, and Via Frattina, to the Church of San Lorenza in Lucina where the Requiem Mass was sung. On the steps of the church stood the young girl's friends holding flowers. When the coffin approached they came forward to welcome their friend, and covered the way of the bearers with flowers to where the coffin was laid on the ground with ancient Roman ceremony. Only Romans of princely families are allowed the honour of no catafalque.

The late daughters of the late Duke Pietro Lante della Rovere Montefeltro maintained the historic name for beauty of their family. Donna Matilde married the head of the Marchesi Sachetti and her sister Beatrice married the eldest son of the then Prince Lancellotti who owns the fifteenth-century villa on the slopes of Frascati. The princes of the House of Lancellotti have always been most faithful to the Pope. Indeed, the late Prince Lancellotti was so opposed to the entry of the Italians into Rome that he closed the great door of his palace and it has never been opened during his lifetime. It is said that when the late prince paid his homage to Pius X, he suggested that in his opinion the Vatican would be the better for a little less compliance with the new ideas. "Meno intransigenza," said the loyal prince. The pontiff glanced at him with that quaint expression of affectionate humour peculiar to Pius X.

"I fear, Prince, that it is a little less hardness, 'intransigenza,' that is needed," said the Pope.

Prince Lancellotti was so taken aback that he murmured "Yes, yes, certainly, Holy Father," and bowed himself away.

Perhaps this portrays the true loyalty of this great race to their spiritual Sovereign.

Between the houses of Lancellotti and Ruspoli there is little to choose in their intense devotion to the Papacy. Prince Ruspoli is especially bound by his great hereditary post at the Vatican Court. One day before the War H.M. King Victor motored down to the seaside village of Cervetri to explore the marvellous tombs of the kings, relics of almost unknown Etruscan civilisation. His Majesty's companion was a relation of the prince. The day was hot and called for an hour's rest and coolness. There is no house near these tombs except that belonging to the Ruspoli, and the gentleman suggested that His Majesty should take shelter in the palace. The king hesitated.

"Do you think that you have sufficient influence with Prince Ruspoli to induce him to let the usurper rest in his house?"

The Duke had no fear, so the offered hospitality was accepted.

"You must take all the blame," said the king.

This little incident explains how deeply this old-world loyalty is acknowledged and admired on all sides, and by the present rulers of Italy. In other times the marvellous tombs of the Etruscans will be forced to give up their wonderful secrets. This extraordinary civilisation is practically unknown. It is the Egypt of Europe, and as yet the surface has not been explored. It would certainly repay modern scientists to give a little of their attention to the unharvested field.

In the old part of Rome near Santa Maria in Campitelli there stands an old palace with entrance doors wide enough to admit a carriage. On the façade is engraved in large well-cut letters the name "Lovatelli." For many years twice weekly the palace doors were opened at 9 o'clock and the Countess Ersilia Lovatelli received. In this house one met all who had some claim to distinction. When the countess was younger she never failed to be present at any new discovery in the Roman Forum. The greatest Greek scholar among the women of our century, nothing took place without her presence. Whenever a travelling prince or king was escorted by the Royalty of Learning to some new marvel, there stood Countess Lovatelli beside him. In Hare's "Life," he gives a humorous account of his efforts to induce the countess to bring a smaller number of attendants. Needless to say Mr. Hare failed and wearily notes this down in his book.

Donna Ersilia was born a Cætani. She conveyed the idea of high birth and of Roman lineage. Among the statues of a certain museum you will find a bust which exactly resembles Countess Ersilia. There is the fine profile, the beautiful long-shaped eyes, almost Etruscan, the oval contour and the Roman

chin and classic poise of the head. Her figure was stately and picturesque: in short, a queenly presence. Honorary member of many learned societies, famous everywhere as being above the ordinary woman, she would be notable in any country. To mention a few of the many I met in her salon: the philosopher, Fogazzaro, the author of "*Il Santo*"; Marconi, the famous scientist, then in the full glory of his fame. His pretty Irish wife, daughter of Lord Inchiquin, had those peculiar eyes put in "with a smutty finger," and was admired by all. Happy then with his children, Marconi was made a Senator in spite of his youth; in England he had received honours from the king for his genius. He is the man of his age. Among travellers and explorers, I met at Countess Lovatelli's Count d'Albertis, of an old Genovese family. He had wonderful theories of the origin of the island tribes of the Pacific. He told me that his great undertaking was to discover the unknown secrets that the priests of these tribes knew. Knowledge handed down by word of mouth from time immemorial. Count d'Albertis related that he had long wished to discover their rites in order to be admitted to their sacred temples—great buildings more than three hundred feet long and built in the shape of pre-historic animals—yet he said all his trouble was of no avail.

They told what they knew, they could only give him small fragments of knowledge, nothing certain, a few laws that we have no experience of, one or two experiments, and though they knew the result they could obtain, the reason of this mystery remained a mystery to their most learned priests. Count d'Albertis was disappointed.

Then a curious thing happened to me. Once only had this happened to me in all my life: I felt impelled by something outside myself to remind Albertis of a matter which belonged to him alone.

I regret I cannot speak more plainly; anyhow, I mentioned it and gave a name. He knew what was meant and asked me a date, which I gave him. He was interested, and we arranged to meet the next week at Baroness di Renzis', where I was going to dine. He came in after dinner; we had a long talk and I went away hoping to see more of this extraordinary man. Two days later I heard he was dead.

Baroness Ermeline di Renzis and her distinguished son, Don Giovanni Colonna Duca di Cesarò, I met first at a dinner given by Mrs. Hoare, well-known in London as always ready to encourage New Thought. We had a very interesting little dinner, also meeting a new poet, Mr. Sinnett, and a clever politician. Duca di Cesarò spoke well. He was a follower, with reservations, of the German

philosopher, Steiner. In politics he was a radical, almost a socialist. His mother had married, as her second husband, her cousin, Baron di Renzis. Her eldest sister, Baroness di Montanaro, used to give pleasant little luncheons where I frequently met Count San Giuliano, then Foreign Minister. These ladies were sisters of the distinguished Italian Minister, Statesman, and Financier, Baron Sydney Sonnino, a true friend to England. They were most helpful during the fight for the Bill against the abuses of vivisection which ended in the passing of a Bill through the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate and ultimately becoming law. This law originated in Baroness di Renzis' house, and was proposed by Signor Agabiti, librarian of the Chamber of Deputies. Signor Agabiti's family was of Greek origin; it was thanks to his position and influence that this most just and humane Bill was passed and became law.

Baroness di Renzis' mother was English, which perhaps explains her cosmopolitan sympathies. We had arranged a visit to Munich during one of those musical cycles for which that town is famous, and here mother and son gave an example of courage and self-sacrifice that I have never forgotten. Before starting for the Opera we were in the hotel having coffee, when a wire arrived from Sicily. It was a message from the syndic of the country place where Duke di Cesarò had his property, saying the people were in despair. Cholera had attacked the district and was raging; the authorities had disappeared, appalled by the suddenness of the epidemic, and the people were calling for him. No one else could help them! Duke di Cesarò looked at his watch: the next train to Italy started in two hours. He went upstairs, packed, came down and said good-bye. "I am not a doctor," he said to his mother; "but perhaps I can give them courage." His mother saw him off. You could see her heart was torn with suspense. We got into a cab and drove to the Opera. All she murmured was, "He told me not to stay at home."

The Senator Sonnino was the eldest brother, he was also a political authority. He married the daughter of General Della Rocca (aide-de-camp to the "Re Galantuomo"), member of one of the old Piemontese families. The Baroness is tall and handsome; she maintains several charities in which she takes active interest. Her house stands at the corner of Piazza dell'Indipendenza. Here she entertained; her salon was brilliant, very amusing, with much good talk.

In old days, my aunt, Baroness Rosenkrantz, then wife of the Danish Minister, knew her very well and considered her one of the most popular ladies in Turin. Baroness Sonnino

told me many memories of the old Court and also much of the old and severe etiquette of the Court of Savoy, which is the most ancient reigning House in Europe. At the time my aunt was there, no change had been made and the old Spanish laws still ruled.

There was only one old lady of the Court who knew the exact order of what should be worn, when it was permitted and who was allowed to wear a train, etc. But the greatest point lay in the head-dress. To each rank was assigned an insignia; only certain people and the wives of "Chefs de Mission" were allowed to wear lappets. A favourite amusement of the Royalties was picnics, given in a country palace and in the stables. One must not imagine these were ordinary stables, for there were no horses.

One day, lunching with Baroness Sonnino and the Senator, I met, among other guests there present, a very distinguished-looking man with extraordinary deep eyes, who, when he began a sentence, spoke with much difficulty. I found him very pleasant; so much so that I hardly noticed this defect. As soon as he left us, which he did early, excusing himself on political affairs, I was told this story:

The Marchese S—— was a Sicilian. He had had one brother, and the two boys were the idols of their parents. One day, he and his brother were seated at a table preparing their lessons under the supervision of their tutor, a priest. The father and the mother were also in the room, which was paved with Venetian marble mosaic.

Without warning, without sound, the floor opened and suddenly engulfed one of the boys. He sank into the gaping hole in the pavement with the chair on which he sat; in the same horrible silence the pavement closed. Not a mark was left; only where two boys had sat there was now but one, and the priest, their tutor. The other child became dumb from the terrible shock he had suffered. It was not till after his majority that he recovered his power of speech. The desolate parents at once began excavations, but with no results. For the almost invisible line that marked the pavement was the only trace that remained. The villa was pulled down and deep excavations were carried on, but the earth gave no sign. Scientists determined at last that it was useless to hope for the recovery of the boy's body. The father and mother died from their sorrow, the surviving boy revived under medical care which, in the end, succeeded in restoring him to normal life.

I believe this is not the only grim joke that Mount Etna, the volcano, has played; in many cases the earth has opened and closed on carriages and horses. One of our fellow-guests des-

cribed, and very vividly, his own narrow escape. He was driving not far from the neighbourhood of the volcano when, in a moment, the earth cracked, and it was thanks to the swiftness of their coachman, who whipped the horses over the gulf before it widened, that they did not perish.

Shortly afterwards on the same road a cart disappeared completely, the earth closing up and leaving no trace.

Volcanic territory has its own peculiarities.

CHAPTER V

ITALIAN SUMMERS

Albano—Unknown catacombs and ghosts in the Roman Campagna—The last brigands and a Scotsman—Gipsies and Siena—Charles Godfrey Leland—My Sardinian donkey—Bacelli the great Minister—St. Eustace and his sanctuary—La Citta Antica and the Stone Age—Villa Lante at Bagnaia—St. Charles Borromeo's criticism—An incident worthy of the days of chivalry—Princess Pauline Metternich—The Krevenhullers—A Society leader.

THE first summers, I remember, were spent at Albano, a village near the lake of that name, about fourteen miles from Rome and situated on the Alban Hills. My mother's apartment was on the second floor of Villa Doria. From the windows was first seen the somewhat stiff Italian garden, enclosed from the rest of the villa and redolent with flowers under the hot sunshine. Behind that were masses of centenary ilex, shadowing, in their dark ambush, the ruins of Pompey's villa and the later Palace of Domitian. As a child, being of small stature, I used to amuse myself exploring the maze of small passages that served in ancient days to warm the blood of the Conquerors of Egypt. A finer place for hide-and-seek than the warm air furnace of an old Roman house, I cannot imagine.

Under the avenue of ilex-trees that led from the modern villa, and in the catacombs that served as cellars, were the gorgeous ruins of Domitian's Imperial grandeur: broken fragments of porphyry and giallo antico, broken columns, stood together with the shafts of the Villa Doria's foundations.

Two floors below the surface, you come upon our cellar door, where even in mid-summer the wine and oil were ice-cold. I used to take a ball of string, and with this Ariadne's thread and some candles I used to explore the subterranean secrets.

Twenty years later I went down with Count Carlo Maggiolini, whose grandfather, Marchese Gavotti, then occupied the first floor, and we explored quite half a mile of gloomy passages,

climbing over mounds of unexcavated earth until we came to a central hall with indistinct frescoes, whence four great passages branched off. We found and pocketed several Roman bronze coins, one had Nero's head on it; with it we found also an earthenware lamp of a classic shape, much battered, and several terra-cotta vases, but nothing of precious metals. Domitian's people must have been a thrifty set.

Then we thought it was time to turn back. All went well until we reached a point where the gallery ended in a wall of earth. We consulted together; it was impossible that we could have passed over at the barrier: so we started afresh, down another passage. Our ball of thread had long since ended and we relied on large chalk marks with which we blazed our trail. The second attempt led to another blank. So we went back again and tried a third passage, with the same result. We now began to feel nervous and made our fourth attempt; but here we came to a subterranean spring, where the water bubbled up with cheerful little noises and fell from one broken marble basin into another, meandering, down a channel lined with Roman bricks, into the darkness beyond. I declined to investigate any further; we had certainly not passed that way and the passage resembled orthodox catacombs too much to be attractive. There were no tombs, but a skull or two and some thigh bones which were not reassuring. Childhood's old legend came back to me: it was not likely, but there were stories of the white monk with a red mask who was said to haunt these ruins. On the whole I preferred not to meet him. So we returned to our starting point and went back to the first seen wall of earth.

It was past 5 o'clock. Upstairs, they were having tea, and we wished ourselves there. I began carefully to sound the earth before us. Some stones fell, and a small chink appeared near the stone roof. The same thought crossed our minds; and we both clambered up the earth barrier. We had found the solution of this riddle: the corridor had two levels, and thankfully we squeezed back through the small hole that was quite imperceptible on the outer side. There we found a friendly chalk mark and from sign to sign returned safely to the human level.

I shall never investigate catacombs again. This, like the edict of the vermilion pencil of China, is irrevocable!

It is a curious place—the wood in Villa Doria. I made my first acquaintance with “Polter Geists” there. It was a full moon, and we decided to investigate the garden ghosts.

On the right side of the wood, looking towards Villa Altieri, stands a seat, a bench of plain white marble, ordinary enough, yet it has its story. Early in the nineteenth century a woman killed

herself there ; since then the story goes that, on nights when the moon is full, a white phantom can be seen waiting for the lover who never comes. We made up a small party of "Esprits forts"—Sor Nino the Vice-Prince, Angelo the porter, Gaetano the "fattore," Carlo, who had dared the catacombs with me, his aunt, my old schoolfellow, Donna Lisa Gavotti, and myself.

No less important came Febo, a good sporting dog, and Toni, the Maremmano or watch-dog, a white giant with wolf blood. Besides these, Sige and Mirni—both of them dachshunds—and Jack, the fox-terrier—all three my pets—also Nicky, belonging to Donna Lisina. Three guns and a revolver assisted us to face the ghosts, and at 11 p.m. we left the villa. How can I describe the wondrous beauty of that silent walk? The leaves shone with silver, not a breath stirred. Slowly, we found our way to the great terrace where a sea of gnarled olives covered the land, sloping gently towards the plain. Beyond the sunburnt stretches of Campagna came the throbbing brightness of the sea. It was so clear that every fishing barque showed clear cut on the opal horizon. Close by loomed the broken tower of the Savelli Fortress. Absolute stillness everywhere.

"If we don't go back we shall miss the ghost," said Carlo. "She comes at twelve o'clock sharp."

So we went back to the bench. Alas! the ghost did not appear.

"Let us go to the old ruins," was the next remark. So we skirted the woods. Suddenly, without warning, a shower of small stones fell on us. The dogs who were nosing about, as is their habit, gave a simultaneous howl and fled towards home. I watched the little racing specks as they disappeared down the avenue.

The men took their guns and fired a volley into the bushes. A second volley of pebbles followed. This time, they came from another direction, and seemed to bound up from the ground in front of us, hitting us in the face. Before us there were no trees, no ruins, and no possibility of human hands throwing them. Other stones seemed to fall from a clear moonlit sky. Our nerves broke. We took to our heels, pursued by the invisible stone throwers; and as we reached the terrace two peals of mocking laughter followed our retreat. The three dogs were not found till next morning. Our own four pets were hiding beneath our beds. As the Vice-Prince said next day:

"Excellencies, we were very lucky to get off so easily. The last man who tried spiritualistic experiments went to the mad-house. I am never going near the woods again with a gun or without it; those were no human hands that threw the stones."

During the last years of the Papal States, the woods that cover the sides of the two lakes of Nemi and Albano were the resort of brigands. The last capture made by brigands was the result of a raid on the Scotch college at Grottaferrata. The Rector, Monsignor Grant, was away in Scotland, and the Vice-Rector, Monsignor Campbell, an old friend of my mother's family, was the responsible Head of the college.

It was the day after a great festa, and the servants, who were apparently in the plot, kept firing *feu de joie* until all their ammunition had been exhausted. Thus, when eight men, armed to the teeth with knives and guns, appeared suddenly in the refectory, where the college was taking its evening repast, the students were helpless to defend themselves. The brigands, wearing masks of torn black material, stood with their guns ready to fire, and asked who was the Head of the community. The Vice-Rector answered that he was the Head and was curtly told to get up and go with them. At first he refused. One brigand, worse than the rest, deliberately fired at him: he took careful aim and pulled the trigger. Monsignor Campbell covered his face with his hands and awaited death; but there was no report. If they had only known it, the ammunition of the brigands had been spoilt by the damp during the hours they had hidden among the canes that grew by a small stream on the borders of the college vineyards.

Still, this providential escape made Monsignor Campbell more obedient to the brigands' orders. He submitted to being led away by his captors, who, before leaving, carried off a ham and some bread from the college kitchen. They took their prisoner across the main road of Marino, and by mule tracks conveyed him through the woods to the other side of the Albano lake, ultimately taking refuge in the caves beneath the Convent of Palazzuolo. There they remained for three days, while demands were conveyed to the Roman authorities for a ransom of 50,000 scudi, about 10,000 pounds sterling pre-War value.

The Government had no such sum ready, but it had plenty of soldiers, and a cordon was drawn all round the hills. This came to the brigands' knowledge and they felt the net close in on them. The men were professionals from Frosinone; game was scarce with them, and they had decided to choose new ground to work over. It was not a success; they were accustomed to wild country with the peasants in their favour, and here they were strangers. So they decided to give it up. And each one, as he said good-bye to Monsignor Campbell, knelt and devoutly asked his blessing.

Monsignor Campbell made the best of his way to the Convent

of Palazzuolo, where the Franciscans took good care of him ; but vengeance was near the robbers, and they fell into the hands of the gendarmes. On their being searched, slices of ham were discovered, and the ham had not been cut by a professional hand. Two and two were put together—the ham taken from the Scotch College, and the slices found in the men's pockets ; so the crime was discovered and the brigands retired from public life. About three years later the entry of the Italians restored them to liberty and to their profession. It is certain that they gave up all idea of extending their business to the Alban Hills. They had met with the usual recompense of the innovator—trouble and discouragement.

During the years of our stay in Florence the question of a summer home became acute. One glorious summer we spent at Siena, in Villa Sergardi, outside Porta Camolia. The villa was of sixty rooms, and we shared it with Marchesa Tagliacarne and her sister-in-law, Donna Giorgina. This family, one of the oldest and noblest of the Italian Riviera, was originally of German origin and gained its curious name from the prowess of an ancestor, who descended on Italy in the train of Barbarossa and distinguished himself during the fighting by massacring all and sundry who came near his sword. "Tagliacarne," shouted the soldiers, and "Tagliacarne" the Emperor named him, and granted him lands and a Marquisate.

There is no male descendant left of the family, and all that remains of their ancient glory is a trust, the only one left in Italy, by special grace of King Victor Emmanuel II. for the benefit of the female members of the house of Tagliacarne.

Mary Tagliacarne was on her mother's side one of the Le Poer Trenchs. She was born in New Zealand, the daughter of a love match. The young couple farmed their land in a small way, and their young daughter had inherited the well-known Irish beauty of her mother's family.

One day a neighbouring land-owner asked to call on business with her father, and promptly fell in love with the beautiful daughter. Within two months they were engaged. Before long the little party appeared at the Italian Consulate for the necessary marriage formalities. The fact that they had to come before the Consulate was a surprise to the bride's family, for the young Italian had been known till then by his English mother's name in New Zealand, and it was with considerable wonder that the bride found herself a member of this ancient and noble Italian family and a rich man's wife, instead of the mistress of a little colonial farm. Their happiness did not last a year : it was a

widow and her baby girl that returned to the unknown home in Italy at Levanto on the Genoese Riviera.

The Villa Sergardi at Siena was a great square building standing by itself on a kind of promontory and divided from the city by a deep ravine. Inside nothing had been changed of the furniture since Pius VI. had stayed in it during his journey to Rome in 1814, on the fall of Napoleon. To do his august guest due honour, the then owner of the villa had hung the State apartment with yellow and white silk; even the china bore the Papal tiara. In fact, we might as well have lived in the Vatican for the Papal pomp around us. As we were four adults and a child and there were sixty rooms, we did not lack space, and each of us camped out in a separate quarter of the villa. What did not please us were the mosquitoes; I do not believe one could find more in Africa.

Below the villa were formal gardens and wooded paths, where the heat of the sun did not penetrate.

Siena and the country around it cannot be enjoyed without a donkey-cart. So a tiny Sardinian donkey was purchased and was the delight of my summer. He was a little grey thing and trotted at a good steady pace. He had two defects: one was his invariable custom of greeting his brothers when he met them with a bray that for noise and volume might have proceeded from an elephant; the second was that the spur he required to make him trot was Italian swear-words, and according to their virulence did his trot continue or slacken. His former owner said:

"Sticks are no use with this animal. If you want him to trot, you must swear, and the worse the word the faster he will go. Our Parroco says he has the devil in him; but my wife thinks it is his horror at hearing those words that makes him run away from them."

So, during the three months of our stay, the roads of Siena used to see my donkey-cart travelling to many a garden-party with some refined and well-bred English lady beside me, who passively endured, of necessity, swear-words which we hope she had never heard before; fortunately they were Italian and thus sounded more harmonious. The donkey's peculiarity was well known around Siena, and sometimes a friendly carter would throw in a few creations of his own, after which the donkey usually ran away. Not amiss when we were late! The donkey ended his days at Villa Tagliacarne, where he got extremely spoilt and gave himself still greater airs.

We were present at two *Palii*. The wonderful mediæval pageant and races in the famous Piazza are *run* between the

different quarters of the city. Our quarter was the "Chiocciola." A horse is chosen for each quarter, and twice a year the races are run. The costumes of the pages and the standard-bearers who escort the horses have not been changed since the Middle Ages.

On the morning of the day the race is run, the horse is brought into the principal church of the quarter. High Mass is sung, and then the animal is solemnly blessed by the Priest. Party feeling runs high, and it is said that the race is not always to the swiftest. We had very good seats, looking down the arena. The best part of the show was the procession. The pages wore blond wigs to carry on the mediæval impression. The clear-cut profiles and svelt young bodies in doublet and parti-coloured hose were like personages of the frescoes of Pinturicchio. In the evening the winning Contrada or quarter was illuminated and the wine-shops were full of feasters. Down the narrow streets went bands of young men playing their guitars and singing populars. We were not fortunate, and our Contrada did not win; the next best thing happened, however, for it was a friendly quarter that won. The Contradas are rivals and friends, and if you have lost it is a good thing that your friends have won.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Leland were staying at the Grand Hotel, where nearly every day I went in my donkey-cart to study Romany. Near the Camolia Gate was a piece of vast ground, and there one afternoon I saw a gipsy encampment. This I duly reported to Mr. Leland who was in bed with an attack of gout. Highly excited, he asked me to return at once to the gipsies and find out where they came from. When I went up to the vans which formed their movable homes, I found that the first family I accosted consisted of eight persons. There was a patriarch with a white beard, also a grandmother, nutbrown and wrinkled like a withered apple. Her eyes shone through the folds of withered skin like black buttons. Great gold ear-rings showed beneath the bright silk handkerchief that bound her head, and on the crinkled claws that served for fingers sparkled six or eight rings of gold and silver. This quaint person, who evidently took the lead in all family matters, was the one I thought it best to speak to. With my most ingratiating smile and in the purest Romany I asked her where they came from. At the same time a little girl came up with a white mongrel dog which, escaping from the girl's arms, flung itself at me, but not to bite—to welcome me with friendly yelps. This, more than my Romany, entirely changed the situation. The shrill-voiced people in the vans were full of friendliness.

"Children," cried the old lady, "bring a seat for the Romany Rani. This is one of our people—a sister. The dog never makes a mistake or fails to bite a Gorgio."

Then came a flood of information. They came from Hungary ; had gone through much tribulation and hoped to be soon leaving Italy. There had been trouble about horses ; the Italians did not understand their ways. They had permission to camp here for a short time, and rest their beasts ; and if I could find them a few rich Gorgios for "dukkerin" (fortune-telling) they would be grateful, as they were short of cash. On my side I told them that the great Romany Rye was actually staying in the town ; and that he had sent me to them because he was not well. I used the special title of Mr. Leland in Romany circles, and the whole family clustered round. The Master, the great lord, was here, and they would see him !—his name was a legend among the gipsies of Hungary.

Was it true that his beard fell below his waist ? Could he blast men with his eyes ? Could he make water run uphill by a word ? Whatever stories had travelled in the gipsy world about Mr. Leland, they certainly were not commonplace gossip. I tore myself away from the excited tribe and returned to the hotel. It was seven o'clock, and I met Mrs. Leland going to dinner with a friend. She told me about her anxiety for her husband, whose gout was so severe as to prevent all movement. Somewhat saddened I went upstairs and told my tale.

"Hungarian gipsies ! Call me a cab at once. Go downstairs and wait for me, and don't tell Mrs. Leland."

In half an hour we were at the camp.

Strange indeed was the scene before me : the whole family had lined up to receive the Master. Some prostrated themselves. The women kissed the edge of his overcoat. Extreme respect mingled with dazed appreciation of the honour done them by this visit.

Then we settled down to talk. It was over an hour before I could get Mr. Leland back to the hotel. As we went up the staircase, Mrs. Leland came out of the dining-room. I thought she was about to faint, and I fled, Mr. Leland's voice following me : "Remember, I expect you to meet me at the caravan to-morrow at ten."

The gipsies stayed four days at Siena, and Mr. Leland had no more gout.

The next day I took my mother and the Tagliacarne to have their fortunes told. It was an amusing experience. The women asked for accurate information about every person I brought in Romany, which my friends naturally did not understand. It was

difficult to keep my face, but my Romany held out. I had startling information on an incipient love-affair, and, to my own surprise, I actually named the marriage day, while there was as yet no engagement. I had to live up somehow to the little gipsy dog's opinion of me as a genuine Romany fortune-teller.

The last incident took place on our return journey to Florence in the autumn. There is a little junction called Poggibonsi, where the Siena train stops for an indefinite period. We had slept there over an hour when, with grunts and groans, the train at last moved on. The station had faded into the distance when we again pulled up with a jerk and backed slowly to our old position. A pretty woman carrying a baby and waving a red handkerchief rushed on to the platform. From the engine-box the engine-driver strode to meet her. The baby was held up, given into his father's arms and kissed rapturously. Each little fat leg was examined; baby's small fists were detached from the father's hair, which took another five minutes; then the mother produced what the passengers supposed to be the household accounts. Italian patience was at last exhausted, and the men shouted: "Are we to be here all day?"—whereupon the engine-driver awoke to the fact that he was on duty. In Italy time did not count then.

Another somewhat original summer was the one of 1900: when we took a chalet, belonging to Senator Baccelli, standing among the chestnut woods of San Vito Romano. This place is some twenty miles from Tivoli and is opposite the tiny village of Civitella. Here are found the finest dolmens of central Italy. The ground on this side is peculiarly sterile, with great lichen-covered boulders. High above the lower peaks towers the Mountain of the Holy Trinity, where, once a year, from far and near, come the Abruzzi peasants on pilgrimage to the little chapel, where is preserved an archaic picture of unknown origin. This icon is famed for its miracles. The peasants come, some of them, on a week's journey to be present at the festa. There are neither inns nor houses, only the chapel; and, wrapped in rugs and capes, the peasants sleep by great bonfires where they cook their food and warm their shivering bodies. They light these fires all night also to help keep the wolves away.

San Vito is the birthplace of the great Italian Minister, Baccelli, to whose artistic perception Rome owes so much of its beauty.

The splendid "Zona Monumentale"—which includes the Palatino, the Forum, the Colosseum, the Baths of Caracalla, and the Via Appia Antica—is Baccelli's creation. In this great park are linked the remains of Imperial Rome, surrounded by

trees and plants beloved of the ancients and named in the classics. The Minister, who was a physician of great reputation, especially on illnesses of the heart, used to spend the summer at San Vito with a married daughter. This year of 1900 he came earlier than usual. He was very friendly with us and especially did he make friends with our cook, Zelinda, and our coachman, Luigi, who had a personality of his own and used to join the little society of village notables who met at the chemist's every evening where the Minister, his brother, the Senator Chief Judge of the Supreme Court, the village schoolmaster and parish doctor, discussed the affairs of State, even as takes place in every Italian village.

It was thanks to His Excellency that I had the chance of visiting the famous Sanctuary of St. Eustace. This place of pilgrimage stands on a spur of Mount San Salvatore on the Guadagnolo. We started at 4 a.m. on mule back. Branching off the road to Tivoli and crossing a short level tract of country, we began our climb.

The mule track sometimes widened to the breadth of an English lane, but at the precipice it narrowed till two mules could not pass abreast, and our guides shouted at every turn to clear the way. Fortunately, the pilgrims had gone up the night before, and when we arrived at the chapel we found them roasting eggs and other food in the embers of the fires that had warmed them during the night. It was after 10 a.m. when we left our mules and entered the little sanctuary. It is said that Attila, the Hun, left offerings here. On this spot Eustace, an indefatigable hunter, succeeded in overtaking a stag which had long evaded him. The animal turned and faced him and to the soldier's surprise he saw it bore a crucifix between the antlers. Thunderstruck at the miracle, Eustace flung down his sword and fell on his knees; and the Crucified Figure spoke to him. When the vision vanished, the soldier entered on the path of holiness which, ultimately, led to his martyrdom.

Throughout the centuries this legendary spot has been held sacred. The building itself is scarcely more than a stone hut. Very few of the congregation could be contained in it, but the field outside was gay with the costumes of the peasant pilgrims kneeling in serried rows; and the Mass was said inside the chapel.

We were among the honoured few inside, and the Mass had waited the Minister's arrival. The religious convictions of Italian Ministers vary with local prejudices. In Rome, Baccelli was fiercest of anti-clericals. In his native country no man could be more devout.

After Mass, he left an offering that reduced the priest to a

state of delighted collapse. It alarmed the Syndic of San Salvatore, who had not got over it by the time we left him. But this is anticipating ; for after Mass came the time for dinner. So we left the chapel with our host, the Syndic, and the last words I heard in Saint Eustace's sanctuary were the sounds of incoherent blessings on the ministerial head. And—what a dinner !

It began with snail-soup and wound its luscious way through ten courses. I counted them : fowls cooked in different ways ; savoury stews of pigeons ; a wild boar, which should not have been there, for it was out of season (his Excellency smiled and enjoyed it), covered with chocolate sauce, full of dried plums, cherries, and apricots, and pine seeds, with a dash of vinegar and much sugar. After this more fowls with salad from the fields of lettuce and dandelions ; a dish of kabobs, the legacy of Arab pirates. This dish consists of small rolls of beef, filled with wild thyme and other herbs, and wrapped (this is the choice touch) in thin slices of ham and toasted rolls and served on long skewers.

A mountain of sweet stuff, heavily dosed with liqueur and mainly built of sponge cake, ended the feast, which reminded one of Vitellius' repasts. Wine of all kinds flowed lavishly. When all was over, bottles of home-made champagne arrived, born of the rich vineyards at the foot of the mountain. With this the toasts began. One of the best speakers was the " Padre Curato," whose eulogy of the Minister and of his excellent example to the neighbourhood was clamorously received. Some of the speeches were less innocent, for they asked for Government benefits—but to all and everything the Minister said, " Yes." And thus he left everyone in radiant contentment.

Another day the Minister drove with us to Palestrina to meet his election committee. All the political people were there and the town band. To our dismay the Minister warmly included Luigi in his invitation. Mercifully Luigi loved his horses too well to leave them, though later he asked me to explain to His Excellency that he hoped the Minister would not think him rude to refuse his invitation. Baccelli understood. The next evening I saw them, Baccelli's arm on Luigi's neck, both wandering down to the club at the chemist's.

There was a very curious individual—by profession a shepherd—who was a great crony of Baccelli's. Antonio lived, more or less, in the caves, and was a mine of knowledge of ancient herbal remedies—probably dating from Hippocrates and Galen. These recipes Baccelli would carefully note down ; and he told me how, with one of them, he had saved the life of a patient.

" One day," he said, " I was telegraphed for from Orvieto.

An elderly lady, who was sentenced to a severe operation, appealed to me for a final verdict. It was inconvenient, but she offered me a very large sum, so I accepted. In the end it was cheap for her, because I saved her life, and she did not want to die, poor soul! When I got to her house, the surgeons were all ready in her dining-room. The operating table was prepared and the knives. I saw it all through the open door. I went upstairs and found the poor old body half dead with fear; she was swollen up like a balloon. A terrible tumour, they had diagnosed, and she was as hard as a drum. There was a mistake somewhere, I thought, and I called up her 'donna,' a sensible old peasant. 'Go into the garden and into the field,' said I, 'and pick me this and this,' and I gave her Antonio's list of herbs. Then I waited, and the surgeons sent up to say they were ready. I sent down word that the patient was not ready.

"The maid came back with a handkerchief full of herbs. So I went down with her to the kitchen and chose a saucepan that would hold about three litres full of boiling water, and we boiled the herbs as Antonio had directed. When the liquid was strained we took it up to the poor woman. 'Now,' I said, 'you must drink this, and all of it. It is not nice, but it is better than knives inside one.' So she drank the mixture; I did not let her off one drop. And the result—you must imagine it:

"The surgeons sent up for the third time.

"My old lady, somewhat exhausted, but tearfully grateful, gave me an envelope, and within it an extra thousand francs to the sum agreed. I put on my hat, for time pressed and we had a State Council meeting that evening. As I passed the dining-room, I opened the door and looked in. The surgeons were still waiting with their instruments ready. 'You can put up your knives, my dear colleagues, there will be no operation to-day. Three litres of hot decoction have made away with the tumour.' Tableau!"

Antonio was a very curious person. He had the wild side-glance of a hunted creature; to talk with him was to talk with Nature. He knew more than many a learned student, but only instinctively, for he had no reasons to give. I once asked him to tell me some of his experiences in the hills. Near San Vito the hills are full of caves, partly natural and partly hollowed by men. My aunt had spent many days exploring them with Professor Hoffmann. There was one cave, deep in the rock, that Antonio called the Cave of the Four Winds. In the centre was a kind of altar. Here took place a very strange and curious ceremony which Antonio described to me.

"It was some years ago. I was tired and somewhat dis-

heartened, and I felt this was going to be a bad year. I was very much in love, but I had no money to maintain a wife, and no means of getting any as far as I could see. Then I chanced to meet my 'compare.' He was a man who knew many things : had travelled ; had seen the sea. My 'compare' trafficked in sheep. He came from the Regno and had made money.

" ' You look ill, Antonio,' he said. So I told him my trouble. ' This is difficult, my son ; there is nothing for it but a sacrifice to the Four Winds, they alone can help us.'

" He taught me what I was to do, and sold me the black lamb I was to sacrifice. In the morning of the day he told me was propitious I went to the cave, taking herbs and the little beast. As the sun was at its full, I took the lamb and slew it, and that same evening I came back at sunset ; I lit a fire and burnt the herbs, and then I sprinkled the blood of the lamb to the four quarters of the winds in the cave ; and as the last rays of the sun disappeared, I called to the Four Winds to help me and give me fortune. And from the darkness came Four White Figures—like flames. And when I saw them I had no breath left ; and I fell down insensible. So the lamb was killed in vain and I got no fortune from the Four Winds." Poor Antonio !

On the plain, between Rome and Tivoli, are the remains of a most perfect citadel of the Stone Age. The peasants living round it put hazel rods to ripen in the moonlight, which, when ready, are used as water- and treasure-finders. This place is called " La Citta Antica," and is full of interest to the archaeologists. On the side of the hills many caves existed belonging to the Stone Age, where could be found stone and flint arrow-heads and knives. They were eerie places giving one a feeling that at any moment those half-human beings might return.

One night there was a slight shock of earthquake, and the next morning we found the caves filled up.

One of the most beautiful country houses I have stayed at is Villa Lante at Bagnaia near Viterbo. There are two houses : one is reserved by the Duke Lante for his family. The other is kept for his guests. The splendid hall, frescoed by Zuccari, has been made into a music-room. The garden in which the two villas are built was arranged by Lenotre. The main feature is a waterway that goes down the hill behind the villa, and is surrounded by woods. The springs that feed these cascades are full of minerals, so the stones over which they flow are painted by many coloured deposits. In early summer these woods are filled with cyclamen, anemones, and violets.

It is said that Cardinal Charles Borromeo came to visit Cardinal Lante soon after he had completed Bagnaia. The

saint was very distressed when he saw his friend's building, and at once proceeded to condemn this unneeded luxury. "How infinitely better it would have been for your soul," said the Saint, "if you had built a hospital for the poor."

Cardinal Lante was angry at the want of appreciation shown by his friend. "God be praised!" said he—"I am rich enough to build my villa and a hospital." And so he did.

As there are a couple of hundred yards between the two villas, if it rains—by the custom of the house—the guests are carried along the terrace in a sedan chair.

The family of Lante are cousins of the Kings of France, and were so addressed by the sovereign in their letters. They were Dukes of Urbino and patrons of Raphael and Michelangelo, whose finest work was executed for them. For several hundred years the family existed as sovereign princes, and Cardinal Lante is responsible for many great achievements in Roma. One of them is the Ponte Molle of Rome, or "Pons Milvius" of Vignanello.

I have already lingered long, but I cannot leave this neighbourhood without recalling a marvellous drive I took in the woods between Vignanello and Viterbo. After an hour passing through a fairy glen of chestnut woods, we came out into a large clearing in which were built a series of barns to which ladders gave access. On one side of the square stood a small church, cared for by a hermit. Unfortunately, the day I called he was not at home. I believe he wore the orthodox costume and depended for his subsistence on the alms of the faithful. His understudy, who did not wear uniform, told us he would be extremely vexed to think he had missed Princess Ruspoli's visit. The real curiosity of this place was the barns which were built for the accommodation of pilgrims in 1300, and had been only slightly repaired since; they were still habitable, and had been used before we went there for the yearly pilgrimage. I have never seen any account of this strange place in any guide-book.

Another lovely Italian home that carried me far from modern realities is Fiastra, not far from Loreto in the Marche. This ancient abbey fell into the hands of the Jesuits, and became one of their headquarters. During the short time in which the Order fell into disfavour at Rome, their lands being confiscated, the property of Fiastra with the abbey was given by the Pope to the Giustiniani family, who managed to retain this property when the Jesuits returned to Papal favour. The late Prince Giustiniani Bandini had formed a pheasant shoot, in English fashion, but, though changes were made in the gardens and

woods of the domain, small alterations, if any, were made in the house itself. A beautiful old cloister occupied the centre of the building. Whitewashed corridors ran round the square court, giving entrance to bedrooms and guest rooms.

Outside was a small, unpretentious garden, with fine palms. The eldest son, Duca di Mondragone, had taken on himself the supervision of the stock of the home farm. So early one morning he went off, with all our good wishes, to buy a flock of geese. They duly arrived, but, alas! they disappeared with equal celerity, not being of a kind suitable to the country.

The life of our party was Don Joey, the Prince's youngest son, a handsome and high-spirited youth. He was the soul of our nightly cushion fights. His face was never clouded; his good temper impervious to every incident. Surely the ball that pierced his helmet on the Italian Alpine front did more than suppress a young and happy life; it took away from the world a fount of happy gaiety and the world was the poorer for this irreparable loss.

There is a curious colouring in the atmosphere of the Marche. The scenery is very un-Italian in the long, low stretches of uninteresting plains. There are no trees; in fact, when I had tea with the Marchesa Rangoni, *née* Laura Ruspoli, she adjured me not to destroy her "woodlands." I then saw that the small hill was covered with baby pines a foot and a half high, which, I suppose, are now raising their slim columns into the sky and rendering picturesque the Rangonis villa.

Another visit was to Recanati, the old-world fortress town that has seen many changes, the home of Leopardi, the poet, who first held high ideals of modern Italy. Countess Santafiora gave us tea on her little terrace, overlooking miles of coast, with opalesque-hued sea beyond.

We motored the next day to Loreto—a most interesting excursion. The Piazza was, as usual, crowded with beggars. Why is it that all sites of pilgrimage have such inhabitants? We were, this time, fortunate enough to lose nothing. It was late to see the relics, but a kindly sacristan opened the sacred house. The Madonna statue—dark, in fact black—was covered with jewels, and with no diminution of splendour from the last time I venerated her, in spite of the recent robberies. I remarked particularly the rounded edges of the carving, which showed its unmistakable age.

Now that all of these treasures have perished in the flames, small memories like these become precious. The sacristan allowed me to hold in my hand the sacred bowl, which I studied

closely. I am not learned enough to judge whether it really came from Nazareth ; but, like the statue of the Virgin, it seemed of great antiquity. It is always sad when objects disappear or perish that have for so long been greatly venerated.

This time we did not go to Porto di Recanati, then a little fishing village on the coast but now a popular bathing-place. Long before, in 1873, we passed a summer there. In those days the place still retained all its old customs ; women and men still wore the old dresses ; the colours were most brilliant. Home-spun cottons, with silk motives interwoven, were worn. Their stays were embroidered in yellow, red, and green wool on cloth of gold, and were worn over white linen home-spun shirts, ornamented with drawn-thread lace. On their heads and on their shoulders they wore rich red and yellow silk handkerchiefs, and the riches a lady possessed were gauged by the number of the skirts she wore—sometimes ten or twelve—and her rows of baroque pearls—never less than four or five.

The great festivals were the weddings. These were put off until there were twenty to forty couples, in order that a great festival could be held. After the church ceremonies the couples went in processions with their friends and relatives to their houses. A square was formed and each couple performed a curious wedding dance, while all the rest stood round and watched. When the dance was over, the godfathers and the godmothers of the couple escorted them to their home, and the rest of the procession went on to the next house, where the same ritual was gone through.

Prince Giustiniani Bandini, through his grandmother, inherited the Scotch Earldom of Newburgh, which came down through the last Countess of Derwentwater, the one who married the unfortunate son of Charles II, beheaded in the Tower, after the Jacobite rising of 1715.

The present Prince Bandini resumed Italian nationality, being for some time Member of the Chamber of Deputies. But his father, the late Prince, on the entrance of the Italians into Rome, had claimed British citizenship. The present Prince Bandini took his place as Scotch Earl at the Coronation of George V, and the Earl and Countess of Newburgh were duly presented to the Sovereigns at Holyrood by my cousins, the Earl and Countess of Cassillis, to whom H.M. King George graciously expressed his pleasure at the presentation and was gratified by the homage of this descendant of an ancient Scotch peer.

When leaving Westminster Abbey after the Coronation, Lady Newburgh's shoe fell off while she was getting into her carriage.

Immediately one of the Royal Ushers stooped down and, bowing, gave it to the Countess, saying :

"Madame, honi soit qui mal y pense."

Lady Newburgh was delighted with the ready wit and apt quotation of the famous "Garter Motto" instituted by King Edward III in the year 1348.

Princess Bandini was born of an ancient and wealthy Sicilian family, the princely house of Trabia. When a bride, the Princess was considered one of the most beautiful women in Rome, at a time when the standard of beauty was very high, and she always was a very handsome and charming woman. There were two sons and a daughter. Maria Sofia, by the death of her brothers, is now the present Viscountess Kinnaird.

The younger son, Don Giuseppe Bandini, or, to give him his Scotch title, the Honourable Joseph Johnstone, died gallantly fighting for his country. When the Great War began he was the first of the young Roman nobles to volunteer, as, on account of his youth, he had not yet been called up.

His brother, Sigismondo, held a commission, but died shortly after the Armistice. He was married to Donna Teresa Buoncompagni, but left no children. Prince Bandini has been of late years a great invalid, and is still a handsome man. In his youth he was famous for his good looks, which recall his Scotch ancestry ; his artistic talent is remarkable. Their great ballroom hung with rich crimson and brocade used to be full of guests in the days before sorrow overshadowed this family.

It was in their drawing-room that I met Princess Metternich, the famous Austrian Ambassadors of French Imperial days. When the Princess introduced me, she purposely slurred the name, so that I did not realise who the stranger was.

"Oh, Miss Lister, will you tell my hand for me?"

I had been doing this for some pretty girls, who, like most young things, wanted to know when Prince Charming would present himself.

I took the lady's hand, laughing. But the first glance showed me I had to do with no ordinary character. As I read from the book of life, I felt impelled to more candour than is usual. One line after another seemed to show the extreme versatility and imperious character of this unknown lady. Royal friendship, queenship of hearts, great influence in politics, social supremacy, it was all there. And, as I went on speaking, Princess Bandini continued with a little flow of congratulating exclamations. I was evidently on the right track. Still it was with much surprise, that I heard Princess Bandini say : "I think it is time to tell Miss Lister your name."

"I am Pauline Metternich: I must apologise. Vous avez dit des choses bien extraordinaires."

I met this interesting lady many times that winter at other houses, and the informal way we had met made her very communicative. Age had not softened her autocratic nature. She was fond of returning to stories of the past but not of the days of Paris. She talked a good deal of the Krevenhuellers—and others of the Austrian Court.

Though she chattered a great deal, her stories were but half told. Her silence was more effective than her words. It was the body not the spirit that was worn out. It was the sheath of this indomitable soul that failed. Her retreat was courageous, and her face, through cosmetics, had become a mask. Her flag was "no surrender." Altogether an interesting acquaintance.

Another striking and equally autocratic personality I frequently met here was Marchesa Rudini, *née* Incisa, widow of the Prime Minister who made the Triple Alliance, and a social despot. I was once unfortunate enough to trespass on her preserves. This lady promoted herself to be sole dictator in all matters of charitable amateur performances. She had managed to frighten away every competitor. In ignorance I allowed myself to be mixed up in a representation for charity of Glück's "Philémon and Baucis." The charities belonged to, or were connected with, the Duchess of Montecitorio, who was born Princess Spada, and was the aunt of my friend Ellica Principessa d'Antunni. The Duchess's mother was Russian, which accounts for her interest in art. A Marchesa from North Italy with a beautiful voice, an operatic soprano, had agreed to be the heroine. Avvocato Tanlongo, afterwards a professional singer in New York, but who was then still an amateur, had put his fine tenor voice at our disposal. The chorus and dancers were secured and we settled down to rehearsals, and trouble began.

From that day, weeping daughters and their mothers arrived each morning at my house carrying the most preposterous letters. In these they were insolently told by the committee, over my signature or that of some other lady, that for a variety of reasons—all ludicrous and without sense—their services were not needed. A rehearsal was fixed for four o'clock and the same morning came a message that it was put off. We had at last to arrange a code by which these false alarms were checkmated, and my life was spent in making apologies for things nobody had done or said. False news, even, got into the papers and our defeat was certain. But by the ever gracious kindness of Queen Margherita, who took a box for our *matinée*, the persecution stopped

and we had no more paragraphs about the alarming illness of our prima donna. The opera was a success, both artistically and financially, thanks to her Majesty. I was never again on any committee in which Marchesa di Rudini did not hold the leading rôle.

CHAPTER VI

FLORENCE EXPERIENCES

Lovers of Florence—Princess Louise of Saxony—Baron Schomberg—Princess Marie Rohan—Dr. Franz Hartmann—The white carnation—Margaret a witch—Lady Paget—Madame Zouboff—Lady Airlie—A life-love—Old friends—Mr. Leland and others—Studies in folklore—My lecture at the Collegio Romano—Marchesa Niccolini—Frou-Frou—A drive—Camigliano near Pisa—Volterra and Florence.

FLORENCE was no longer a capital, still it held an unique position and retained a cosmopolitan air that took away all suspicion of mere provincialism. Florence had its different sets—Italians, Russians, Germans, a sprinkling of French, Americans and English. They skirted each other's borders and intermingled, but the continual flux and reflux of new arrivals mitigated feminine gossip, that curse of narrow social life.

On the Fiesole side of the city stood the home of Miss Paget ("Vernon Lee"). It fronted one of those narrow roads flanked by high walls, characteristic of the Florentine countryside. The owner's poetic gift and irresistible vein of humour had stamped her individuality on all her possessions; she reigned literally in the villa's ambient life and in the villa itself. Under Fiesole's shadow, Mr. Gregory, the genial American scientist, studied the characteristics of etheric waves. His villa, to my unscientific soul, was blessed with a singular, nay, unique treasure: a gentleman of colour who ruled as butler over the establishment. When this wonderful creature introduced you into the artistically furnished salons, it was a privilege, and one felt drawn into the traditions of the old Southern States. Indeed, the man lent lustre not only to his master but to the whole countryside. In the spring Mrs. Gregory "received." The glorious flowers everywhere, the beautiful embroideries, antique silver and valuable china, formed a fitting frame for our charming and amiable hostess.

Farther away in Settignano was the Berensons' home. The

art critic lived there with his charming wife. There one heard of raptured eyes that had discovered a new work by ancient Florentine masters. Under the expert's intuition, old palaces had disclosed their treasure for the benefit of the world and incidentally, I fear, for millionaires.

A very sweet and clever lady, Miss Ryerson, an American, lived with her mother in Via de Pinti. She had a rare gift for copying antique tapestries in vegetable colours. Their house was hung with her craft from the entrance hall inwards. Miss Ryerson worked also in artistic metal, under the advice of Donna Elisabetta Corsini, the youngest unmarried daughter of Prince and Princess Corsini. Close friends, these two ladies took a keen interest in the development of the Italian Home Industries Association, "*Le Industrie Femminili Italiane*," of which they became hon. secretary and treasurer in Florence. Like all Americans, Miss Ryerson had a remarkable business mind, and under her direction the products of home industry found a ready market in the United States, bringing good profits to the peasant workers. Ancient methods of needlecraft were closely studied, embroideries, etc., copied, their stitchery being carefully unpicked to disclose the technique, thus preserving designs and craftsmanship that otherwise, in the rush of life, would have been lost. Such was the firm hold the Florence branch of the association had won that the war has failed to shake its stability, and the work continues, a vital and productive concern.

Princess Corsini, the acknowledged head of Italian society in Florence, unlike most of her compatriots, opened her doors to foreigners. On one evening in the week, a pleasant company, both Italian and foreign, met in her salons. It was infinitely more amusing than the stiff gatherings of Rome at that date. In the warm spring days, the Princess welcomed friends in the gardens *Sul Prato*, where the evening breezes brought sweet scents of box and laurel and the perfume of many flowers.

The Bellosguardo side held a little nest of learning. Germans, Scandinavians, artists and authors were to be found in the many whitewashed villas scarcely larger than cottages dotted about the San Miniato and Bellosguardo ridges to the south-west of the city. Some of these most learned men were of very simple nature. I remember a Swedish Professor who sent up a request to Lady Paget asking to be allowed to light a bonfire on the open ground near her stables, to fulfil some northern rite relating to Midsummer Eve. Feminine curiosity grew high and it turned out to be a most weird function when at the bewitching hour, Professor, wife, child and servant maid, all Swedes, together danced round the flames in strange and mystic windings. Princess Louise of

Saxony, who had succeeded Lady Hobart in the occupancy of Villa Montauto—where Hawthorne of "Marble Faun" renown lived and wrote that book—was also present, and she was so entranced by the spectacle that, though no Swede herself, she insisted upon joining in these gambols.

Princess Louise did not attract me. There was a wild look in her eyes and a general want of coherence in her talk and ideas. Her little daughter Monica (Princess Anna of Saxony afterwards, through family agreement) was a pretty little creature, full of life and high spirits, though a trifle shy with strangers. She had a very good idea of her own importance, even at this early period. The day before I met her, the governess had asked the Princess's maid to sit down with them at the tea-table. The little mite felt her dignity at stake. She scrambled down from her high child's seat and, stopping at the door, she piped in clear childish tones: "Princess Monica has tea with her mother, Princess Monica has tea with Miss —— (her governess), Princess Monica does not have tea with Anna!" And elf-like, she vanished from the room."

In spite of all the gossip that has been written about the "child" and her mother, little Monica, besides her lovely eyes, possessed a nose characteristic of the Saxon royal family, and particularly noticeable in her father's, the present ex-King of Saxony's, profile. It was not a beautiful nose, but it was worth more to little Monica's fortunes than the finest classic feature. Princess Louise was a woman of many enthusiasms, but they never lasted long. By her ex-husband's, the ex-King of Saxony's, order, the Baron von Schomberg had come to Florence commissioned to bring Monica back to Saxony. Princess Louise struggled long and bitterly against giving up her child. In the last cruel moment of parting she gave Baron Schomberg a ring set with a very valuable stone, saying, "It is too big for the child to wear now but I will hang it round her neck, and I implore you, Baron, to promise on your honour as a chivalrous gentleman, to see that no one takes it from her. This ring will speak to her of her absent mother—a remembrance of my motherhood to my far-distant baby." This speech, with torrents of tears, moved the sentimental German. The Baron told me the sequel. He had fully believed her, and given his word, and, he added, he was determined to impress this duty upon the new attendants who would meet the little Princess. He anticipated difficulties, and the delicacy of the whole affair perplexed him. "But," concluded the Baron, "I need not have troubled. Within a fortnight I had to take the ring off the child's neck and send it back to the giver: Princess Louise, or more likely Signor Toselli" (the Italian

musician whom she had married), "had second thoughts, for a letter came asking for the return of the ring."

I heard another speech of little Monica's. When she met her Saxon brothers and sisters, the children began to chatter, as children will, of their families. Said Monica, "I have a mother in Italy."—"She is our mother also," retorted the boy, "and we have a father in Dresden."—"He is my father too," snapped Monica and, not to be put down, she continued, "Ah, but I have a father in Italy—have you got one there also?"—*Tableau!*

A very charming personality who still dwells, fortunately, on Bellosguardo, is Miss Flora Priestley. Her home, then "Villa Cerboni," stood in a smiling English country setting. Both inside and without it was English. English, too, the little garden full of bright flowers. Miss Priestley represented to me the pre-Raphaelite tradition in art. Having a striking countenance, not easily forgotten, she had sat to John Sargent, with whom and with whose family, a close friendship unites her. Among the present residents of Florence whom I number among my friends is Miss Mansfield. She and her father, Sir Charles Mansfield, had settled then in Florence, after his retirement from the diplomatic service. A cosmopolitan (through foreign relationships), diplomatic life in distant countries widened her outlook. Like so many, she has felt the spell of Italy, and she has written accordingly about the life of long-past Florence, as it necessarily intrudes itself upon the present day in the changeless beauty of the land.

But to go back to friends of the first hour: There was Princess Marie de Rohan, born Comtesse Degenfeldt, a kinswoman of King Edward, through the family of the Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother. She had drifted to Florence intending, if the place pleased her, to settle there. In her childhood, Princess Marie had been remarkable for her good looks. So much so that my uncle, Baron Rosenkranz, who knew the Degenfeldts, had playfully called her his little sweetheart, and she continued to be known in my aunt's family under that name. I met her, many years later when she was already a widow, and her life had been saddened by a hopeless attachment to one of the Austrian Archdukes. The Emperor Francis Joseph, owing to the Prince's latent evil tendencies, had been obliged to annul the engagement. The Emperor had no pity for such characters and the Archduke was shut up for life in a fortress. Moved to compassion by Princess Marie's tears, one interview in the year was allowed them. The Princess was long faithful to the trust, until, as years went by, lost to all hope, she determined to make a home for herself out of Austria. When I first knew her, she was a

pleasant-faced, tall woman, with the true Viennese fashionable figure of that day, very amiable and sweet-natured. She ultimately found a villa outside Florence, with a garden full of roses, and here at different times I have spent many happy hours.

In her suite came also Dr. Franz Hartmann, a burly German, with much of the Teutonic humour, and withal, very learned, like most professors of that book-ruled land. A noted student of the occult sciences, Professor Hartmann had known most of the mystic celebrities of the day, and besides that field of knowledge he had made an author's excursions round the most varied themes. Apart from his lore, he was also one of the most amusing companions, as I think most will agree after reading this story. He told it me when driving up from town to Bellosguardo, where we were both dining that evening.

"You have heard, Miss Lister, of the possibility of visiting distant places in the astral body. Well, I once did that, and I was fool enough to let myself in for such a terror that I still shudder when I think of it, though it is a good twenty years since it happened. Mein Gott, what an escape!"

I asked him to explain this emotion and here is the story as it was told me:

"It was many years ago, and I was living in Vienna. For some time past, I had been pondering over the possibility of sending the astral body to a given locality at a given time and under well-defined conditions. I found that it would be necessary for me to find an assistant, preferably a lady. As luck would have it, I heard of an unmarried woman who had studied occultism and was willing to assist me. She lived in Philadelphia, in her own house, possessed independent means, and seemed in every way a desirable person for my experiment. Accordingly, I wrote to her and arranged all details. On a fixed day, at a fixed hour, having carefully calculated the difference in time between Vienna and Philadelphia, we were to put ourselves spiritually in contact, by means of certain formulæ into which it is not necessary to enter. It took me several months before my effort took actual shape, but at length I began to perceive a novel atmosphere in my customary surroundings. I was no longer in my rooms in Vienna, but something unfamiliar to me enveloped me. At first, all was indistinct and unsubstantial, but each day I seemed to feel more at home in this experience. The American lady also wrote of new and peculiar sensations and from this I knew that success was at hand.

"The day came. I had fulfilled all the conditions essential to the achievement of my attempt. After a little while, the sense grew of existence under novel conditions; the mists lifted

and I saw myself in totally unfamiliar surroundings. The room was large, and filled with handsome furniture. I went to the window. The street I saw had no resemblance to any town I had ever stayed at ; I noted the arrangement of the furniture. There my experiment ended for the time being. I wrote at once to the lady and got a most satisfactory answer, with a photograph of her sitting-room : it was the very room I had visited.

"At each successive experiment, my perception of her house increased in distinctness, but never could I get a glimpse of my occult friend, so one day I ventured outside the sitting-room to look for her.

"The house I traversed seemed perfectly appointed in every way but its owner was nowhere to be found. Finally, I went into what was evidently her bedroom. I noted all I saw there, even to the array of little bottles every lady keeps on her dressing-table. . . . Still alone. I made my way back to the dining-room, and so to the front door, where I noticed a church spire in the distance. Then, well satisfied with my exploration, I returned to the sitting-room and ultimately, to my flat in Vienna.

"Naturally, much correspondence followed and alas, the personal note crept it. I was lost. Our letters grew more and more mystical, each soul had never before met a true affinity—But now. . . . I was a fool, but it seemed to me that the lady was all I could hope for. She wrote to me about her lonely life, and at last confessed that she could not live without me. She spoke of the pioneers we would be, of the work we could do, all through our being in such perfect harmony. I believed her, and . . . I fell. The next two letters were our betrothal. I had rushed upon my fate. She left by the next boat, bringing all legal papers with her. On my side I also prepared for the marriage.

"At last a telegram arrived, giving the hour and date of her arrival. I ordered a nice little luncheon, and started for the station to meet her. We had arranged that each should wear a white carnation so there could be no mistake. In my hand I carried a bunch of roses—charming emblem of our future. The train came in, but, among all the travellers, I failed to descry my bride.

"Then, far off, away down the platform, I saw a lady advance. I could not tell her age but that was the least of it. She was tall and commanding, with a terrifying face. A spinster Amazon of sixty! No man could have lived with such a temperament ; also she was humpbacked and wore glasses.

"I gazed at this apparition, fascinated ; I did not at once realise what it portended. The Terror had been peering down

the platform—then it turned, and looked towards where I stood : it wore a large white carnation ; the flower was so large that I felt sure it must have been made of paper.

"The horror of that moment I can never forget. I turned and fled to the booking-office—'Give me a ticket for Buda-Pesth!' I cried. I seized this, my passport to heaven and freedom ! and dashed into the train. Not until we were safe out of the station did I see that I still held the bunch of roses. I flung them from me, as far as I could, on to the rails. The danger was passed.

"I never wrote to explain. I knew any correspondence would be fatal. I had seen her mouth—it was enough. My servant would receive her, poor fellow. So in Buda-Pesth I stayed, until a fortnight had elapsed, then I wrote to a trusted friend in Vienna, and asked him to call at my flat and find out what had happened. He did, and telegraphed that the coast was clear : the lady had left Vienna.

"I then came back to hear my servant's story. She had come, and had waited a whole week. He told her I had gone to meet her : I think she understood what had happened. On the last day of the week she came to my flat again, heard I was still away, and then she spoke out. . . . What she said, I do not know. She left the next day, and I was saved.

"My dear young lady," concluded Professor Hartmann, "never try occult experiments with a number of the opposite sex and never play with occultism."

Two people represent Florence in my life—Charles Godfrey Leland, my master in the strange land of folklore, and Walburga, Lady Paget, who showed me the glories of Tuscany and the beauty God has granted this wonderful land.

It was at the house of Mrs. Tanner, widow of the Chaplain of St. Mark's Church, that I met Mrs. Leland. At a men's dinner in London, Mr. Leland had won a bet, being the first to name the most beautiful woman he had ever met and the best wine he had ever drunk. "Mrs. Leland and Lord Houghton's madcira " was his answer.

Years had gone by, but when I first knew Mrs. Leland, her personality, dignified and sympathetic, impressed me. When she became interested in you, her eyes sparkled, her face seemed to light up and the beauty of the past shone forth. I have never met a more attractive nature. Her whole life was devoted to her husband. Like so many men of genius, he was very unmanageable. She never felt he was safe unless he were within her sight, otherwise you could be sure he had got into mischief and would sooner or later come back with the tale of some minor catastrophe in

his day. So helpless and unpractical, she maintained, was Mr. Leland that he could not be trusted even to put on his gloves properly by himself. My mother and I were on the point of making our adieux to Mrs. Leland after this first visit to her, when the door opened and a tall figure came in.

"My husband," said Mrs. Leland.*

"Do you know, mother, where I put those papers from Bologna?" he remarked, not appearing to notice us.

The papers were on his writing-table near the window. They were difficult to read, and, as I was familiar with Italian writing from my earliest days, Mrs. Leland suggested that I might be able to help. So I sat down beside the master, and began to interpret the script. I was fortunately not ignorant of the Bolognese dialect, and the work went easily enough. Then we began to talk Italian folklore and . . . time no longer existed for us. My mother was horrified, for it was past eight o'clock when at length she succeeded in carrying me off, Mr. Leland making an appointment to meet again the next afternoon. Here, at last, I had found a mind that cared for the studies of my own childhood's days, and one to whom they would be of use.

The next day I came along with a portfolio of MSS., and had my first lesson in the great art of collating facts. Mr. Leland's face was full of power. When he spoke he made everything clear to one. Above all, he never overwhelmed one with his extraordinary learning. It welled up without effort. No subject seemed alien, from Voodooism to the Kaballah. As "Boro Rye," *i.e.*, "Great Lord" of the gypsies, his pleasure was to trace in a few pregnant words the wanderings of this remarkable tribe from its obscure origins in India. His studies at this time hinged upon the vestiges of ancient beliefs yet vital in the peasant life of Italy. For my own part I had observed traces of these memories among the vine-growers of the Roman Campagna and its neighbourhood. Hymns of ancient pagan rites in which the names of St. Anthony and Apollo were interchangeable. Now the names of this saint or Apollo, as a spirit and no longer a god, were impartially used to entreat fair weather. Other chants invoked the Furies to avenge the evildoer's crimes. We plunged into the legends of the Werewolf. We pored over Gothic chronicles and upon such interests, shared, our true and loyal friendship was founded, that lasted until the master's death.

In Mr. Leland's company I interviewed the witches of Florence. One of them, Margherita, lived in a tower near the Ponte Vecchio. Her family, she averred, dated from Etruscan days. Her people had been priests of the old religion. Indeed, as she used the

* To whom I have already referred on page 103.—AUTHOR.

little known names of Etruscan deities in familiar talk, this is quite possible: the Italians, notably among the peasantry, retain in their memories curiously long and quaint pedigrees. Once, in Terracina, I met a professor who took me to look at a stone recording the names of landowners thereabouts in the days of Augustus, and he pointed to his own name Latinised. Said he: "This man's granddaughter, one of my ancestors, married the Emperor Otho." Stupidly, I asked, thinking of the Holy Roman Emperors of that name, "Which Otho?"—"Nero's successor," he answered gravely, "and to this day we have never ceased holding that very piece of land. My taxes though," he concluded, "are higher than in the time of Augustus. It is my great sorrow that I have no son, only a daughter, and so with me the male line ends."

Think of it—how through all the storms and invasions of centuries, the decline of the Roman Empire, the passing of rulers, Huns, Goths, Moors, Spaniards, French and Germans in the land, this small family unit had held its own. Its minuteness had proved its salvation. And so it is with the old beliefs—many endure deformed, yet recognisable. The womenfolk of the Roman Castelli warn their children to beware of the Man of the Woods, who carries the mark "*che porta il segno*." He has hoofs and pointed ears, and each woodland brook, too, has its nymph, who lies in wait for the handsome peasant to his undoing.

Margherita is the heroine of Mr. Leland's Florentine books, especially the "Legends of Florence." She was still good-looking and one not to be forgotten day I went with the master to take coffee with her. It was a curious experience—like all Italians in her walk of life, she received us with the manner of a great lady. The coffee was served us with true peasant luxury, bright cups and spotless napkins, and the little cakes with coloured icing dear to peasant fancy. The conversation turned upon ancient rituals known to Margherita and her folk long before Rome ruled. We were told stories of enchantments into which mediæval beliefs obtruded—a medley of lore and superstition not easy to keep apart any more than the ages which the mind's eye spanned looking from her window over the Arno, where yonder San Miniato towered above the shade of Michael Angelo, his name a yesterday.

Another witch I interviewed alone, looked more like the professional type. She lived near Porta San Niccolo. I went down a long, dark passage and found the old lady sitting at one end of a stool with a "scaldino." We began our talk with the usual amenities. For the "profane," I may mention that before the witch will open her mind to you, an exchange of information takes place. The catechising most resembles that of true Scottish

spinsters, with the difference that even as the gentlewoman enumerates the ancestral glories, this becomes a rehearsal of incantation lore, the witch tells of the wonders she can work—the charms gradually increasing in potency and terror—striking force, and you on your side, call upon your store of hair-raising incantations, after which review of powers so to say, you both subside comfortably into personal topics.

This witch was learned, but she was not of the "first water" she admitted. Her mother had been wonderful, but had apostatised in her last hour and had burned her book. Nevertheless, she could yet do a fair bit of magic, provided she were paid for it. . . . But alas, her clients were miserly! They did not consider that for some things to happen it was necessary to sit up all night, to burn a lot of charcoal, buy expensive herbs, etc. . . . and also risk your immortal soul. And for all this they thought twenty lire too dear, and they grumbled. True, she went on, there were compensations: the man on the next floor was sacristan at San ——— near by, and he could be trusted always to help his old gossip. The *Buon Dio* was good to her in that. So, when she had to christen a toad, the man would hide it in the baby's robe and he would also put the "cards" where a few drops of the Holy Water could wet them. Also he would bury the toad after she had put it in a bottle with the proper ritual and the funeral herbs. But, for that, she charged fifty lire, as of course, they went halves. She had not the heart to bury the poor living thing by herself.

And so the good soul rambled on, until I gave her the gypsies' blessing in pure Romany, and I left her, to report on my visit to Mr. Leland.

Besides his search for witches, Mr. Leland would haunt all the rag and bottle and jumble shops of the place, looking for finds of old books, etc. Some of these were pictorial, really good old Byzantine Madonnas, and these he would patiently tinker until they "looked as good as new." But he always allowed his puck-like spirit its due, framing them, for instance, in a wreath of sprites and goblins.

During our sojourn in Florence, the Prince of Naples (now King Victor Emmanuel) brought his bride home to the Pitti Palace. A number of *fêtes* were given in their honour, and Prince Corsini opened the Lung' Arno Palazzo for the occasion. The ball in the state-rooms (open to the public as a museum on certain days of the week) was a revival of the family's past history. In the throne-room, the Prince had placed the portrait of Pope Clement XII under the canopy. It is a fine representation of the Corsini Pope (1730-40) and the imposing presence looked in its

proper place. Prince Corsini told us that he had thought the matter over much and had decided that no slight could by any possibility be read into it. Princess Corsini, too, the last co-heiress of that branch of the Barberini family, who also numbered a Pontiff in their ancestry, and the heirs to the name, were "black" in their politics.

All the treasures of this great house were open to view and for years past no such display had been witnessed in Florence. The blue and scarlet state liveries, the porter wearing a large embossed silver escutcheon of the family arms upon his laced baldric lent a distinctive "historic" note to the scene. The old world and modern life mingled also in representative guests. In one of the smaller rooms, I saw Mrs. Edgumbe, the centre of a little court. Her father had been British Minister at the court of Granducal Tuscany. Intense old-world charm surrounded the small, frail figure clad in becoming draperies. In her young days the Corsini family had been intimate friends of her father, Sir John Shelley, and Prince Corsini had recalled this to persuade his old family friend to be present on this occasion. Mrs. Edgumbe was devoted to Florence and came back most years for the winter, returning home by Holland, where she used to pay an annual visit to Queen Emma. I remember her telling me that she had once sat upon Sir Walter Scott's knee and cut off a lock of his hair. I still treasure a quaint little black satin bag she gave me, holding a number of needles, always threaded, a most delectable possession when you are in a hurry.

The Princess of Naples (now Queen Helena of Italy) was much admired for her fine figure, magnificent eyes and hair. She is still the most lovely of present sovereigns, and her sweetness and selfless devotion to their welfare have captured the hearts of the Italian people.

A great ball was also given at the Strozzi Palace. Prince Strozzi (d. 1907) had married a Polish Countess, Sophie Branicka, whose sister, Princess Radziwill, was a frequent visitor in Rome. There were no children, and he devised the Strozzi Palace, under conditions, to the State which, proving unacceptable, the two surviving brothers resumed full ownership of their historic ancestral dwelling. The Strozzi gold plate, the designs of which are ascribed to Benvenuto Cellini's craft, was displayed in the handsomely furnished and splendidly proportioned halls, but as the major portion of the Strozzi collection of pictures and other articles of vertu had been dispersed in the latter seventies, after the late Prince's father's death, opinion generally held the Corsini ball to have been the finer.

After the departure from Florence of the Prince and Princess

of Naples, upon H.R.H.'s accession to the throne, we returned to the customary round of cosmopolitan sociability. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Stanhope lived at the ancient Strozzi Villa on Bellosguardo, known as Villa Nuti, the name of the family from whom they had bought the place. The house is beautifully situated, overlooking the lower Arno Valley and, curiously enough, screened from Florence itself, tradition says as a judgment upon the first house-builder in requital for political misdemeanour.

Mr. Stanhope, when I first met him, impressed you with the atmosphere of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. On his walls hung a fine Botticelli and other paintings of that period, and when he spoke of his treasures, his eyes flamed; the years seemed to fall from him and you saw the painter re-appear, whose genius was in truth equal to that of his beloved friend Burne-Jones. Their house was a centre for the most interesting people foremost in art and literature, who made Villa Nuti a house of call on their way through to Rome.

Among the friends regularly to be found there was Professor De Morgan. The author of "Joseph Vance" and other first-rate novels was a master in the ceramic art; his discoveries and designs in the potters' craft have made his name a household word, and his wife, Mrs. Spencer Stanhope's niece, was herself no mean artist. Guy L'Estrange, the Orientalist, the brother-in-law of Laurence Oliphant, and his wife, the sister of Sir Fairfax Cartwright (afterwards H.M. Ambassador to Vienna), Mr. Bernhard Berenson, the art-critic and author, and various R.A.'s on their way out or home, brought their contingent to the *habitués* of Mrs. Spencer Stanhope's salon. Hers was a singularly engaging personality. The widow of Captain Dawson Damer, whom the first shot fired in the Crimea had killed, re-married, after years of widowhood, to Mr. Stanhope, she seemed to convey to all and sundry the atmosphere of half a century of the best of English country squirearchy.

A little farther along the lane, past Villa Nuti, leading down into the plain, lived the Dowager Lady Airlie. Her brother, Monsignor Stanley, lives still in Rome. From the Bellosguardo Piazza, where a mural tablet marks Garibaldi's residence, a lane leads to villa Montauto, where Lady Hobart lived and, in earlier times, also Nathaniel Hawthorne, creating there the "Marble Faun." Retracing our steps to the Piazza, a gateway led to another villa, *ilex-girt l'Ombrellino*, belonging to Madame Zouboff, the widow of a Russian general. The granddaughter of Mme. Catalani, the famous singer, and the daughter of M. Kakoschkine, in past years Russian Minister to the Neapolitan Court, Madame Zouboff represented to me a combination of Slav mysticism and

Latin spiritual realism of singular and subtle charm. She had become a Catholic, and the dress she had adopted, plain black and a bonnet of changeless fashion, marked her fellowship to the Third Order of S. Francis. Apart from this distinctive attire, this amiable and gifted woman of the world gave rein to her spiritual enthusiasms only with those whom she thought breathed a like rarified transcendental atmosphere. She attracted me greatly.

A road skirting a low parapet—whence indeed the term *Bellosguardo* is made real—led to a great door inscribed "*Cani Mordaci*." This somewhat forbidding sentence shut out the unwelcome. The gateway opened upon a cypress-guarded lawn, at the end of which was the Villa of *Bellosguardo*, occupied by Lady Paget. The most interesting circle of Florentine society centred here. Perched on the very edge of the spur the house commanded a perfect and complete view of the city and of the hills beyond.

Down the valley, towards the distant invisible sea, rolled vineyards, dotted with olive trees and set about with the willows that in autumn and winter blazed as flaming torches in their orange-red perfection. "*Burning souls*," Lady Paget used to call them.

She was the ideal mistress of an ideal home. Within, the house disclosed her artist's character. Of the inner court a great glass wall had made an original reception-room, filled with great comfortable antique chairs and lounges. An old-world open fireplace was near the glass doors, leading into the gardens. Climbing plants were trained up the house walls, huge blue flowers, and the stars of Cape jasmine. Lady Paget's bedroom and studio looked over the small walled garden facing due south. Above was the tower room, which was mine time and again in those pleasant years. The gardens were as original as her house. They were laced with terraced paths, shaded by trellised French vines yielding grapes of special quality which kept fresh till the New Year, to be eaten when, as the Italian proverb has it, "*You eat the luck of the coming months, and get the greatest possible good fortune for yourself*." When Lady Paget left *Bellosguardo* for good and all, the landlord ordered all these vines, acclimatised with so much care and forethought from France, to be cut down, and the iris borders of her paths were uprooted. Why? . . . the child that breaks its toys, the adult who vents feeling upon natural beauty or upon art, are close akin! So alas! did Lady Paget's gardens have cause to mourn their lost mistress!

The hill of *Bellosguardo* was climbed by many pilgrims eager to pay homage to its lady. Most of the men and women who have made social history during the last decade of the nineteenth

century and the succeeding ten years have passed in through that great doorway surmounted by a statue of Pity. The symbol fitted her home. She had done more than most for that noble work the protection of animals, her energies and eloquent defence of our dumb friends' rights contributing largely to the movement of opinion in Italy in their favour. Tall and stately, with an old-time grace, Lady Paget's appearance retained all the enduring essentials of her repute. I remember Queen Margherita remarking to me: "I had heard much of Lady Paget's looks, and looked forward eagerly to seeing her, but when she first appeared before me, anticipation fell short; her beauty was beyond words." The charm of her manner to her friends and the wonderful simplicity she combined with her great culture, can never be forgotten by those who have the good fortune to know her.

I recall a little argument at her house between Mr. Labouchere, (the famous owner of the journal *Truth*—and for many years, the leader of English Radicalism)—that day in one of his most impish moods—and Lady Airlie, who was asserting her Liberal principles with some warmth. "You are a Tory," interjected Labouchere, interrupting her flow of argument with evident glee. "What about Airlie Castle? It ought to belong to the people, you know." Lady Airlie protested that the people had all they could want of it. "I think they like me having it, and after all, I keep the place up, and someone must live there."—"I don't think that is at all a necessity," said the proprietor of *Truth*.—"But what would you do with it, Mr. Labouchere?"—"Turn it into a hydro, Lady Airlie."

Only those who knew the almost religious sanctity which in the owners' eyes surrounded their ancient seat realised the extent of the proposed profanation, and we sat speechless, until in the distance wailed the voice of Mrs. Labouchere: "Oh, dear Lady Airlie, don't listen to Henry. Don't believe him; he does not mean it."

Here is a good story I heard at luncheon from another guest, Marchese Peruzzi. He had just come back from Rome, where an adventure had befallen him. It was very hot and he thought a drive at night along the Viale Parioli would be pleasant. The quarter in those days had but few houses built and the road was lonely. At the turning to the Acqua Acetosa Spring, the coachman stopped, and, turning round to his fare, shouted, "Now you give me all you have in your pockets, or I will let you feel my knife!" Marchese Peruzzi made up his mind quickly; he had fifty lire with him, but that was surely too much for a cabby. He put his hand in his pocket, feeling for a (non-existent) revolver, and grumbled in Roman dialect, "I have been in twice for wounding,

now I shall go in for murder, but what of that ? ” and he clutched his pencil case hard, pointing it at the man. And behold, the truculent driver “ climbed down ”—“ Never mind, signorino—we will leave it at this. Where can I drive you to, sir ? ” And they went back to the Grand Hotel. All of which may be of use to those who take long drives in lonely places in the night hours.

I was still staying at the villa, when a little while after this we were asked, over the telephone, to a party at the Laboucheres' villa. Feeling rather tired that day, Lady Paget told her butler to find out what sort of an entertainment it was to be. The butler returned and said, “ *E' un thé di lusso, Eccellenza.* ” We sent him back to know what this meant ; for a smart function, a *thé di lusso*, we learned, means “ there will be the municipal band and the Count of Turin.”

Mr. Labouchere's villa had once belonged to Princess Woronzoff, of long past Russian Court celebrity ; it was now, I was told, the acme of modern comfort, furnished by Maple. The villa was certainly pre-eminently English and Edwardian. In a way it was a relief to sit on chairs intended to be sat on and not shot out of artistic replicas of a century-old fashion, which ordained a carved walnut cherub's nose for your back instead of a downy cushion. The daughter of the house, now Princess Dora Odescalchi, and at that time the wife of Marchese Carlo di Rudini, stayed with her parents, and her presence was another attraction in their pleasant circle.

Speaking generally, the British resident community in Florence did not err upon the side of youth. Romance, nevertheless, clung to several names. In one of the many villas nestling in the Careggi woodlands there lived a little ancient Scotch gentlewoman, Miss McLeod, a frail little lady, and when I first knew her, already some way on in the winter of years. But her soul and her mind were younger than many a *débutante's*. She used to sit in a large arm-chair, with a rug over her knees, covering the crinoline of her young days, and the white Shetland shawl—“ my cloud,” she called it—draped head and shoulders winter and summer days alike. The great room was indeed a chilly place in winter, and the little stove alight in a corner did not do much to warm it. Like most Highland families, the McLeods had inter-married in the past with the Mackenzies, and this distant kinship made my mother never miss a visit to her old friend, however short the time we might stay in Florence on our way to Rome. As a child I had been fascinated by a bust covered with a crape veil, which stood at the end of the room, facing Miss McLeod's chair. I now learned the story, and how Miss McLeod had come to live in Florence, alone and apart from all her kinsfolk. She had, it

appeared, accompanied her parents on the "tour" gentlefolks took in their travelling carriages through France to Italy.

Miss McLeod was a very lovely young girl and much sought after by would-be suitors. Among them was a young Italian, a Signor della Torre; he was attractive, and also wealthy, and to him she gave her heart. No obstacle in reason appeared to stand in the way of a happy marriage—but one. Della Torre was a Catholic, and her parents would not hear of the engagement. Their case was so piteous that friends suggested elopement, but of this way out, neither would think for a moment. There was but one thing left to them, to pledge their youth to each other, and this they did.

Miss McLeod's parents passed away in the fulness of time. The faithful lover came post-haste up the Careggi Hill to offer hand and heart, but once again his lady refused: her father's ban, she said, had not been taken off, and she felt his death could make no difference to her filial duty. So the devoted pair lived on, apart—she alone, in the Careggi Villa, and he, now stricken in years, in the town. Della Torre fell seriously ill and the miracle happened. Miss McLeod, who had never left the villa precincts, drove in to Della Torre's house and stayed there to nurse him. I heard that the old man's face, when he saw her enter the room, was wonderful. It was the first time they had spoken together since her father's death had separated them a second time. Signor Della Torre died. Miss McLeod drove away from his house as she had come, silent. She went back to Careggi. Not even to her closest friends did she ever again refer to the event. Silent she lived, and as silent she died. But in the room where Miss McLeod spent the rest of her days, the bust of Della Torre, his portrait and only gift—memory of a lifetime—stood veiled in crape, until she too passed away.

All Florence knew the little old lady of the crinoline and inseparable "cloud," and although with the years the circle became smaller, her kindness to her visitors took the most gracious forms. She never let you leave without filling your hands with flowers and what not. Her delight was to talk and hear of her Highland home and her people: indeed, her brother Cadboul came regularly to see her, and occasionally the visits of younger generations would gladden her hours. Boundless good nature and simplicity of heart naturally made Miss McLeod the willing victim of neighbouring countryfolk, and since a solitary life had not embittered her, she died as she had lived, finding in other lives the happiness denied her in her own.

It was in the early nineties that we decided to sell our London house and settle altogether in Italy. Rome, even at that time,

was given over to housing trouble. So, disappointed house-hunting there, we resolved to try Florence until something should turn up to our liking in Rome. We found an old Palazzo in Florence, in Borgognissanti, one great hall, the height of two floors, and good rooms about it. We put a porter with his wife into the ground-floor quarters by the great carved wood inner gateway which opened on to a garden with rockwork, much overgrown and unkempt. The Palazzo belonged to Count Fossombroni, son of the eminent Tuscan Prime Minister in Grand-ducal times, who with his wife and children lived on the second floor. A number of Roman friends had come to Florence for the same reason as ourselves. Mrs. Steele was one; Miss Sarah Le Poer Trench had married Dr. Steele, the distinguished Edinburgh physician whom generations of Anglo-Romans looked to as a friend and delightful companion. She was a kinswoman of Mr. Kavanagh, the Irish squire, born without legs and arms, whose courage and determination had overcome the obstacles of a crippled frame, and had written this marvellous character's biography. To those who have not known Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh, it would seem impossible that a body so handicapped could join in manly sport, and, what is more, excel in it, and also take his share in the country's political life. It was sometimes disconcerting, when calling upon Mrs. Kavanagh, to see him suddenly bound on to the sofa beside you, like a ball. But his talk was so interesting, its flow so witty, that all physical infirmities of person were as naught. Of the Kavanagh family, I knew one daughter and also a son, who died in Berlin on his first diplomatic post (1897).

The Steeles lived in an old Palazzo on the Via San Gallo, and Mrs. Steele was always to be found at tea time. Theirs was a pleasant house and, during Queen Victoria's sojourn, Lady Churchill and others of her Majesty's household were frequent visitors. I remember Lady Crawford coming in on the day of the Queen's arrival, after welcoming her Majesty at Villa Palmieri. "It was a great matter," she said, "for me to give up my villa, for I had intended to stay there myself this winter, but when I met the Queen, she said to me in such a heartfelt tone, 'My dear, how can I thank you enough for being so good to an old woman!'—I would give my life and not only my house to have heard her speak so charmingly to me!"

To go back to Mr. Leland. He was sitting at his writing-table that afternoon. A new bundle of MSS. had come from Bologna which he was busy deciphering.

"Will my article do," I asked with some diffidence.

A few days earlier, Mr. Leland had asked me to write an

article for the new Italian periodical, *Tradizioni Popolare*, started by Professor De Gubernatis, as the organ of his newly-formed Italian Folklore Society.

"It is about your article that I wish to speak to you," said the Master.

And so the truth came out. The article had been a success, so successful that the society wished me to turn it into an address. I was to come to Rome with him, and share the glories of the day with the Professor, etc. The inaugural session was to take place at the Collegio Romano, in the presence of the King and Queen, the Minister of Public Instruction, and other grand folk. To Mr. Leland it all seemed very simple, but I felt sure my mother would not see it that way. Also, I had never spoken in public and I felt certain that I should make a muddle of it all. But what finally decided my mother's consent was a letter from some exalted personage, assuring her that every care would be taken of me and a bathchair should meet me at the railway station. This was too much for her composure; she laughed helplessly at the picture, adding, "They shall see you are not quite decrepit yet!" My actual age, as it happens, was twenty-five.

And so I left for Rome with Mr. and Mrs. Leland. We stayed at the Hotel Pincio, which had made special terms in our honour, and to my intense amusement, I saw my arrival announced in the newspapers.

It is a proud moment for youth when for the first time one sees one's name printed, as an interesting public event, in a paragraph all to itself. But the inevitable reverse to the medal was to appear. We were met at the station by Professor de Gubernatis and other learned-looking people and told that, owing to a rumoured anarchist plot, the Royalties would not be present. We should have to be content with the Minister, the Syndic and other high-sounding names. It all went off well, though mine was not a paper of orthodox cut. I had ventured to put some fun in, besides a fair number of learned quotations, Latin and Gothic. At all events, I was applauded and the ordeal was less terrible than I had feared. The usual entertainments followed at the Ministry and other places.

But I had tasted celebrity, and I was now to experience one of its reactions upon the minds of a number of humble friends.

The day after our solemn festival, I got a letter from Madame Lippi, my former governess, asking me to come and take tea with her that same afternoon. I went, and to my amazement, found a number of rather odd-looking people waiting. Among them was the fat and very amiable owner of Nazzari's café. The original

Nazzari, as the survivors of mid-nineteenth century Rome might remember, was one of the two restaurants where everybody dined in those days, Nazzari and Spielmann's *ménus* being as distinct as they were unvaried. Alas, Nazzari's glory had departed: the first founder was dead, his widow found the new conditions too difficult; and so she and her manager had come, with the aid of Madame Lippi, to ask me to overset the bad luck or evil eye that certainly was responsible for the falling off of their business. It was borne in upon me that the entire ceremony at the Collegio Romano was believed to be only a colossal advertisement of my own powers as a witch. They would have taken no denial, and I would have been thought a churl to refuse my aid. So I accepted their invitation, and duly produced my "pocket godling." It is a curiously-shaped red stone, said to cure rheumatism. The sufferer kisses its surface and rubs it on the worst aching spot. So they all solemnly kissed the stone in turn—and I was rewarded afterwards by hearing that the winter's receipts had increased accordingly.

My pocked fetish had a strange story of its own. The stone was oval, about two-and-a-half-inches long; it had a very smooth surface and there were several smears of red paint on it. It lived in a red flannel bag, into which every week a small piece of bread soaked in wine had to be put. This was supposed to keep the "spirit" in the stone of good cheer, and to make him willing to exert his good offices. A mystic formula was to be repeated, and when I was given the fetish I was also told the name of the power that belonged to the stone. The whole thing was a strange combination of Voodoo and of Pagan practice. Before it came into my possession, the charm had belonged to an old man who lived in the woods near Bagni di Lucca. For many years it had given him a fair living. Peasants came long distances, even forty miles, to rub their aching joints on the talisman. The wealthier peasants used to bring a black cock, kill it and paint the stone with the blood. This was a certain cure, but if the client's purse was short, the wizard would, for a small extra payment, give the stone a fresh generous brushful of red paint and all would be well. The stone came to me by the kindness of Mr. Leland, who, I do believe, intended to set me up as a *bona-fide* witch.

My friends left Rome shortly afterwards, but I stayed on a while and looked about for a black poodle: there were none to be had in Florence. I secured my future pet from Prince Sciarra's coachman. She was a beauty. Frou-Frou was her name. As a puppy, six months old, I paid fifty lire for her. She had liquid brown eyes, a long pedigree and a bearing that in the days

of the French Terror would have led her to the guillotine. We met at the railway station, for I was on my way to Albano, where I was to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Hervey. Harry Hervey met me at the train and approved greatly of my new purchase. The dog looked at us stolidly ; she was making up her mind about us.

My friends had taken a quaint little flat at Castel Gandolfo, exactly opposite the great ugly Del Drago Palazzo. Mr. Hervey, a relative of the Marquess of Bristol, had suffered grievous disappointment : named Governor of one of our Eastern Dependencies, he had the ball at his feet. Then he fell ill ; his wife nursed him devotedly, but the doctors said that to remain out there meant death. She did not hesitate, but persuaded her husband to leave for Europe. Their marriage was a love-match, an imprudence that seemed likely to cost them dear. Mrs. Hervey had nothing but her Irish beauty and her clever wit ; her husband had but a younger son's portion, and the family interest, which eventually provided him with a Consular post in France. When I was with them they had two lovely children, a boy and a girl. Their spirits, however, never flagged, and I still remember this visit as one of the gayest I have ever enjoyed. The poodle began the fun the next morning by solemnly entering my bedroom with a leg of mutton, "our" luncheon, in her mouth. Interrupting our morning chat over coffee and toast, the dog laid the mutton down at my feet, with a look of fully conscious virtue. "See," her eyes seemed to say, "I found this treasure unguarded and I have brought it to you to show that I know you are my mistress." That leg had a stressful half-hour before we had washed and trimmed it ready for the pot !

Five mad days we spent, tearing round the chestnut woods upon frisky donkeys, and it was with sorrow that I went back to Florence and the fetters of civilised life. What is there in Irish friendship that is so enchanting, when the days slip by with never a cloud or even a faint breeze ? Afterwards, in life, the clouds come and close in upon you and the vitality slackens its hold upon things. What in other days would have made you laugh, brings tears. Certainly, it is best for the old to be content with their past, which alone is in our keeping.

That winter many friends and relations came to stay with us at Palazzo Fossombroni. Among these was my father's cousin, Lady Lister Kaye, widow of old Sir John, and called Aunt Margaret by most of the Yorkshire youth. She lived in Kent, at Boughton Place, a lovely little Tudor manor house, with tapestried rooms and haunted chambers ; the small deer park embraced a view over the whole countryside. Boughton Place had belonged to a Kentish family of Ryders, but it knew them no more—the heir had

gone to Australia to look for a fortune. Lady Lister Kaye—before her marriage Miss Power—was a representative type of the great ladies of her day. She was tall, and had been beautiful and always remained graceful. King Edward said of her that she was the soul of goodness and kindness but you were never oppressed by it. Her great joy was to make others happy, especially young people. Boughton Place, under her rule, was a paradise for the young. Aunt Margaret never asked a girl by herself; we all knew that. Every girl brought a brother, or at least a cousin, and laughter rang through the old rooms.

The neighbourhood was gay. Quite near lived Mr. and Mrs. Cornwallis, young and good-looking. He had come into the property, Linton Park, very young, and lived there with his mother (Mrs. Robinson, who had married again), and there was a family of half-brothers and half-sisters. The master of his fortune at twenty-one, at twenty-three he was married and they were a boy-and-girl couple keeping house. I remember a big fancy-dress ball at Linton one year. The great conservatory reminded one of Kew and the rooms were a peep into fairyland. Mr. Cornwallis wore a Greek dress, his wife was in clinging white draperies. Among our party was a Miss R., an Irish beauty; her brother, in the Guards, was also very handsome, and we danced together nearly all through the ball. Mr. Cornwallis represented Maidstone in Parliament for many years—1888-95, and 1898-1900.

Other neighbours were the Henry Brasseys. They also gave balls, and after the Italian simplicity, I found the English young men very fastidious. My partner at supper one evening, did nothing but complain that the oyster-opener at this ball was a tyro at his job! He told me that at his last dance, somewhere in the North, they had made a point of having the right man up from London!! I remarked that in Italy we never had oysters at balls. That silenced him and I heard afterwards how he had confided to his next partner that Miss Lister seemed to have lived in strange places.

The other side of young life was disclosed to me sorrowfully about this time. There was a charming girl, also Irish, whose name as an accepted beauty was seldom out of the society papers. She told me she had heard that day from her mother; in this letter she was told that she would be given another two months to settle herself. I could not understand what this meant, and she explained that she was to become engaged in this interval, or else she would have to come home for good. There were four sisters, each lovely, and there was but little money. She was the eldest, and so had first chance. An aunt had given

her a London season, and her father had paid for her frocks and other things, but now her time was nearly up and she must make up her mind to accept any good offer, or else return home and give the room in her aunt's house up to the next sister. . . . We went together to ask counsel from Aunt Margaret, whom we found sitting in her room. The advice was given; it was kind, but it pointed to the one necessity. The suitor was not objectionable; the other young man, for of course there was another, was out of the question; he was too poor to marry. As we left Aunt Margaret's room, the sad, pretty creature clung to me: her large violet eyes with the dark shadows under them were full of tears. This small tragedy spoiled the outlook of my visit and I decided in my own mind that the Italian way was much less cruel. The girls there knew that a *fiancé* would be found for them: it would not be the cold-blooded hunt for a husband, with the sword of Damocles for ever hanging over the girl's head, and the only alternative, existence on a hundred a year in a suburb of Dublin. Within the year I saw the account of my young friend's marriage in the papers.

Besides Lady Lister Kaye, there came several of my Stewart cousins, pleasant girls, full of life, and ready for any amusement, with whom I rode in the Cascine, and drove in my little pony-cart over the Florence hills. Two interesting acquaintances hailed from south America. They had been sent out by Oxford University to investigate the Maya ruins in Yucatan. They showed us their photographs and tracings and I was struck by the great likeness of certain figures to the Zodiac of Zembla. They were pleasant young men and enthusiastic about their discoveries, and for a week they spent the evenings with us, and we seldom got to bed before the mystic hour of one a.m. Then they, too, departed and other interests appeared.

I saw a good deal of Mr. Guy L'Estrange, whose Oriental studies greatly attracted me. He was very short-sighted and would look close at everyone in their face as if he were studying one of his cherished MSS. Some people were startled by this peculiarity, but, once you got used to it, there was no personality more sympathetic than his. His wife, Wanda, was one of the two daughters of Cartwright of Aynhoe Park. Mrs. L'Estrange was highly gifted, but somewhat eccentric, rumour putting it down to conjugal jealousy. I do not know if the latter was near the truth, but she was rarely seen without him. There was a mystery about her mother, Mrs. Cartwright, who was said to be the scion of some German royalty, and there were a number of conflicting versions in Rome. The lady was singularly handsome and very much admired, and also very popular in Roman Society,

her *salon* in Via Mercede being a greatly-sought-after centre in former days. Mrs. L'Estrange had a younger sister, Roma, whom I knew very well. Gifted, like all her family, her talent for painting had been well trained, and for several years in succession she exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery. Their brother, Sir Fairfax Cartwright, married some years later, the daughter of Marchesa Chigi Zondadari and retired from the Diplomatic Service, owing to ill-health, after some years in Vienna as British Ambassador.

Another Florence friend was Marchesa Ginevra Niccolini, Lord Colebrooke's sister. Besides the Niccolini Palazzo in Florence, the family own a perfect example of Florentine sixteenth century architecture in their Villa Camugliano, which was one of the stages in a driving tour I took about this time with Lady Paget. The villa has not been over-modernised and the essentials of the grounds, ilex and laurel-grown parkland, and bay-framed paths, have not changed since they were first laid out. Sense of time is lost and you unconsciously look for the whilom owners in silks and brocades dallying in the shaded glade.

We started from Bellosguardo and made our first stop at the Niccolinis. On our way, we climbed the Verruca, the rugged hill that commands the access to Pisa. It is the only climb I ever undertook. The path was indeed steep, but it was nothing until you got near the top, when the path terminates and you are confronted by a massive stone wall and boulders, the remains of the feudal barons' stronghold once threatening Pisa. Our guide managed to push and haul us past this last barrier, and upon the summit of the Verruca we enjoyed a glorious view of the Pisa plain, the city a white blur of indistinct outline, and in the distance the green-blue Mediterranean, the scent of the myrtle bushes, the acrid perfume of the sun-warmed thyme and rosemary, has stamped this, my first and only climb, with an enduring memory. Over our heads, the sun flared with strong lights and shadows upon the red-scarred limestone. At our feet stretched Lady Paget's dachshunds, inseparable companions. The buzzing of bees alone broke the stillness.

From Camugliano, we drove to Volterra. The country is indescribable in its desolation. It has been said that Dante has pictured this landscape in his framework of the "Inferno." The earth yawns in ghastly openings, all dead grey in hue. No vegetation softens the rugged contours; the desert is everywhere around; barren rock, distorted stone fragments, emerge from "Le Palze." Then comes a change and the road turns round the hill upon which towers the ancient Etruscan city. Up the horses crawled, for the road was steep. It was near dusk, and the

shadows deepened as we drove through narrow stone-paved alleys and drew up at the little inn.

Reports of the Volterra Inn had not been reassuring, but the people of the house had cleaned our bedroom floors with petroleum, and we had no visitors that night. The food was better than we had expected and above all the "padrone" and his wife belonged to the old school of innkeepers and proved most obliging. Next morning, we went to see the changeless Etruscan tombs with their bat-frequented halls, and we also paid a flying visit to the Cathedral. Volterra's principal industry is the working of alabaster and manufacture of those small objects, cups, boxes, etc., that form the trade of the minor art-shops. The natural alabaster is pale yellow, and after boiling it becomes white and only translucent or cloudy. The workers, of course, "improve upon nature," dyeing the stone pink, yellow, blue, etc. We did our duty by the works we visited and filled a basket with samples.

We then started on our drive to San Gignano. The road thither carries one through country not unlike the moors of Northumberland. We reached the city of towers. Our luncheon was taken under the ruins of a tower built in the Middle Ages by ancestors of mine; they were a disgraceful set of highway robbers, those volunteers in the Free Companies, and as such, had been wisely warned off Florentine borders. But the past lends those vestiges a definite charm, and no doubt those folk had chosen a picturesque spot for their castle-building. It is through them that we trace a kinship, albeit remote indeed, with the Corsini family. At least, so the Prince told my uncle who, like himself, was a born genealogist.

So, under the broken walls, we ate our boiled eggs and sandwiches and rejoiced in the hour's sunshine. It was late when we entered the wonderful little Tuscan town. The horses' feet clattered on the cobbles and the street lights showed our way to the little inn. It was as primitive as Volterra, but our bill was quite modern. We were by this time tired of roughing it and, after a long day spent in seeing the town, we took the evening train at Colle, and left the coachman to drive the horses back to Florence without us.

CHAPTER VII

SCIENCE, WITCHCRAFT AND SOCIETY, 1900-1903.

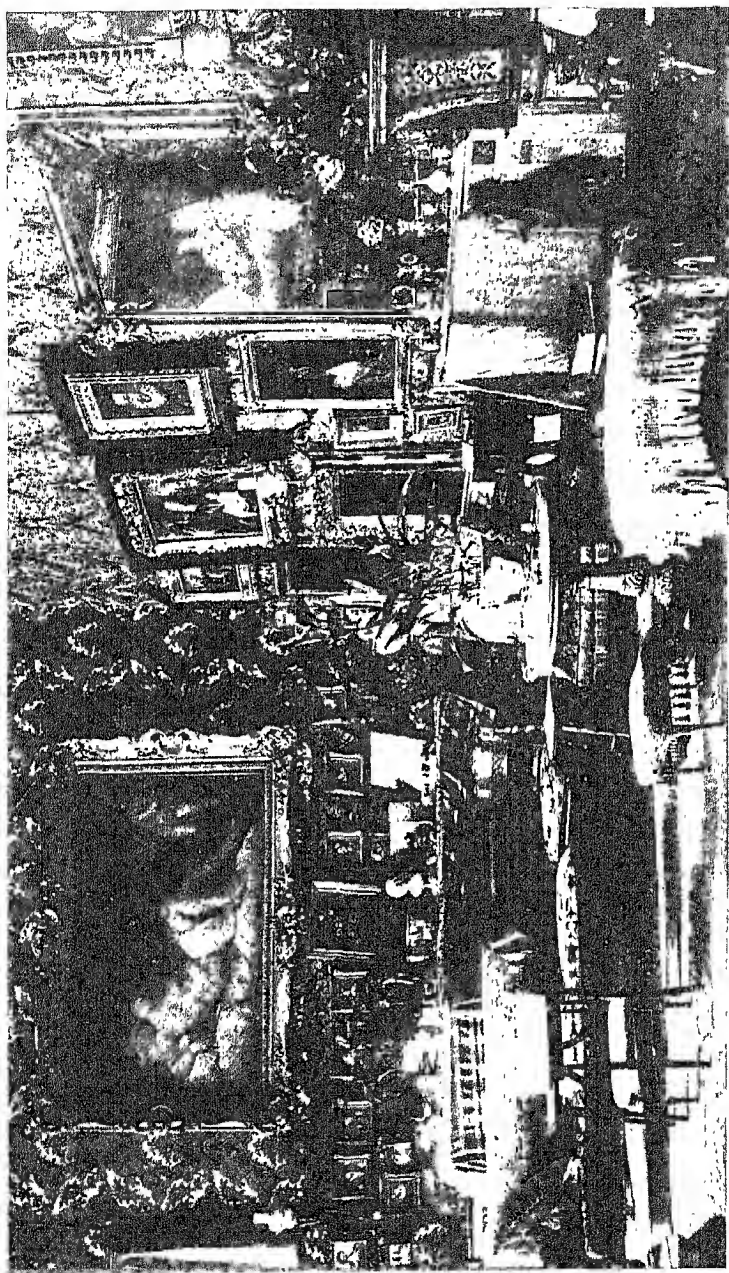
The Oriental Congress at Rome—The Gubernatis jubilee—Roman chit-chat—Baron von Schöen : Crystallographer—A visit to Weimar and the Hereditary Grand-Duchess—Prelates, British and Irish—The coronation of Edward VII—A queer adventure—A ghostly housemaid.

IN 1899 my mother settled down in the Palazzo Senni. This house stood in the Via Banco Santo Spirito, very near the banks of the Tiber. It was originally called Palazzo Porcacaccia and is a perfect specimen of domestic architecture of 1400. During the winter months many tourists can be seen studying it with the help of their "Baedeker."

The Senni family, who had bought the palazzo, were nicknamed the *Counts of the Statue*, for Pius IX gave them the high title of Counts Palatine after the princely gift of the newly-excavated statue of Augustus. This unique portrait-statue was found at Prima Porta, on the Flammian Way, where are the ruins of Livia's Villa. On its discovery this historic statue was instantly presented to the Pope. In ancient days we read that it belonged to the Empress Livia, who placed it in her villa, where it remained all her life. It is supposed that, when the Imperial Villa became ruined, the statue disappeared under the wrecked building. This is the cause of its extraordinary state of preservation. In return the Pope had a copy made and placed it in the Senni Palace, where it still remains. Since then the palace has been sold and has come into the hands of the Vatican.

In the year of which I speak the house still belonged to the Counts Senni. The apartment on the first floor was well fitted for receiving. It consisted of the whole first floor and of an entresol, and held our cumbersome London furniture. The five reception rooms held six hundred guests; one room was well suited for dancing. Later a new house was built, which took away much air and sunshine.

The first year we had taken this apartment was the year of the



RECEPTION ROOM AT PALAZZO SENNI

Oriental Congress held at Rome. I was elected English secretary for the Far East, and found my work heavy. We were concerned with the regulation of Japanese, Chinese and Tartar names. My work also included notes of lectures and papers read by members of this section, settling disputes over tribal customs, legal queries, and many points of history and literature. I was also responsible for reading several important articles written by members who were prevented from appearing in person. I had, besides, my own little business to attend to. An article I read in the folklore section brought me twenty or thirty letters with all kinds of questions to answer. An official in these circumstances is used as a translator by the big ones of your section and of the Congress. The only things I remember of importance were two interesting monographs. One was a paper on Chinese "Magic Mirrors," compared with the Etruscan "Magic Mirrors" found in tombs. Another monograph was written on Greek art influence in Chinese designs, first found in or about the time of Alexander the Great. These I translated into French and Italian, no easy job, for they were highly technical.

I was, and still am, sorry for those unhappy ones having to commit to memory the head-splitting names we chose.

It was interesting to mark the barrier between Japanese and Chinese mentality. Both great countries had sent of their best. The Japanese envoys were equal, if not superior, to the best class of learned Europeans. One of the envoys had, with two other professors, compiled the civil and penal codes which are the foundation of the Japanese Constitution. His mentality ran on European and civilised lines. At the dinner my mother gave to the heads of the Far East sections, he read us three letters from his children. They wrote, in English, a description of their fortnight's work at college.

Mr. Diosy said something in Japanese.

"Most certainly," answered the Professor in English. "These three sons of mine are consecrated to the Emperor from their birth. I trust that all three will have the honour of dying for their country. Banzi Nippon! If all three die fighting against the enemy, their mother and I will rejoice."

"To the defeat of the enemy!" answered Mr. Diosy, and the faces of all the Japanese shone with an inner light.

Years after I thought of the moment when the enemy, Russia, lay prostrate under the forces of Japan.

It was very different with our Chinese member. This young man had passed English examinations and had been called to the Bar. He had apparently assimilated English civilisation. His speech was against an attempt to alter clan and tribal regula-

tions. He said: "The law is right. All Mings or Fungs are of the same tribe and family. Therefore the law is just which forbids inter-marriage between man and woman of the same surname. They are brother and sister and cannot marry."

"Surely this is limited by the fact that many children have been adopted into the clan. Many centuries have passed since the clan was founded. So why should these people not marry?" asked the Japanese. "The relationship is fictitious, there is no blood relationship between them." But the Chinese stood upon his ground. "They are brother and sister, Mr. and Miss Ming. It would be incest to marry."—"But there is no relationship; both have been adopted into the clan."—"Mr. and Miss Ming," repeated the Chinese. Nothing the Japanese said could make the Chinese understand: if in the early ages the Ming family were brothers and sisters, so, five thousand years later, no Ming could marry anyone named Ming.

We did our best, but gave it up in the end. The law remained unchanged. We were more fortunate in other matters, and I trust the Celestial Empire has benefited by our efforts.

Among the principal people I met was Professor Hirsch, of Munich and Berlin. He was pressed to accept a chair at the University of Moscow. At the same time one of the seats of American learning offered him the highest gift in its power to bestow. Fortunately for the Professor he chose the United States. Monsieur Guimet, the celebrated explorer and donor of the Musée Guimet to France, was sympathetic and simple to talk to in spite of his vast erudition. A German of the highest learning, a Jew from Frankfurt, not approachable, but unique in his marvellous learning of the Far East section. His manner and his voice resembled those of an ogre, yet Chaldaic, Assyrian and the civilisations akin, owned no greater genius. Before he appeared the rest of the learned trotted about their sinecures, but when this man arrived silence reigned. Mr. Diosy held England high in this hive of learning—not a dialect he ignored. In Hungary alone he spoke many dialects fluently; Roumanian, Chinese, nothing came amiss.

A peasant came from his mountains to do homage to the Emperor Trajan, founder of his country. It took the peasant six months of walking before he reached Rome and bowed before the Column of Trajan. There the man prostrated himself and prayed to the great Cæsar. Two nights the peasant stayed in Rome and then returned to Roumania, leaving behind him a crown of myrtle and laurel leaves. We made a small collection among us and sent the man off with some money to face his return journey. It used to be the duty of all Roumanians who held

dear their Roman lineage to pay homage, once in their life, to Trajan's city and tomb.

My day began at 9 a.m. and lasted till 10 p.m., with an hour for lunch. From the moment the session opened I was on duty until I took my notes to the long table covered with green baize. It would be heavy work even for a man. In the end I was too ill to enjoy the pleasures arranged for us by the Government, the University and the Syndicate. Thus I have no memory of the State banquet, the evening at the Costanzi Theatre or the royal reception. I thought myself fortunate to be able to go to the reception and luncheon at Tivoli, when I was mainly with Professor Hirsch and Mr. Diosy. My mother and aunt acted the "ladies' part" and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. I received a number of unsolicited documents giving me the right of signing letters after my name (not of English societies), and a number of German formal epistles, inviting me to learned congresses, etc. The writers of these letters carefully called me, "The learned and honoured Herr Professor," and told me "how glad they would be if I chose to bring my gracious womenkind, who would be welcome for the sake of my learning, and we should have the benefit of low prices." These authoritative documents from university authorities were addressed: "To the learned Professor, etc., R. Lister," and honorary letters tacked on. Little mistakes may come to the wisest of us! After the congress three names were sent up to two great Oriental societies, two names were accepted, and the usual complimentary letters sent. The third name—of one who was the greatest of the three—was not noticed.

I was so tired when the congress ended that I retired to Terracina, a little seaport town, and spent a fortnight with my aunt. I read nothing, not even the newspapers. Many misguided people wrote, asking advice, information and coaching. Sad to say, "R. Lister" had disappeared. The next year I acted as secretary to the celebration of the jubilee of Count Gubernatis, the Orientalist. Baroness Rosenkrantz was chosen treasurer. There was a great deal of writing to do. The world responded generously to our appeal—from India, Australia, the Moslem learned world: both the United States and Latin America gave a warm response, and a very large sum was collected. It was an unprecedented testimonial to the work of this most learned man. The correspondence was of much interest. There were autograph letters of leaders of thought from most of the civilised world. Oriental letters were beyond me. They were not for an amateur like myself to deal with, so I gave them at once to Count Gubernatis. But the letters of great men were another

matter. I felt sad when I had to hand them over in some cases, having initiated a pleasant and long correspondence.

Entirely apart from folklore and the Far East, many interesting people passed through Rome. The Whitridges, Nelly Wodehouse, Matthew Arnold's youngest daughter (she was then the widow of the Honourable Armine Wodehouse, and later married Lord Sandhurst, afterwards Lord Chamberlain.)

Mr. Whitridge later represented the United States as special envoy on the occasion of King Alfonso of Spain's marriage to Victoria, Princess Beatrice's beautiful daughter. It was a dangerous honour, though the war had been ended between Spain and the United States. It is not the custom generally to prepare rooms for the wives of the different envoys. It is the man who represents the nation. But to Mrs. Whitridge's surprise a most splendid Spanish palace had been prepared for them. The rooms were filled with flowers and seemed ready for a great reception—one of the many signs of Spanish chivalry. It was at his first audience that Mr. Whitridge spoke the beautiful phrase which caught on so happily and attracted public notice. The words in his speech that "All the world loves a lover" went far to soften the bitterness remaining between Spain and the United States of America.

Mrs. Whitridge was with other ladies, wives of the envoys, when the news came that something dreadful had happened. All the ladies were in despair lest their husbands had been injured. One kindly diplomat got away as soon as he could from the royal palace and tranquillised them, but the news was in itself sufficiently alarming.

Mr. Whitridge was standing on the great staircase of the palace, waiting with other envoys and the Cameraya Mayor, to greet the newly-wedded king and his bride. The great lady of the Court was getting anxious, when at last the carriage drew up. It was not the usual State coach, but the coach which from old etiquette always follows the first in royal processions. A moment's pause, and the young king and his bride came hastily up the staircase. Queen Christina rushed forward, but, before she could interrogate her son, the young king threw himself on his knees before his bride.

"My beloved," he said with great emotion, "can you ever forgive me for having brought you to this terrible country?"

I do not know what the young bride answered, for the queen-mother came down and the young queen was taken away to change her dress. The whole of her marriage dress was spattered with blood.

This wonderful deference given by Spain to the wives of

envoys, who really have no official position, will be long remembered. One of my Danish connections was sent to Rome to announce the accession of King Frederick. His wife thought she would go to Rome with him, and enjoy his honours as envoy. She became quite incensed at being ignored. The royal motor came for him with a chamberlain and an escort, but for her remained the common cabs and, if she was economically-minded, the public tram. On the way to England from Spain Mr. Whitridge passed by Kiel. The Emperor William received him at once, but his answer to President Roosevelt's message was not enthusiastic.

"You knew where to find me, Mr. Whitridge. You find me in the midst of my 'ten minutes' Fleet."

Mr. Whitridge bowed. The Kaiser went on. "You don't know the name the English officers give my Fleet? They call it 'Ten Minutes,' because they say that in ten minutes they can send it all to the bottom; and now they can do it, but later it will be a different matter."

Mrs. Whitridge found his Majesty was difficult to deal with, especially in this temper. He stayed the day with his Imperial Majesty and dined with him, but he told me that he was glad enough to get away from the imperial yacht without having something unpleasant to convey in answer to the President.

My mother's great friend was Cardinal Macchi. His silvery tones told the world we had a saint for our Pontiff, Pius X.

Cardinal Macchi would sometimes honour us by dining with us and came to join our party when his friend, the Hereditary Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar was present.

Thanks to our amiable "curate" we met cardinals and Royalties with great ease of mind, for he lent us four wax candles, which had a very good effect. When I went down to the head of the staircase, to receive our guests with due etiquette, I noticed a group of heads at a window which looked out on the palace entrance.

The window belonged to a greengrocer. I heard the next day that this enterprising person regularly let his windows each time there was a dinner; such is the insatiable delight of Italians in sight-seeing. There were a number of policemen to safeguard the guests. They lounged about and emptied a barrel of wine we had sent them. They were nice young men. Sometimes I heard of marriages following and wondered if there was any connection between this and the faces at the window.

Among the guests, were Prince Antici Mattei and his charming wife, both types of old-world tradition. His tall, well-made figure displayed his orders, and Duchess Caffarelli looked well

with her rare order of the "Dames de l'Ordre de Malte." Many other interesting women came, and men with their orders and ribbons. That winter we had two more formal entertainments. The most amusing had Mr. Bagot as hero, for he brought with him his piece of radium which he had shown previously to the king and the queen-mother.

One of the most interesting acquaintances I made this year was Professor Baron von Schöen. His was a strange character ; of high birth and by no means of a peaceful nature he had fought in thirty duels with the sabre. First and foremost came his devotion to crystallogeny, and his studies at Palermo during the cholera year had brought marvellous results. After eight years of continuous investigations he began to put forward his theory. The queen-mother called him to Rome to give lectures at the ladies' union. In his first conference he told the life-story of crystals. It may be said that, in a way, they are born. The mother-crystal evolves from itself minute excrescences, each to become a perfect crystal in its turn. When the time has come they begin chaotic with no crystalline form. Then, from a movement of irregular disorder, the lines take their places and the crystal appears. The Professor had two photographs of which he spoke with high reverence. He called this development "Fiat Lux."

Part of the lecture concerned the life-story of crystals. Being of one mother-crystal's production, they increased by devouring those weaker than themselves, but they always obeyed the law of kindred and never interfered or devoured such crystals that belonged to the same mother-crystals production. When those crystals approached each other in the search for food they moved away at once. His photographs covered the whole life of those links between organic life and what we are pleased to call dead matter. The end of the crystals came when they disintegrated after some fatal ailment. One of the wonders of his studies had led him to understand precious stones, and, like the far-off story of Count St. Germain, the Professor was able to cure diamonds and other valuable stones that had lost their lustre.

He was a wonderful soul, and to speak with him brought enlightenment. I had made curious investigations which I confided to him ; he was kind enough to say they were of use to his theories.

Twice a year Baron von Schöen came to Rome. The day he arrived he came to our house. One day he kept for the queen-mother, but of the other days he spent a good part with us, and I consider one of the greatest privileges God has granted me was the time I was permitted to pass in the company of this great

man. He told me King Humbert had offered him the rank of Senator. The condition was that he should adopt Italian nationality.

"Majesty," said the Baron, "there are two things no gentleman can do. One is to change his religion and the other is to change his nationality."

"You are quite right," said the king. "But I am sorry I may not do you the honour I wish."

"Majesty," answered the Professor, "Nothing is wanting among the great things your majesty has already done for me. From Austria, from Berlin, from France, great offers have been made me, but nothing compared to what Italy has given me. When I required help, I was given more than ninety assistants, and at the present moment I have fifteen. How could I be treated more royally?"

Among our guests this year came Walburga, Lady Paget. She was anxious to obtain papal recognition for the Roman Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She wished a sermon to be preached three times a year in each parish against the ill-treatment of animals. Cardinal Rampolla received Lady Paget in his magnificent *salon* hung with red damask. His eminence explained that all archbishops were supreme in their diocese, and she would, as a diplomat, understand the impossibility of any interference. Cardinal Rampolla talked interestingly and well, but the only result was a very non-committal letter to the Archbishop of Florence.

Cardinal Merry Del Val succeeded Cardinal Rampolla as Secretary of State, but was overruled by his sincerity. The French Government decided to break off diplomatic relations with the Holy See. I heard from the cute French Ambassador what had happened. He told me that for three days they were seeking to engineer the breach they required, but only at the very last moment the French diplomatist was able to gain his point. With a pathetic intonation, he murmured: "As your eminence can give me no definite assurance I must communicate with my Government."

Cardinal Merry Del Val, in all sincerity, worked his best to put things in order, and telephoned at once his answer in the affirmative. Said his excellency: "I saw no way out of the *impassé*. The Vatican was too clever. I could not fulfil my orders to break off diplomatic relations. Then came, to my surprise, help from the cardinal's honesty and sincerity: 'If your Excellency will speak with me personally, I know I can arrange everything.'"

"It was the only chance, and I took it," said the diplomat:

"I regret greatly, your Eminence, but it is not the habit of our diplomatists to use the telephone." With this I ended.

"I ordered my carriage at once and left for Paris. Only this saved me. Otherwise my orders could never have been fulfilled."

I had a very pleasant dinner in Florence with the ex-Ambassador and his wife. I regret that my notes got no further. There has never been another embassy to the Holy See, until the quasi-reconciliation of the War. Now, after M. Herriot's declaration, the old diplomatic representation seems near being abolished.

It was late in spring in the year of King Edward's Coronation. We had planned a quiet Italian summer, when a letter came from my cousin, Sir Mark Mactaggart Stewart. He wrote that it was a pity I should not come over for the festivities, and also that he had kept a ticket for me.

It was too tempting to be refused, and I left at once for England. My mother went with me as far as Lucerne, where I left her and her maid. She settled to spend the rest of the summer in Switzerland and meet me at Como on my return.

I have never seen London look so beautiful as in that memorable year. The streets gay with flags, filled with the best-dressed women in Europe. The parks all flowers and happy-looking crowds. Each day was full of pleasant appointments, until the news came of the king's illness. Then all stopped. Social life was checked at the fullest. It was not till the good news came that the operation had been successful that men breathed again.

I was lunching one day at Lord Plymouth's, in Mount Street and found it difficult to get through the Park. It was the day of Lord Kitchener's arrival and the Duke of Connaught had gone to receive him. As my host was at that time at the Ministry I used his name to try and pass the cordons. An obliging policeman did his best and piloted my carriage to Hyde Park Corner. There a solid mass of soldiers stopped me. The friendly "bobby" turned and said: "Lady, I have got you so far because you told me you were lunching with Lord Plymouth. But if you were lunching with the Lord in Heaven I could get you no further."

We compromised by the policeman getting me past the soldiers on foot, and so at last I got to my destination.

One of the other guests was a connection of mine, Sir Frank Lascelles, H.M. Ambassador to Germany. He was in high spirits and had just come from Buckingham Palace, where he had found the king quite himself and in amusing company. King Edward spoke of the curious prediction which a palmist had made to him that he would never be crowned.

I believe the king afterwards said this came true, because the archbishop stumbled at the exact moment when he was placing

the crown on the king's head. So, as his majesty used to say, "I caught the crown and put it on by myself."

Sir Frank was full of anecdotes of the Kaiser, with whom he was then a favourite. It was a rather strenuous matter, for the emperor would appear at the embassy at six o'clock in the morning, and the ambassador would awake to find him sitting on the bed, and he would thus discuss diplomatic questions. Sir Frank seemed to think that the Kaiser was really inclined to be friendly with England. But he fully appreciated the volatile character of this sovereign and the small reliance to be placed on his word.

I had then just received a telegram from the Hereditary Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar. Hearing that the Coronation had been postponed, she wished me to pay her a visit. So the day after I left by the evening train for Germany. My maid, who was to meet me in London, fell ill, so I borrowed my cousin's maid for the time. Fortunately for me, my cousin was going back to Southwick, her father's place, after a visit to Blenheim. Traveling *via* Belgium, I passed through the country that in a few years was to be devastated by the soldiers of Germany.

Little did we think of war in those days, when all looked bright, the country teemed with factories and the land was everywhere covered with rich crops.

I passed by Erfurt and Essen and other manufacturing towns. The weather was exceedingly hot; never, even in south Italy, have I suffered so much from heat. It was with real joy that I found myself at Weimar. At the station, to my amusement, the red cloth was down, and I wished that the sea journey and the heat had not reduced me to a state of pulp. In her kindness the grand-duchess had sent me her own carriage with gorgeous silver crowns on the lamps. My maid had a less magnificent equipage and our two trunks filled another carriage. I was told that the two extra ones were for my suite and felt sorry I could not produce something more imposing to occupy them than a very pretty little Scotch maid and two boxes. In this royal fashion I entered Goëthe's city.

The Court was at Belvedere, the summer palace; it was built by an Italian architect in the sixteenth century and at each end of the façade rose two majestic domes. On the steps of the façade I met my dear friend waiting to greet me. H.R.H. the Hereditary Grand-Duchess Paulina was indeed one of those rare souls that illuminate a friendship. She suffered from continual bad health, or else her intellect and talents would have been more generally known. We had many tastes in common: love of Nature, interest in historical places and, above all, books. The bedroom of the grand-duchess and her boudoir were full of books.

To sit down one had to sweep away an arm-full of volumes, and ultimately make room for oneself by piling them on the floor.

Dinner was at eight o'clock, but it was called supper, and the gentlemen and ladies-in-waiting distributed delicious mai-trank with wild strawberries, floating red drops of honeyed sweetness in amber-coloured wine. My apartment was on the ground-floor under the grand-duchess's, whose bedroom was under one of the cupolas and her boudoir possessed the other dome. My rooms looked out on the park and were filled with pictures and had a bedroom service of the rare Imperial china of Russia, that had been brought to Weimar by the marriage of one of the grand-dukes with an imperial Russian princess. I had a great pier-glass framed in this lovely porcelain which is an antique replica of Sèvres and is now extinct.

In the morning at eight o'clock my hostess came in with her projects for the day. I was to be shown the great Weimar forests after luncheon, but must first admire the palace park, which in great part is the work of my friend. To my delight I was allowed to choose trees for the planting of an open space and I introduced into the masses of green those lovely trees so little used, the silver and copper birches.

There is a joy in planting effectively the trees of a park. That is connecting yourself with future generations in a practical manner. Long after dust has claimed our bodies the trees will stand, living memorials of the love of Nature that left these living thoughts.

In the afternoon we drove among the forests that surround Weimar. There is nothing so beautiful as an ordered growth, and German forestry is scientifically planned for beauty as well as for utility. The long aisles of tall straight trunks, the dark green arcades overhead, the atmosphere of mystic poetry, with the long white roads winding amid the forests as in a land of fairies ! Indeed I desired that the drive would never end. When at last we did turn, it became time to comfort our souls with a cigarette. Once lighted, a sharp watch had to be kept so that no one might be scandalised by the sight of the sovereign with a lighted cigarette, smoking. At the approach of a wayfarer our cigarettes would disappear.

All is so far away now. Who lives at Belvedere ? What has become of the fine horses the grand-duchess loved so well ? —the coachman, the Hussars who carried up the palace post as they had done for so many centuries ? Then we came to tea with pleasant chatter and so to rest till supper-time. Another day we drove to the Pleasure Castle in the woods—Tiefurt, full of the memories of the grand-duchess who was Goëthe's friend.

Tiefurt was a step back into the days of the eighteenth century. Small rooms, the walls covered with dark pictures. Here was the tiny room in which the great lady and her still greater court counsellor sat and talked philosophy. . . . If it is true that the walls of a house are like sensitive plates and record all that is seen and said in the rooms, how one wishes that some scientific invention would make us free of such memories. I have often longed for such a machine but never more than on this visit.

One morning I went to see the royal palace in Weimar with the fine State staircase of marble and the great reception halls. Here were kept the Leonardo da Vinci heads of the twelve Apostles, brought from Holland as part of the dowry of a princess of Holland who became the Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, Sophie.

Another morning I drove with Countess von Bothmer, the *grande maitresse*, to see the Goëthe house. Herr Roland, who was the curator, showed us over this sacred spot, so full of memories. Goëthe, the inspired thinker, the poet, is for our time the representative of our culture, even as Dante has left us the note of mediæval thought, and our own Shakespeare the Elizabethan grandeur. In Goëthe we see our pre-war world, where Mephistopheles persuades the modern Faust to sell his freedom, not for Margaret, but for the gold her golden tresses represent. I say the pre-war world, but I am not sure if Goëthe's song of the golden calf is not up to date still.

I have wandered far from that quiet room where the poet studied and wrote his masterpieces. The storm-clouds of revolution have passed over the quiet city, and the old princes have fled. Indeed I rejoice that my friend passed away before the crazy ambition of the man, who was her cousin, had dragged his country to ruin.

While I was at Belvedere there were several dinners, receptions and other functions at the little court. The weather, alas ! spoilt several plans that had been proposed for my benefit. One I greatly regretted—an excursion to the Wartburg, the home of St. Elizabeth, an ancestress of the reigning family. The Castle is also famous for Luther's stay and his encounter with the devil. The historic inkspot is still visible on the wall of what was then Luther's study. I was also promised dinner in the famous dining-room where the meal is served without servants ; the table disappearing into lower regions and returning laden with food. The weather turned cold and all the plans vanished, even this dinner, for there was no way of warming this freak dining-room.

I left beautiful Weimar and my friend with much regret, and

rushed back to England so as to be in time for King Edward's Coronation. This time all went well. I left quite early in the morning to take my place and had a good view of the decorations. Not knowing that special cards were needed to pass down the road of the procession, my coachman, with admirable self-possession called out "House of Commons" to each guardian of the road. Under such protection who dared stop me? It was only at the gate of the Abbey that a constable asked for the permit. "I cannot let you go any further, lady," he said faintly. But as we were at the Abbey it did not matter.

The superiority of the Commons was shown in the food supplies. The guests of the Commons had an excellent hot repast, while the peers had nothing but cold refreshments, and no luxury. Only a duchess could hope for a wing of a fowl. It was amusing to watch friends in their finery covered in the heavy formal mantles with rows of ermine. What was really impressive were the heralds, like human orchids, and much did I enjoy the glories of a good friend, Mr. Everett Green, in his fairy-prince costume. The great day ended for me at a relation's house, where we ate hard-boiled eggs and bread and butter, amongst robes and coronets.

During the few days I spent in London I had a curious adventure. Calling at the house of an old friend who lived in Hyde Park Square, I found her in great anxiety about her husband, who had gone out in the morning and had never returned. All the servants were out seeing the decorations and she had not heard from Sir John L. or obtained any news by telephone. I found Lady L. thoroughly frightened. Naturally I asked if I could be of any use. She looked embarrassed. I could help her if I was willing to go to a rather extraordinary person who lived on the other side of the Park. Lady L. was sure she could say what had happened to Sir John. My poor friend was evidently much strained, and I would have done anything to relieve her anxiety. I took a taxi and went off, late as it was, to visit this strange personage. I do not remember the address, but the cab drew up at the door of one of those great mansions which being far too large for the present requirements, are now converted into boarding houses and flats. I was shown into a ground-floor sitting-room. I gave Lady L.'s name and requested to see this person. Madame Z., I was told, would see me directly. I waited till the door opened and a tall stout figure came in dressed in white with a white veil reaching below her waist and covering her face. Only a pair of sharp bright eyes could I see. This personage asked me to sit down, and took a chair behind a writing-table. I told her in a few words what I came for and was relieved to see

the sharp eyes soften. The lady, or whoever it was, seemed much concerned. "Please wait for me," she said, and again disappeared behind the same door from which she had entered the room. Again a period of solitude. Then the figure reappeared. She seemed brisker and her voice clearer. "Please say to Lady L. the exact words of my message. Tell her from me that Sir John has had a slight accident, nothing serious. To-morrow, or at the latest the day after, he will be back with her. Tell Lady L. from me, not to worry, and that I will look after her husband." The mysterious individual thanked me for having brought her Lady L.'s message, asked me if I wanted a taxi and very amiably gave me her hand. And then I did a thing which still surprises me. I kissed it. There came a force from the hand that I have never felt again. It was like an electric shock, only something more.

I said good-bye and fled.

Lady L. was sitting hopelessly in her drawing-room when I returned with the message. It gave her untold pleasure and she believed it implicitly. She asked me what I thought of the veiled lady. I answered that she was out of the ordinary.

"I have all faith in her," said Lady L., "and I am indeed grateful for your kindness, Roma. How I wish you did not leave so soon and could see her again. Some day, perhaps." There was no more need for me, so I left, but I never again met the wonderful lady with the veil.

I must say the sequel was equally mysterious. The message she gave me was correct. Sir John, exhausted by standing in the crowds, had fainted and had been taken to a hospital. He came home at the time the strange personage had foretold. One thing I must mention. When I said good-bye the veil got displaced and under it I saw a few grey hairs. The veil concealed a growth of hair such as often detracts from an old lady's good looks.

The next evening I started for my cousin's house at Ardell. I enjoyed the rest after London. Among other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Seton Kerr. The Seton Kerrs were connections of ours, for their son Robert had married Janet Stewart, eldest daughter of Sir Mark Stewart. Her mother-in-law, Mrs. Seton Kerr, told me one of the best Irish ghost stories I have ever heard.

To begin with, it came to me first-hand which, as all collectors know, is rare. Nelly C., as she was then, had been unwell, and her people decided that a change would be beneficial. So the young girl was sent off to her brother, who was quartered in Ireland. Her brother was married, and when the sister arrived she found them packing to visit a distant relative, where they had

arranged to spend the night. In spite of her protests, Nelly was told she must come with them. She was too young to be left alone in the house. Captain C. told his sister that there was no need to warn their hosts, for a family tradition provided a bed and a place at table for any unexpected guest. Many years ago the child-heir had been lost, and was brought back by a gypsy who claimed, as a reward, that a bed should always be prepared and an extra place at table laid for a wanderer.

In good time they arrived at their destination. It was a fine castle and the old custom was religiously kept. So the place at table was occupied by the young girl, and when bedtime came she was shown into a large and pleasant room. To Miss C.'s surprise, her sister-in-law did not approve of her sleeping so far from them, and suggested that the Captain should take this room and that the two ladies should sleep together. But this did not suit Miss C.

Why should she give up the fine large bedroom and share a room with her sister-in-law? So, in spite of all advice, Miss C. stuck to her room and went to bed in the large, inviting four-poster.

The window curtains were left undrawn, but Miss C. slept well, and it was not till morning that she awoke. Instinctively she felt that someone was in the room. Lazily looking round, she saw the housemaid kneeling by the fireplace. She was endeavouring to light the fire. It took some time until the flames blazed up, and while this was going on, Miss C. remarked that the moon was still shining through the curtainless windows.

How early Irish housemaids begin their work, was her first and only thought, and then she fell asleep again. Her sister-in-law's knocking at the door awoke her. Mrs. C. seemed relieved to find all had gone well. Nelly dressed quickly and was punctually down for breakfast. Before leaving her room Miss C. looked at her fireplace. The fire had so completely burnt itself out that there was no sign that there had ever been a fire.

During the usual desultory conversation at breakfast, Miss C. very timidly ventured to make a remark as to her surprise at the early habits of Irish housemaids. At her remark she felt an angry push from her brother. Ready to protest, she saw to her astonishment that both the host and his wife looked embarrassed. No answer was made and the matter ended. In the carriage, while they drove to the station, Captain C., who had been very silent and sulky, burst out in reproaches. "I cannot make out what made you so tactless, Nelly. Surely they were kind enough in letting us bring you here. I suppose it is your fault," he remarked to his wife. But that lady was no meek sister. "You

do not know what you are saying ; Nelly knows nothing, and I did not tell her."

"Did you not know about the family ghost ? "

Then the story cleared itself. It seems that there is a ghost in the Castle and that Nelly's room was the haunted chamber. The ghost was that of a wicked mother-in-law, who burnt her husband's will and generally made things go wrong. Her spirit is supposed to visit the scene of her misdeeds and the housemaid that Miss C. saw was the spectre of the wicked Lady Z. . . .

CHAPTER VIII

ITALIAN COUNTRY LIFE, 1900-1916

The Casentino—La Verna of St. Francis—Foligno and an old story—A papal country seat—A motor tour in Umbria with Mr. and Mrs. Carleon Severance—Arrone and the counts of Campello—From Siena to Rome—The Bologna road by the Mugello—A haunted villa.

THERE are a few foreigners who have explored the exquisite mountain scenery of Umbria and Southern Tuscany and have lived there.

From the Falterone rise two great rivers ; one, flowing north, becomes the Arno ; the other, running south, is Father Tiber. The fertile plain at its feet is peculiarly Dantesque country. The " Divine Comedy " teems with references to the Casentino. On the left, at the descent of the Consuma, stands a castle of the ancient Counts Guidi, where Dante stayed as their guest. One broken tower alone stands erect ; lately a piece of the wall fell down, and gave access to a closed room, in which for centuries had survived antique furniture of the fourteenth century—great carved chairs and tables of massive walnut, black with age ; remains of leather hangings torn and tattered. Beneath the castle cliff are the two villages of Pratovecchio and Stia. They are the terminus of a little mountain railway which runs through the fertile valley.

The Casentino is a paradise for its inhabitants. Even in these post-war days there is no undue stress of life. Prices are higher, but so are wages, and there is a local well-to-do-ness and comfort rarely seen now. In the old times, life was ridiculously cheap. A hen cost from fourteen to fifteen sous. Fifty litres of country wine cost fifteen lire ; eggs were two for a sou ; fowls, a pair, cost one lire and a half ; geese and turkeys, were 25 centesimi a pound ; pigeons, if very fat, cost 50 centesimi, what you now pay for a tram-fare. Yearly, I rented a fourteenth-century villa, in a grove of cypresses almost as old as the building—there was a quaint box-hedged garden, with a few flowers that could stand the

winter cold—a large stable and coach-house—all this was mine for 800 francs a year. From the windows spread a view over three great valleys. The Valley of Strada had yet another Guidi castle and a church of early date, with alabaster windows instead of glass. Here remained some vestiges of the Countess Matilda herself, the stalwart champion of the papacy. Matilda of Tuscany has left some traces of her greatness in the Casentino.

The celebrated struggle between the Guelpe and the Ghibelines came to a climax under the Hill of Poppi. This place was the capital of the Casentino. A tower which still stands is called the "Tower of the Contessa" and is dedicated to the memory of a daughter of the Count Guidi, a lady who takes the place of the Reine Isabeau in legend and love-story. It was not of the "gentil clerc" of the ballad, but of many lovers that the Legend of Poppi tells, and, according to all accounts, the popular vengeance was indeed terrible. The Castle is a small copy of the Bargello of Florence and now bears the triple rôle of museum, of prison and of a place of entertainment. Small vestiges are left of the Counts of Guidi, its founders, beyond some frescoes. The finest of these are in the chapel, decorated by an early Tuscan artist. The best view is obtained from the Council Chamber. The wall of the courtyard and grand staircase is hung with shields in marble. One, of the arms of the family Lippi, belonged to an ancestor of the husband of my governess, showing he was supreme magistrate in the year of grace 1400.

From Poppi the road winds till it comes to Bibbiena, home of the cardinal of that name, whose portrait by Raphael is one of his most celebrated works.

From Bibbiena three roads branch out, one goes to Camaldoli, of which I have spoken, the other runs down by the side of a miniature cañon that goes sheer down metres of rock to the river below. Now and again the road passes chestnut trees of enormous girth. Half way, we come to Badia Prataglia, a hunting lodge of former grand-dukes, with good trout reserves. From this begins the pass into the Romagna. The third road, skirting the hills, behind whitewashed walls, leads to the historic ford, where for five hundred years pilgrims have passed upwards to the sanctuary of St. Francis. It is eight miles of steady collar-work, and the road is not convenient for motors. In former days the way was impassable except for mule traffic. The sides of the roads are covered with stunted oaks. Towards the end of the ascent comes a fairly level field and a sixteenth century inscription informs you that here the birds of La Verna (or Mons Alvernia), by the divine instinct God granted them, having learned the advent of the saint, went to greet him. A short way from

this is the small village of five or six houses and the barracks of the Carabinieri, and here begins the pilgrimage proper.

A great stone gate precedes the stone staircase, which leads directly to the convent.

"Brother, let none but the holiest and the most devoted to God of our confraternity live here, for it is a holy place."

This is what the great patriarch of the Church said of his convent.

On the left-hand is a hospice for the travellers, and here we were received when I came with Lady Paget, who brought letters of introduction from the Archbishop of Florence. On the other side are immense vaulted rooms, like caves, with long chestnut tables. Here the poorer pilgrims are lodged. The women sleep in the women's hospice kept by Sisters, in the village below. They have three clear days of gratuitous entertainment, and go off with their pockets full of food and their bodies rested. This is the reason why there are no evil deeds committed in the Casentino. All this food comes from charity; all is given, nothing is bought.

One day, in Florence, two Franciscans will call at your house. One carries a sack, another a purse; you give them what you like; the miller gives a sack of flour; the vine-grower a barrel of wine; the farmer gives a sack of potatoes, or other food. These gifts in kind are laid on the donkey which always accompanies the Franciscans on their country rounds. So, little by little, the provisions drift up to La Verna. There they are put away in the great storehouses.

The friars never know how many they may be called on to provide for.

"To-day, signora, you are twelve; on Saturday last, we were 1,800. Sometimes, we have to provide for 3,000."

"And how do you do it?" I asked.

"We never run short," said the friar. "It is Divine goodness. This never fails, even in small things. Yesterday was Friday and there came the French Ambassador with four friends. Even Father Guardiano was perplexed, for you see, signora, we are not near the sea, and it was a fast day. And then the Lord thought of us, and a big parcel came from Bibbiena. It was from Livorno, sent by a friend of the Order, and there were big fresh fish. So we made a good show and the Ambassador sent special thanks to our Superior."

In the middle of the little square stands the statue of the saint. Further on is the church; it is a dark, solemn building. There are no pictures, but altar-pieces by the three brothers della Robbia. Their frames are exquisite garlands of

fruit and flowers in majolica. In the Bargello at Florence there are beautiful specimens of this unique work, but the most perfect works of art are hidden in this mountain sanctuary, where men worked for God alone and not for worldly glory. Perhaps the finest of these altar-pieces is the Annunciation. The graceful folds of the Virgin's veil and mantle are soft and flowing. There is no hardness, in spite of the medium. The delicate tendrils of hair frame the girl-face of the Blessed Mother of God. In her eyes is the Light of Heaven; before her is the vision of the Archangel. The whole figure speaks in words of Paradise. She alone can understand them, the one creature God sent sinless into the world, "*Sine peccata concepta*."

The Nativity is more earthly. All fades away before the figures of the Annunciation.

From the church we pass underneath a long covered corridor, sole alleviation conceded to human weakness. Twice, each day, once by day and once by night, the entire community, friars and novices, go in procession to the Chapel of the Stigmata, and there, lying prostrate on the ground, adore the God Who granted this miracle.

What strange faces! Some are those of educated men of the world; beside them are faces of agricultural rustics. It cost, some years ago, only one hundred lire to endow a Franciscan novice. Most are Italians, but the community changes. I have found Belgians, Spaniards, and a high-born Dutch student whose name ranks in the annals of his country during the days of Philip and Alba. The French friars had the refined and subtle humour of the French; the Spaniards looked more pontifical; the habit of St. Dominic suits this nation better, I think.

Down, by a rugged pathway, we are taken to the Cavern of St. Francis. A stuffed raven represents the bird that so zealously woke the saint each morning to his prayers. Our guide shouts, and two or three black forms leisurely flap from one tree to another. Our guide explained that these were lineal descendants of the birds St. Francis loved. Close by is the spot where St. Francis' companions watched, trembling, the perfect vision of the Crucified Seraph. The Divine Light blazed so strongly that the night was as day, and peasants far off in the plains marvelled at this strange fire on the lonely mountain.

There are other places to which pilgrims are led; the usual boulder hurled by Satan, which was miraculously diverted from injuring the saint; the place where, in a fever of penance, he beat himself against the stones. But all these legends do not detract from the feeling of existing in another condition of being

—the old Bible words echo round : " Stranger, take off thy sandals, for the ground on which thou standest is Holy."

On the day I came with Lady Paget to the convent we hesitated a little, because our four dogs were with us. The Brother, seeing our shyness, asked what was wrong, and we explained. We were going round the churches and the dogs might want to follow us. The monk laughed heartily : " Signore mie, St. Francis loved all animals and this is St. Francis' guest-house. This is a house of love and brotherhood, and he would be the first to welcome these little brethren."

One year, in June, I paid a visit to a friend at Foligno, a little town in Umbria, three stations from Assisi. Countess Fronfanelli Cybo was one of two cousins from the State of Colorado who had married two brothers, Italians. Countess Maria, when Miss Maclurg, had come to Europe to study art under Whistler, in Venice, in Paris and in London. Her brother had married one of the great Western millionaires. The sister-in-law, a very charming and cultured woman, is a great American authority on Indian rock-dwelling tribes. She has personally explored the cave-homes of extinct races, and I believe that most of the remains of this long-past civilisation have been collected through her efforts. It is thanks to her explorations that the superstitious rites of the snake-worshipping Indian tribes have been investigated.

Miss Maclurg had much intercourse with European literary circles during her youth, in the United States. Her parents entertained largely and many famous people stayed at her house ; among them was Oscar Wilde, then in the first glory of his fame.

Guided by her love of art and decided talent for painting, Miss Maclurg sailed for Europe, and, while staying with her cousin at the Fronfanelli Palace in Foligno, she met and married Count Fronfanelli Cybo. The Count was one of the Masters of Ceremony at the Court of H.M. King Humbert, as well as his younger brother, whose only daughter was one of Queen Margherita's god-daughters. She is the only one left of the ancient family of Cybo and is now the popular Marchesa Rita Strozzi. She has two sons who will carry on the name.

With Countess Fronfanelli Cybo I went to see Spello, with its ancient cathedral and beautiful frescoes. At the foot of Spello is the almost intact Roman circus of yellow, gold-coloured stone, which stands a mystic memory of the past.

In those days the most interesting resident at Foligno was Princess Piombino, who lived at " La Quiete," a villa near the town. The princess was the only surviving daughter of Princess Gwendolina Borghese, the daughter of the English Earl of Shrews-

bury, and called by the Romans "The saint." A curious incident, some few months after Princess Borghese's death, confirmed popular tradition. A poor woman of the people, being in great sorrow, in despair went to pray at the English princess's tomb.

"If only you were alive, saint of God," said the poor woman, "there would be hope for me, but you are now dead, and there is no hope for me."

A figure came from the back of the church and gave the woman a ring.

"The princess is dead, but if you take this ring to the prince, he will help you. Tell him that I have given it to you."

Somewhat comforted, the woman went to the Palazzo Borghese and said she had a message to the prince from a lady who had given her this ring for a sign to the prince. When they gave this ring to the prince with the message, he was much startled, for the ring was one he had himself placed on the finger of his own dead wife before he saw the coffin closed. He sent at once for the woman and asked her many questions. But the woman's story never varied: a veiled lady in black had given her this ring and told her to take it to the prince. So help was given her. The tomb was opened and the dead hand was found without the ring her husband had placed on it. There was no doubt in my mother's family of the truth of this story, as my mother knew the Talbot family intimately. Lady Annette Talbot was engaged to my uncle Lewis—though his sudden death prevented the marriage.

From Foligno I went with my hostess to take the baths at Bagni di Nocera. A steep ascent, beginning directly after having passed Nocera itself, leads up through a chestnut-tree wood to the ancient papal palace, now let to a small company who exploit the waters. The papal palace is very low and forms three sides of a square. It has no architectural features, but inside it has the most beautiful furniture. A number of friends from Foligno were enjoying the cure, which is very pleasant, the water being highly effervescent. Count Orfini and the Marchese Palavicino and his family made time pass pleasantly.

In the year 1911, in September, Mr. Cordenio Severance and his wife kindly asked me to motor with them to Perugia. He had brought his motor from the United States and also his chauffeur, trustworthy and unbribable. The highest police authorities were responsible for his (Mr. Severance's) safety, but it had been advisable, owing to his dangerous position, that he should remain absent for a few months from the United States. Mrs. Severance wished me to continue with them during their tour in Austria and Hungary, but I was unable to do this, for I was expecting guests

for the winter. We started in the morning from the Grand Hotel in Rome. We arrived at Narni about twelve o'clock. The gorge of the Nera is unspoilt, and the great Roman arch still half-spans the river. We dined at a very primitive restaurant where fowls roamed and scratched everywhere, but those served to us were uneatable. About night-time we arrived at Perugia.

One of the greatest sights of the town is the view over the valley, but there was a great mist of heat and dense clouds of dust that covered roads, walls and houses. Out of this, the city unveiled itself, with the old brown stones giving unity to the picture. In the hotel on the piazza there remained a few of the summer visitors to whom the beggars in the Piazza lazily stretched out their hands. From this glowing sunlight, we passed into the cold darkness of the Etruscan tombs. A stray bat whirled about, frightened by our visit; the archaic figures of terra-cotta glared on us as unwelcome intruders. We were thankful enough to leave the Etruscan magnate and his family. So we motored swiftly to Assisi.

The great Church of San Francesco, with its Giotto frescoes, was cold and dull, as I have always found it. A man was painting; refined and beautiful was his style, and the Severances fell a victim to his indisputable talent. While they chose and bought his copies, I went down to the "Creation" of Fra Elia, where the quiet religious atmosphere of the basilica vaguely recalled Roman basilicas. Far indeed had Fra Elia brought us from the little Church of St Damian and the Carcere.

There was plenty of religious feeling, but nothing Franciscan. One realised the sadness of the last companions of the saint and pictured them wandering sorrowfully away to seek for traces of their great master in the little country chapels where he had once passed. I leisurely strolled up the Corso, my hands touched fondly the rose-coloured Lombard lions that crouched on the cathedral front, and I found my friends buying postcards. We sent off a basketful of them to all parts of the world: Istria, Christiania (now Oslo), Mexico and Brazil, to Alaska, to New York, to Simla, Melbourne and Jerusalem. We then went on to the Madonna degli Angeli, returning to the hotel, our hands filled with the thornless roses of the saint's miracle.

At the hotel we found a new party of American friends, a man from the Embassy, with papers. So Mr. Severance was again claimed by politics.

[Very interesting was the meeting between Mr. Severance and the millionaire. They shook hands with great friendliness; but when the two men faced each other their glances seemed like shining knives.

"Glad to see you, sir," said the one, as he offered his hand; and, as their hands clasped, it was as if a blow passed between them.

"So it is you who kept my uncle hiding in secret garrets six months till we could smuggle him out to Europe?" said one lady.

"I am sorry my men were so futile. The police must cost you a good deal."

"Certainly, it costs a good deal, and it will cost a great deal more to buy my uncle's peace with the Government."

Mr. Severance replied: "I am sorry to be so hard, but you people have taken too much. Trusts and combines can be sometimes tolerated, but you had touched the nerve of life itself. The Government had to hold you to ransom. What you have given is only the price of your life."

There was a dead silence. And we talked of other things.

When I first met Mr. Severance his manner with women was extraordinarily gentle. But his nature was of granite. His face was a reproduction of the Roman type, a return of Nature to the great years when men fought to death for the empire of the world. Mr. Severance held that secret of Roosevelt's nature. Underneath the pose of sportsman and rough-rider, came the indomitable granite will of Roosevelt's double nature, as I learned when I first became acquainted with his gracious, refined wife, who seemed all that could be expected of the wife of a great President. I never met "Princess Alice"; she was married before I had the honour of knowing the Roosevelt family. But her nature was high and noble, and worthy of the great honour Europe paid her. Mr. Severance went back to America. The millionaires quailed, and they gave up their ideas of revenge. They accepted their defeat.

When the Great War was fully on, Mr. Severance was sent as envoy, accredited to the Allies, by President Wilson.

He had grown older, but the firm lips, the strong brow, were the same. I was very glad to meet him again, and he lunched with me. With him also came Princess Poggio Suasa, Lord Treowen and Count Pecorini. Our talk was mainly political. Mr. Severance had not the smallest doubt as to the eventual victory of the Allies.

"It will be long, but it will be decisive," he said.

Lord Treowen was strongly pressed to allow the Italian Army more food. "I have power to grant the Italians munitions, but for food, we are badly off ourselves."

Princess Poggio Suasa had a happy idea.

“What is the good of munitions for guns, if the men behind the guns are weak from want of food?”

This struck the English statesman and, I believe, influenced matters.

Mr. Severance gave a large dinner at the Grand Hotel to the principal political personages and the United States Ambassador and Ambassadress. There were neither motors nor carriages available, so I came up, like others, in the tramcar with a veil thrown over the diamonds in my hair. It was the only great official dinner at which I was present during three years of war.

Further on lies Spoleto, a town of the Papal States, where the Church's gonfalon waved unchallenged for many hundred years. By virtue of investing some clever ambitious princeling as vicar-general, the Pope and the Emperor held rival power in Italian lands.

Underneath all these high trees, the serene mightinesses, our lord the Pope, the majesty of Cæsar, and the crowd of tyrants who acted as deputies for pope and emperor, came the steadily-decreasing crowd of the native princes of the land. One by one they faded from the chronicles, leaving a name, a memory. So ended Matilda of Tuscany, the Count Guidi of the Casentino, the Baglioni of Perugia, the Dukes of Spoleto. Above these secondary rulers came the twin powers, pope and emperor. The Pope was the one that endured and the Pope put on the triple crown.

The coming of the dreaded millennium darkened the life of Christendom. Men lay in their beds and shivered, while fear found a fount of existence in the very air that sustained life. Men and women sought to divest themselves of their riches. What was the good of life if within a few years all would be over and the fate of the soul decided—eternal bliss, or the reverse?

Fathers despoiled themselves of their possessions; mothers gave away their lands and their dower and secured for their children a cell and maintenance under the roof of the neighbouring Abbey that graciously took over the testator's goods. Many more couples separated, and at once dedicated their bodies as well as their wealth to God in a religious life.

The fatal date of the year One Thousand passed, and nothing happened, and the world woke up from the nightmare.

The papal authority reigned over Europe in reality and man was unutterably the better for it, especially the lower orders. They became free men and through the Church might aspire to the highest honour known. Before the Pope's will everything gave way. England's king became restive and the Church's



LORD TREOWEN.

thunders fell. So John "Lackland" carried out the meaning of his name. Prostrate before the cardinal legate of the Pope, the frightened king gave the crown of England into the hands of the Pope's deputy, swearing to hold it forever as a vassal of the Pope.

It was not entirely Christian faith that led to this great renunciation. Partly it came from a guilty conscience. The sense of sin was magnified by the French king's armies and the alternative of the Dauphin as a possible king of England. In this abject act of submission was born the seed of the Reformation. During the great struggle, small men of high and impecunious birth, sought out their own advantage, carefully loosening the links that held them to one side or the other. These men settled in some abandoned fortress, in a castle, sacked or looted, which was the centre of a small town. The citizens needed peace and safety, and were glad enough to give up the honour of an empty freedom and, by paying a fixed sum to the leader of the men-at-arms, they retained a condottiere and his band as followers, who were always ready to defend them. The new lord took the name and title of "Signore" of a town and its territory. He had his own affairs to think of. There was the favour of the over-lord to keep, and he left the burgesses of the town in undisputed peace. So began the free cities, and according to the importance of the town was the fame of the lord, who protected it.

Among these nobles came the family of Campello. They gave their name to their castle above the Clitumnus in Umbria, to this day called Campello sul Clitunno. Umbria has a strange likeness to some parts of the Tyrol. These are historically-named rivers, and near Terni the streams meet and pour resistlessly over rock and water, falling down several hundred feet till they surge together, foaming brilliantly, and fill the bed of the Nera. After storms and rain the falls of Terni are a marvellous sight of "tawny rivers."

Since Turner painted the effects of sunlight on the falls, no smaller man has dared to paint them. About six miles further on, stands the pretty mediæval town of Arrone. The church inside is very well proportioned; there is a fine picture over the high altar. It represents the Supper at Emmaus and is held to be by Titian. There are also some very fine vestments and altar frontals of the sixteenth and fifteenth centuries. The town spreads up the hill, with quiet winding streets and stone-built palaces. One of the principal of these is the Palazzo Campello, where the Campello family have lived for a thousand years.

Here may be quoted a pardonable remark of one of the Campellos, whose ancestor rode to the Italian wars under the leadership

of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa. A relative of the great historic house of the Melzi family was vaunting the antiquity of his mother's house, adding that in the far distant days of Barbarossa their ancestor had the duty, as chief magistrate of Milan, of laying down the gold-coloured sand on the streets through which the emperor made his triumphant entry. It was on this occasion the Melzi were given their title by the emperor. Dreamily, answered Count Solone di Campello: "Ah, so it was your ancestor who laid down the yellow sand that my French ancestor, then Vicomte de Campeaux, rode over in the train of the Emperor Barbarossa!"

Campello sul Clitunno stands above the famous springs of the Clitunnos. Pliny, in his letters, mentions the beauty of these waters that once filled the valley and by which he had a villa. In our days Carducci and others have sung their praises. After Carducci's death, a bust of the poet was placed on one of the islets by the municipality of Spoleto. Near by are some columns, the remains of a Roman temple. Many of the stones that went to the building of the present Villa Campello came from the ruins of the ancient castle on the hill. Here live the present owners Count Pompeo Campello, a senator, and his charming wife, one of the family of the Princes Boncompagni Ludovisi. The beautiful Countess Gugliemina Campello is one of the most attractive personalities at the Court of Queen Elena, where she holds the post of lady-in-waiting. On the opposite side of the valley stands, on a hill, the ancient walled city of Montefalco, beloved by St. Francis, whose whole life history is marvellously depicted by Gozzoli in the great Church of St. Francesco.

Life in the pre-War period was devoted mainly to carriage drives. Our summer in Siena depended much on the beauty of the tours we made from Florence to Siena, and again when we left Siena, going Rome-wards as far as Chiusi, where the horses and a litter of nine poodle puppies entered the railway for the Eternal City.

The present generation have lost a great pleasure—the joy of starting off at a convenient hour, no pressure of time, no hurry or scurry for tickets or luggage. In the carriage, a pair of bright black eyes looked anxiously to see that all was ready; no mistress left behind; ill-contained enthusiasm barely reserving itself for the final salvo of barks that meant "good-bye" to a summer residence and welcome to the coming joys of the coal-hole and other savoury spots, beloved hiding places of hard-gnawed bones, the basket warmed before the fire, and the old familiar smells of the courtyard, butchers' and grocers' shops.



COUNT SOLONE DI CAMPELLO.

In their harness, decked with musical bells and woodcock tails from distant Scotland, the horses fretted, anxious to be off. On the box sat our coachman in mufti with a few extra parcels packed in.

Modestly behind the carriage stood the buggy, drawn by the riding horse, driven by the groom and carrying saddlery. The rugs being tucked in, the signal was given, and the cavalcade started. One word "Avanti!" was sufficient for the horses. Through the great gates where stood curtseying the Sora Nina and the Sora Pia, through the winding lanes we drove. The hedges were turning brown through ways so familiar, by which we had driven so many times and were perhaps to pass no more. Just before we got to the Siennese road, the carriage pulled up with a jerk.

"It is Pippo and Memmo," said the coachman, "they have brought you flowers from the other villa and good wishes for the journey."

The bouquets, of what would be hot-house flowers in England, were pressed into our hands by red-cheeked and brown-haired urchins. It was difficult to understand them because they both spoke at once. But at last we made out "Good health and good journey, and come back next year!" A bouquet of thanks came from the other Sergardi villa. Then on again until we reached the Roman road and the horses settled down to their accustomed trot.

The country near Siena is highly cultivated and therefore not so interesting, but we do not grumble, for the road is perfection.

At the Roman gate another carriage joined us with our friends. The coachman was supposed to know the road, but when we got some distance from Siena, the man turned out to be a fraud, and we had to depend on passing wayfarers. It grew late when we turned aside into the road for Monte Oliveto. Slowly we climbed the hill. The horses were tired by now, though they went on gallantly. At last we saw a twinkling light, that showed us the entrance to the monastery, now taken over by the Italian Government.

Everything was ready for us. The horses drove away to their stables with the dogs, and a middle-sized man dressed in plain priestly dress came forward and greeted us. The little daughter of our friends was received with much welcome; children are rare at Monte Oliveto. Still there seemed some constraint; so we asked the other friend, only shortly released by the Pope from her vows as a sister of charity, to find out what was wrong. Ten minutes later she came back with upturned hands and an

expression of dismay and horror. There had been a great mistake. We had secured a letter of recommendation and introduction from a prelate of some importance, which we had presented on arrival, but, to ensure accommodation and food, we had trusted to the intelligence of the owner of the posting service, a person to whom we were told to direct ourselves by "Baedeker" and by the local guide-book. We did not know that the old father had died and the new master of the posting traffic was anti-clerical and had a personal quarrel with the Government Administration of Monte Oliveto. The guest-master was the former Abbot, most courtly and learned and kindness itself, and the sight of the child put aside all displeasure he might have shown in consequence of the brutal letter he had received from the ungracious socialist. Everything was ready and more than ready, and his relief was great at finding a party of harmless ladies and not an invasion of anti-clerical sectarians.

Our rooms were plain, but extraordinarily clean. We soon found the Abbot was a very wonderful man and worthy of the many accounts given of him. The next morning we began our sight-seeing. How strange it was to walk in this house of a dead community, this home of so many people, now reduced to four or five, including the lay brothers!

"All our members are dispersed," he said. "They have gone north and south. I am here with two companions; I did not leave because I could not live away from the Abbey, and the Government has let me stay on. Don't think I am unhappy: as the community is at an end, it is good to be with people who appreciate the past glories. Sometimes men come specially for the study of this place, and then we talk together and I am happy. This summer a Frenchman came, and he spoke with me in the evenings. He has written of me in his book, I hear. He lived with the frescoes. Certainly he was of another epoch, of a time that belonged to the past. It was not ours of the present day."

The frescoes are marvellous. I carried away a different atmosphere to our own days. Truly the Abbot said well: a different habit of soul was necessary—one who in himself could realise the minds of those who built this sanctuary and had lived this life, minds who are re-born in their descendants. Like Machen's story of the "Archers at Mons," to certain elect souls the Divine light comes. They are able to understand, where the money-grabber Jew usurer, the successful millionaire, is at a loss. This ruin will be complete in England when the land has come under communist rule, and the old families now existing will follow those of Ireland.

Monte Oliveto is dying in a fit and seemly manner. The frescoes, which so many years were carefully tended by white-robed monks, will crumble gently into shadows. For five hundred years the busy life of mediæval times has looked down on the changing world, growing each year further from the painter and his art.

While the child played about in the sunshine, emblem of a vivid present, we stayed in the half-shadow of Florentine and Siennese lords, and for full three days we enjoyed the Abbot's hospitality. The friendship thus made did not end there. For many years we received, standing out from the vivid-coloured frescoes, scholarly and charming letters from the Abbot of Monte Oliveto.

Later on in our journey we halted at Pienza. While the horses were resting, we went to examine the town's treasure, the papal gift of an unique cope. Perhaps, while we were admiring it, the company of international thieves were plotting its abduction. Like "Mona Lisa," it was too great an enterprise and so has returned to Italy.

From there to Montepulciano was not too far, and we paid a pleasant visit to my mother's old friends the Marchese and Marchesa Ricci. The view is beautiful, for the house stands, like the ancient Roman palace, in a square of its own name, but it is old-fashioned and has not been modernised. The town of Montepulciano has narrow streets and high buildings.

From Montepulciano, we stopped at Baron Giacchetti's summer villa. It was far from the town and with wonderful views all around. After a short stay we all, including horses and dogs, took train for Rome.

Another driving tour, which remains in my memory, I made with a friend. We began our drive after a short journey by rail and met my bagher at the station. Then we set out on the Bologna road. It was rather a long pull, but we passed through lovely country and drove through the little town of Barbarino, capital of the Mugello. The scenery is very bleak. There are few trees and the only gentleman's residence belongs to Marchese Gerini, whose wife was born a Borghese. At one part of the ascent, there is a little inn conspicuous by its neatness. Inside, while the horses rested, we found an array of tin baths and English bath rugs. A curious inscription, in English, hung on the wall. The text was from the Psalms, "Purge me with hyssop." This made me curious, and the amiable little Italian to whom the pension belonged told me many things. The inn was entirely occupied by a number of ladies who kept pensions in Rome and in Florence. At the approach of the summer,

their clients disappeared and they shut up their houses and started for a well-earned holiday.

Again another stretch of rocky fields, treeless and waterless. The drive here became collar-work, and it was not till one o'clock that we saw the pleasant hotel and posting-house of Covigliano. In front of the building was spread a lawn as green as anything one could see in England. There were a few trees, and under them danced the silver clear water of a mountain spring. Here we lunched, enjoying the clear mountain air with our dogs beside us.

How different from the stifling summer heat of Florence! At four we began our return journey, and got back to Florence by nine o'clock.

I took this drive many times; the air was never cold in the bright mountain sunshine. One day early in December we saw at the first little village a procession of geese walking in single file as their manner is. The coachman saw a promising Christmas feast and we started home with a fat young bird. The creature managed to get loose from the rope that held its legs and sat up with ludicrous solemnity. He was not in the least frightened and amused himself by catching hold of the reins with his beak, and really, for an amateur, did not drive badly. When we got home, he waddled at once to the cook and plainly expressed love at first sight. There were fifteen days before Christmas, but Christmas passed, and the goose did not figure in our bill of fare. He had become part of the household. Another Christmas passed, and still another, and with stately steps the goose walked about with the air of a "grand seigneur" to whom the castle belonged.

At the foot of Bellosguardo there lived an English lady, married to an Italian, who kept geese and ducks as pets; they were vegetarians. So when fate banished us from Florence to Rome, the goose drove again in the bagher and took up its new quarters. I heard its new position was exceedingly attractive, for a young and beautiful lady of its own kind was free to wed, so a marriage took place, though we very foolishly forgot to publish the wedding in the *Morning Post*!

Florence has many beautiful villas. Some are quite out of the ordinary round of residences. I am sorry that for obvious reasons I am unable to give the address of a certain haunted villa. There are no tramway lines and no means of getting to it except by private motor or carriage.

The entrance is high and mysterious, with a high avenue of box trees leading straight to the house. The door is in the middle of the building, with queer-shaped medallions of monsters adorning

window niches. You enter by a series of rooms, a great inside hall, round which run balconies. These balconies give light to other rooms, which are never used because of the queer sounds and sights you may meet there.

The sister-in-law of one of the members of a Conservative Ministry in England took the villa for herself and her two children. She furnished the lower floors, but such rooms as gave on the balcony she left severely alone. Her only grief was that she was unable to close these up completely, but she had to leave those windows alone that looked into the balcony. The great inside hall she had made very pleasant with modern cane furniture, gay silks and cushions. But all the same, in the evening, the bright, pleasant room was occasionally uninhabitable.

It was in one of these periods of strange happenings that I accepted my friend's invitation, having little fear of ghosts. We passed a very normal day. It was a fine autumn; the rooms were filled with flowers, jasmine, and other sweet-smelling plants, and nothing was further from my thoughts than ghostly hauntings. Mrs. B. and I had spent a good time gossiping. There came a pause and from the upper floor from the balcony came floating down an ethereal whisper, rather than a musical note. We were both silent. The sound continued and the notes became a plaintive, eighteenth century minuet. It went on, slowly, like a sob rather than a melody. Silently, we whispered till the last sound died away. Mrs. B. said: "Now you have heard it. It comes nearly every day in November. When my husband was here I wanted to unravel this mystery. But there are horrible stories of men dying who went into that wing during the music. My husband locked the floor up and forbade me to go myself or let anyone enter."

"Can it be the children?" I suggested.

"In bed and asleep," answered their mother. "They are in a part of the house which is free from ghosts. Besides, it is all locked up. One day I explored the rooms with my husband. It was a delight. The furniture in these rooms has never been altered. The silk coverings are of the time of Louis XV. There is a spinet, the one we heard. But it is only a case; there is no inside left—all eaten up by mice or something. A torn piece of music stands on the open instrument. The flooring is rotten; all is tumbling to pieces. We had to avoid the gaps in the floor as we went near the music. I often see a woman's face peering in at the hall window, but when I try to look at it, it vanishes, and through an opera glass I can only see mist.

"The child sees more. She has met a dwarf and has also seen ladies and men of the sixteenth century in doublet and with

jewelled ear-rings. I have put you in the safest room, next to my own, and the child is in the next."

The spinet played nightly ; there were queer shadows about, even in the day time. Twice I thought I had caught a man in antique dress, but when I got near him, he vanished, and we made little jokes of the music, comparing it to the after-dinner concert at the Excelsior. My friend stayed a year longer at Florence and then she joined her husband in England. The villa remained lonely and mysterious as before they lived there.

CHAPTER IX

ART IN MODERN ROME

Sgambati—The inspirer of the Augusteo—Church music—Liszt—Wedder—Siemiradzky—The American academy—The Spanish academy—Villa Medici—The British school—King Mammon and his representatives—Lake Como—Diamonds and the simple life—A great sculptor, Ezekiel—"Prix de Rome"—A true friendship—The studio in the ruins—Mrs. Besant—The Roman quartet and Eusapia.

To speak of music in Rome is to speak of Sgambati. Without his enduring pressure on Government and municipalities, there would be no Augusteo. The only National School for Music in Rome was Santa Cecilia, and in the great hall belonging to this academy and in the Sala Dante in the Via della Stamperia, were centralised all musical performances. "Musica di camera" as opposed to operatic music, was strictly confined to private concerts, given generally under the patronage of the great nobles and their families. The Sala Palestrina was, as I have said, the ante-chamber of the state apartment of the Pamfili Palace. Music in papal Rome meant either the opera or the church. There was no great enthusiasm for the German classical masterpieces. A concerto had to be light, airy music, with a tune, and easy for amateurs to study. There were many private societies of amateurs, who performed to an audience of their relatives during Lent, and finished their recitals with a Stabat Mater or some such religious work, in Holy Week. Music existed outside the Church and the opera only for the aristocracy. The people and the bourgeoisie had their serenades and the popular song competitions. The Church supplied all that was required in classic Italian music.

The Church barred, or relegated to a lower place, all musical instruments except the human voice. In a basilica, the organ-master was much lower in the ecclesiastical hierarchy than the choir-master. In any dispute it was the choir-master who decided what was to be done. Into this restricted state of affairs came Liszt and his young pupil Giovanni Sgambati, new

sons in the musical world of Rome. Liszt's immense success in England, Russia, Vienna and Paris, made it necessary to raise the Roman musical standard. Like a fairy's wand, Liszt's bâton called German orchestral music into existence. No concert was given without the presence of the great master and his brilliant pupil Sgambati.

Manners were very simple. As a child of nine I remember being taken to the Sala Dante. At the beginning of the concert, entered Liszt and his court of virtuosi. He sat in his gilt chair, and I hope he was not as bored as I was with the music. At the end of the concert he went on the platform and spoke to the pianist, explaining some new rendering of musical passages. Growing more keen on his subject, he sat down to the piano. A burst of applause followed and Liszt, in his wonderful good nature, gave way to the general desire. He played three pieces, and then left, followed by the echoes of wild homage.

In this manner the Roman public taste in music was awakened. The Augusteo to-day represents the flowers sown by the efforts of Liszt and Sgambati. Later, through the initiative of Count San Martino, the Roman municipality gave up its brass band and began a series of orchestral concerts which are now the pride of Rome. The ruins of the Tomb of Augustus were built into a colossal hall, and the Augusteo was born, where once rested the man who founded the Roman Empire. This spring, 1924, a tablet was unveiled on the wall of Sgambati's house in the Piazza di Spagna. His widow and his son, the distinguished surgeon were present. Thus did the Eternal City pay tribute to one of her distinguished sons, who, under the gracious patronage of H.M. Queen Margherita, did most to revive the musical soul of modern Italy and brought Italian music to great honour in Europe.

An American artist who became a Roman resident was E. Vedder. His mystical pictures and glorious colouring attracted most of his compatriots to his studio, but his finest works, those which will immortalise him, are all in America. His work in the great Boston Library is sufficient to guarantee his fame.

At the end of Via Gacta, in the new quarter of Rome, stands Villa Siemiradsky. Here lived the great Polish artist, author of the "Torches of Nero," the picture that is supposed to have inspired "Quo Vadis?" He painted many episodes in the history of Poland, of which, perhaps, the most famous is the relief of Vienna by the victory of King John (Sobieski) of Poland over the Turkish Grand Vizier. A staunch patriot, none of the advances of Alexander III of Russia—and there were many—could make him swerve from his devotion to Poland. When he lay dying of

cancer, kings and emperors united in sending their greatest physicians with special remedies in the hope of saving his precious life. Fate was good to him, and his body rests among the tombs of the great geniuses of his country, Poland. In Rome his villa held two studios; he worked in the upper one and used the other for receiving his guests. During the winter, I met most of the French and English artists at his house.

Among the later pictures what struck me most was an effect of sunlight and dancing nymphs. His last work, a head of the Christ with deep and arresting expression, showed another phase of his versatile genius.

While the American Academy occupied Villa Mirafiori, the energy and enthusiasm of Mr. Crownenshield, the president, contributed to the high standard attained by the students. Mrs. Crownenshield also helped the success of the institute, and her refined influence was highly appreciated by the students, and in Roman society her receptions and her dinners were social events.

The high standard of the institution has been upheld by the present director, Dr. G. Philip Stevens, and his colleague. This can be verified by every visitor to the annual exhibition at the new Academy, recently built on the Gianiculum. A principal feature of the students' work is the musical repertoire. In these concerts we can trace the evolution of a distinct line of originality which eventually will become an entirely new school of music. It is the gift with which America will enrich civilisation and the great art of music.

At Mrs. Stevens' receptions are seen all the most illustrious visitors to Rome. Art and science and wealth are equally represented, together with the Roman patricians. On the opposite side of the Tiber, near the Villa Giulia Gate of Villa Umberto I (formerly the Borghese Villa), stands a fine edifice built in classic Greek architecture. You ascend to the British school by a series of steps that recall the Spanish steps of the Piazza di Spagna. At present this new quarter of the town is scantily populated, but when Rome will have enlarged its borders, and streets and squares marked out on the new plan of the city become realities, Britain will be proud of its national school, even as France glories in the Villa Medici. Here rule Dr. Ashby and Mrs. Strong, director and vice-director.

In most of our great undertakings, big things are started in small ways. Until the year of the Italian Great Exhibition of 1911, the British school existed in a large but rambling apartment on the second floor of the Palazzo Odescalchi. A long, narrow staircase led up to the institute which represented British interests in learning, art and research at Rome.

Lectures by world-famed authorities were read in the small crowded rooms, where Dr. Ashby worked miracles, though hampered by his inferior setting; and then a change came. The British Government realised that the genius and talent of a great Empire must be worthily housed. So the English building erected for the great International Exhibition was given over to the purpose of providing an institute and home for British students to become penetrated in their turn with the aura and the glory which was Rome.

To those who now see the results of Dr. Ashby's training, the advance made in all subjects is wonderful. Talent becomes genius, genius becomes inspiration. Mrs. Strong's wide learning, together with her beauty and infinite charm of personality, causes her to be always a prominent figure in society, especially in London and in Rome. The British school is certainly fortunate in its heads. Mrs. Ashby has won all sympathy and her "At Home's" are always crowded. She has a pleasant talent for writing drawing-room plays and acts in them with much verve.

Since I wrote this, I hear that, much to the regret of his many friends, Dr. Ashby has resigned his post. We have still the good fortune to retain Mrs. Strong with us, who has decided to settle permanently in Rome as a resident.

The directors of the French Academy at Villa Medici form a dynasty of elect genius. The Medici have ever been celebrated as patrons of art and learning. No wonder that modern students wandering in the box-walled alleys still find and pluck flowers of inspiration. The French exhibition made of the works of "Prix de Rome" students is interesting for the variety and spontaneous originality of their genius.

M. Besnard had his studio in the higher part of the garden near Porta Pinciana, where I saw many of his magnificent portraits.

The present director of the French Academy is Com. Denys Puech.

The Spanish Academy at San Pietro in Montorio has for its director Cavaliere Chicharro. He has there his celebrated picture of Sakya Muni, under the Holy Tree, undergoing his great temptation. The picture is remarkable, not only for the artistic perfection, but for the high atmosphere of mysticism with which it is penetrated.

I first met Mr. Pierpont Morgan at Mrs. Lee's and afterwards at her sister's Mrs. Hurlburt's. The famous millionaire had for many years a warm friendship with these two ladies and also with Mrs. Story.

For many years Mrs. Hurlburt sent me part of the annual

case of tea from Pierpont Morgan's private tea-garden in China. My friend, the Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, sent me for many years packets of the Russian Caravan tea, reserved for the special use of the Czar. With this came also a quantity of Russian cigarettes. Both teas were extraordinarily fine; the leaves, light in colour; and, when made, the liquid was of a golden hue; but if I had to give my frank opinion, I certainly preferred Pierpont Morgan's variety.

The Czar's cigarettes were among the best I have ever smoked, though a packet brought me from the Sultan's harem at Morocco equalled them. I afterwards met Mr. Pierpont Morgan at other friends' houses, but the impression he gave me was always the same: a man who lived in an atmosphere of great strain and perhaps of suspicion. He could be the staunchest of friends; of this I have had ample proof, but in the depth of his nature was sadness. I have many times played bridge with him, and certainly it was a special game. He never played for money. The defect in his face was not so noticeable as one would have thought. He had a small court of secretaries and other friends who travelled with him. His stay at Rome was always short; he came and went like a meteor. He generally stayed at the Grand Hotel in a special suite. It was difficult to do business with him, even if you were an old friend. He once agreed to buy a valuable antique, a "Deposition," if it was genuine, but when he saw the object, he said "No." Friendship was not sufficient for that.

An American friend had come to stay a few days with me at my house.

"I want you to come with me to Mrs. Pullman's reception at the Hotel Excelsior. She is a great friend of mine, and I promised to bring you," said the friend.

I had nothing much to do, so I went. I was introduced to a lady of middle stature; a sad face with traces of ill-health. I heard afterwards that Mrs. Pullman was obliged always to travel with a nurse. She had fine eyes and a sensitive mouth, with a touch of humour.

The room was hot. It was a corner room with a window looking down Via Veneto, towards the Palace of Queen Margherita. Except my friend, I knew nobody in the room and to pass the time I looked out on the street. Someone spoke to me. I was too feeble to look up.

"I am afraid you look very bored, Miss Lister."

There are moments in which one speaks the truth involuntarily; so I answered, "Yes, I am very, very bored."

A glad little chuckle. "And so am I. How nice of you to say it!"

I looked up : it was my hostess.

On this conversation was founded a true and real friendship. We met almost every day while she was in Rome, and I took Mrs. Pullman and the three friends who travelled with her to see all the sights and villas in the Castelli Romani. Mrs. Pullman had one weakness : she was greatly interested in the different values of wealth in Italy and in America. Ultimately, she decided that, by American standards, the Roman princes were barely removed from squalid misery by their beautiful palaces and villas.

Before leaving, Mrs. Pullman asked me to a very magnificent feast, which surprised extremely one of her friends. The lady did not think that I understood the greatness of the honour done me, so in the interval between the courses the friend whispered : " Miss Lister, do you understand this dinner means thousands and thousands of dollars ? "

I liked Mrs. Pullman very much. Her simplicity, with all this wealth, her friendly nature and her quick perception of a joke and power of seeing humour in most happenings were infinite. She pressed me to come over to the United States and pay her a month's visit. I was very much tempted, having several other invitations. So I arranged with a friend and we took our passage in the Deutsche-Lloyd line. Unfortunately, a month before my steamer sailed, I broke my leg in the Hôtel Europa, now Les Princes, and so ended my first and only attempt to visit the United States.

Another millionaire friend is Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, whose son is well known as the founder and master of the " Yellow Press," and a candidate for the Presidency. Mrs. Hearst does not share her son's antipathy to Great Britain. She used to come to Rome with her brother and her niece, a very pretty girl. What was amazing about this quiet little lady was her immense capacity for business. I used to sit in her room in the Grand Hotel and wonder at the crisp, sharp sentences with which she outlined her decisions and sketched her fresh undertakings, sometimes of momentous import to a State—plans involving minute detail and great expenditure : all this was dictated to her clever-looking secretary. It is from this moment that I date my reverence and respect for the American business woman who deals with matters that concern the lives of thousands—things that in Europe belong to the Government and occupy the energies of several rooms of State officials.

Mrs. Hearst had a very generous nature. Before she left Rome she asked me what charities I was particularly interested in, and the day she left I received a handsome cheque for a work-women's crèche of which I was superintendent. It has been a

great grief to me that she has never come to Europe after the declaration of war.

One of the most original of my wealthy friends was a lady well known in England, Paris and Italy, Mrs. Macreary, whose husband owned one of the greatest "dry-goods" stores in America. Mrs. Macreary came of an old Southern ancestry. In her girlhood and for many years after her marriage she had been a great beauty. When I first knew her she was still good-looking, but it was a case of too much *embonpoint*. Her son Richard and his brother have almost become Englishmen, and are good sportsmen, but Mrs. Macreary was devoted to Italy. Together with the qualities of her southern birth, she had the faults of her breeding; she was a good friend, none better, but I should not have liked to have been her enemy. I knew her first at her lovely château, the Castello d'Urio, on Lake Como, which she had restored and transformed into a home of modern comfort, in the setting of the epoch of Louis Quinze. One wing of the house was a complete museum. You passed from one drawing-room to another, filled with perfect specimens of French furniture, each piece worthy of a museum and some of them historic. On the tables of one room were placed a rare collection of those musical toys of singing birds which are now practically unobtainable. One room was decorated and furnished in the Chinese fashion of that date. Downstairs, in the hall, and on the walls of the great staircase, hung priceless pieces of fourteenth century tapestry. These pieces had a story. Mrs. Macreary used to drive over the passes of the Pyrenees between France and Spain: at one place there stood the old posting-house, now degraded into an ordinary "venta," where its customers filled themselves with the rough country wine, sitting on a most dilapidated sofa placed outside the house. Mrs. Macreary's keen eyes noted that the sofa, though in a bad condition, was a very good piece, of old date. She bought it and sent it at once to be repaired in Paris. Shortly afterwards she received a note from the expert asking her to visit his shop. When she appeared he took her into a locked room wherein stood the sofa. In silence he pointed to where the dirty cover had been undone: from this hole a part of the stuffing of the seat emerged. It was tapestry, in priceless work of the fourteenth century and worth tens of thousands of pounds, while the price paid for the sofa was a couple of hundred francs. Little by little the history of these tapestries was deciphered from the past. On the retreat from Spain of the French Army during the last part of the Peninsular War, many of the French generals carried their booty with them across the Pyrenees. It is supposed that the sofa must have been part of the spoil of some highly-placed officer,

who had utilised his opportunities, and, to avoid invidious remarks, he had hidden the tapestry inside the less noticeable piece of furniture. The cart must have broken down and no one, in the confusion of a retreat, had cared to retrieve other folks' property. No doubt this was not the only case, and the neighbouring peasantry made their harvest, so the furniture of some royal palace ended in a wine shop, while the precious tapestries remained snugly hidden until they were restored to life in the antiquarian's workshop in Paris.

Mrs. Macreary's nearest neighbours were the Brambilla family of Milan. Count Brambilla owned a pretty little sailing yacht which was manned by his daughters, beautiful, athletic girls. They could swim like fish and were equally at home on or in the water. Going to and fro on the lake visiting friends, I used Mrs. Macreary's motor-boat a good deal. It was a nice little craft, but had one defect: suddenly, without warning, the engine would stop, and there one would remain until the motor changed its mind, for it was far too heavy a boat for the engineer and myself alone to row it to the shore. When the lake was calm this meant nothing more than half an hour passed in the sunshine, while the man doctored the engine, but if a squall was impending, it was quite another matter, for the Lake Como can be dangerous. Once I found myself in the middle of the lake, and some ill-looking clouds were rapidly bearing towards us. From the other side came gallantly rushing up the Brambilla's yacht and cheerful voices kindly offered me passage to the Castle d'Urio.

Have I explained that I am a coward on the water? It was tempting; ten minutes would see me on land. To stay in the motor-boat meant half an hour and the squall. My good angel undoubtedly was with me. I looked at the shiny, slippery deck of the yacht and said, "No." They passed on, laughing, and the squall caught us. In a moment the yacht was flat on its side, and the whole of the Brambilla party were tipped into the water. Fortunately, by a rare chance, their brother was with them, so under his orders they went on swimming and clinging to the side of the yacht until it regained its balance. The motor-boat was dashed about but no damage done. I have never seen better seamanship and more coolness in extreme danger than that shown by these girls. "The saints were looking after them," said my man. Count and Countess Brambilla came to dinner that evening, and seemed not in the least disturbed by the risk the girls had run.

After my stay on the Lake Como I went to Locarno with Minnie Lady Anglesea, who intended to go in for a cure at the Monte della Verità.

This place stood about two miles out of town. From the main road the carriage climbed slowly up a very steep hill. We were glad when we arrived at the gate of this kur-house. The owner and director was an archduke, brother to Princess Louisa of Saxony. He had married, morganatically, the lady who received us, a short, haggard-looking woman, hair cut severely short and dressed in the well known "reform kleid."

Lady Anglesea had written to arrange things, so we were expected, and the "directorin" proudly took us round the public rooms of the institute. As we had been without food since breakfast time, she hospitably offered us luncheon. There was a *ménu* to choose from, on strict vegetarian lines: no milk, butter, eggs nor even cheese. My share was a porridge-bowl of barley, boiled and seasoned with nut-butter. It was eatable, but the special bread was made of unground whole-wheat. Not even my teeth, which had till then never seen a dentist, could grind what the miller should have supervised.

Men, women and children strolled in while we were eating. I noticed every woman wore her hair short and every man wore his hanging below his shoulders; still, there was a kindness and a wish to please seen in all the faces and a great sympathy. The Anglo-Saxon was entirely absent; otherwise, all nationalities were represented, Russians predominating.

There was no fanaticism, so common in cranks. The "directorin" told us that she had put all her money into this health scheme and also the Archduke had put what he possessed, for all apanage had vanished on his marriage.

We talked a little till the Archduke emerged from a side door. He was tall and lanky and, like the rest, his hair hung thinly over his shoulders. We all four went in quest of the sleeping-place or barn prepared for Lady Anglesea. It was a thin erection of wood, with no flooring—only turf. The front part was wide open to the field, with a mat hanging as a kind of screen. A couple of other mats, with a thin mattress—that was the sleeping accommodation. A few pegs were the wardrobe; a pinewood table, a jug and bowl completed the bedroom. Lady Anglesea asked where she could put her valuables. These were provided for by a locker in the director's room; one for each patient. This being explained, the director and his wife left us. One question was all we had the courage to ask: "How were we to be protected from the rodents of the night, and spiders, beetles, etc.?"

"There are no insects—only little field-mice could creep in, and they hurt no one."

When the two disappeared, Lady Anglesea, who had seemed a little troubled, confided her secret to me. She had with her her

famous diamonds, the most perfect "Briolets" in Europe, valued at more than forty thousand pounds. So I came to the rescue and in that extremely draughty apartment the precious packet was given into my care. All round the two enclosures reserved for men and women, a very high wall of wood was built and inside the wall all clothes were put aside as artificial adjuncts and not profitable to health.

It was time to go, or I should lose my train.

At Milan I met my mother. We spent some pleasant days in the beautiful capital of northern Italy. From Milan I went to Florence and stayed at Bellosguardo. I found there the Duchess of Z. and Lady Eileen Z. They had lately been in Spain with the duke to take possession of the property given to his great ancestor.

It appears that there are several annoyances incumbent on the possessors of Spanish lands. With the hereditary property goes also an hereditary feud. Who is the owner matters not, but someone is bound to hate him because he is the owner of the land.

So when the ducal party arrived at their possessions, they received an impressive welcome from the peasantry. Men and women crowded round them, kissed their garments and appeared to welcome them with loyal devotion. The next day, everything had changed; the enemy had put his hand in. That evening a noisy crowd appeared at the entrance of the house and insisted that the Duke should come out to them; they had a paper to give him with their demands. The Duke went to the crowd, who were armed with guns and did not look pleasant. His calmness and courage daunted them, and they listened to his explanation and agreed that he might give them their answer next day. The paper contained admirable things for the peasants. The olives, sole revenue of the estate, were to be cut down and the private gardens were to be given over to the peasants. There was no answer. Next day the Duke and his family left, allowing the estate agent to carry on his work as usual.

Shortly after, I left Bellosguardo for Rome, where with great joy I consigned the precious diamonds to their lawful owner.

The other day I received a letter from a cousin of mine well known in Wall Street. It was in answer to a rather gossipy letter I had written and it pictured well the new standard of greatness.

"How much better," he wrote, "if instead of meeting and tea-ing with great inventors, the learned professions, noblesse and diplomats, you had been gossiping with Mr. Morgan or Messrs. Hearst or Ford. Those are people worth meeting."

I do not agree, but I know this millionaire snobbery exists, which attraction displayed itself so strongly in a very dear friend of mine, that her daughter used to say: "When Mr. B. is in Rome it's almost impossible to keep mamma from him. She sits so tightly to his pockets, one would think she hoped their contents would get into hers. But I have never found them fuller, but rather the emptier for his visits."

Millionaires and great landed proprietors seem to be in the same position as regards ready money. They never have any.

My experience teaches that it is useless to hope for small sums from the super-rich. If you have any designs on their banking accounts for the benefit of some respectable but reduced family, or a small collection of orphans, give up hope: ask instead for a national monument, or a church, or a college for the study of Esperanto—and you will get it!

During my life in Rome only one great genius perpetuated American tradition. Many artists of inspired talent came to Rome and stayed there. But as successor to the international dynasty of those who bore high the heaven-lit fires of art, only one man stands head and shoulders above his contemporaries. I refer to the great sculptor Moses Ezekiel. At sixteen, this young American citizen of the Southern States came from Paris to Villa Medici as "Prix de Rome." From that moment his great genius flowered into beauty. America and France possess his work. His "Christ in the Chapel of Expiation," the monument of the Bell of Liberty, are Mr. Ezekiel's record. Among the losses caused by the Great War, though insignificant in comparison with the destruction caused by that catastrophe, Mr. Ezekiel's memoirs were swept away, lost with his luggage during his return to Rome, in August, 1914.

Early in his Roman days Ezekiel became the friend of the Cardinal Prince of Hohenlohe. This friendship deepened and continued till fate drew the royal ecclesiastic away from a world of envy and intrigue. Ezekiel frequented constantly the receptions of the eccentric Princess Wittgenstein, Liszt's too-adoring friend. This lady lived in a world of lamp and candle light; her windows were never opened during the day. She was kind to the young sculptor and recognised his genius. In her salon he met most of the intellectuals of that time who passed through Rome.

Most of Ezekiel's summer months were spent at Villa d'Este at Tivoli, with the Cardinal and his little court of German nobles and German genius in art and literature. Liszt, was a frequent guest. I do not know if Ezekiel was present at the wonderful reception Cardinal Hohenlohe gave to his cousins, the Hereditary

Grand-Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, when they came to stay at Villa d'Este on their bridal tour. The Cardinal, who was very fond of his relations, prepared in their honour a masked entertainment which would not have been amiss at the Court of Alfonso d'Este himself, when Tasso was poet laureate and master of the revels. Under the tall, sky-soaring cypresses were gathered most beautiful peasant maidens and youths, who went through a series of antique local dances—survival of Greek and classic times.

For months the Abbé Liszt, to please his patron, had sought for and arranged vestiges of Greek chants and music of classic days which still survived in the memory of the peasants. A choir of fresh young voices sang these songs arranged by Liszt as an Epithalemia.

My friend the Grand-Duchess, then a bride, told me that even in her dreams she had never imagined anything to equal this vision and these strains of past harmonies, re-born through Liszt's genius.

Cardinal Hohenlohe, a cousin of Queen Victoria, was a man of intellect and culture. Born a member of one of the greatest princely but non-reigning families of Europe, he sympathised with the ideas of United Italy—far too strongly, thought the reactionaries of the Vatican; and Ezekiel shared in the Cardinal's ideals. The Cardinal was a Liberal, said ill-natured gossip, and, what was worse, his house became a refuge for the non-orthodox in political matters. So the Cardinal was practically exiled from Rome as a precautionary measure. Tired with the struggle, he retired to Tivoli and definitely established himself in his glorious property of Villa d'Este. Both the Cardinal and Ezekiel knew well enough the danger that threatened the prince's life from ill-controlled fanaticism. Ezekiel told me that, despairing of any other friend's devotion, the Cardinal committed into his care a locked and sealed case, which contained the sacramental wine and water that served for the celebration of the Mass. When—as High Priest of the Basilica, from which he drew his cardinalate—Cardinal Hohenlohe was obliged to assist at some sacred function, Ezekiel would join his friend in the sacristy and personally deliver to him the bottles enclosed in the locked and sealed case. These were taken and placed by the Cardinal himself on the altar till after the Mass had been celebrated. Ezekiel then reclaimed them and carried away the case under his arm, until it should be again required and this precautionary measure be repeated.

Ezekiel, fully impressed with his friend's danger, guarded the precious case as a watch-dog. He found a perfectly safe and trustworthy man who was given charge of the Cardinal's household.

Thus it seemed that all danger was provided against. About this time Ezekiel received an urgent call to return to the United States. If I mistake not it concerned his mother, to whom Ezekiel was devotedly attached. In any case the journey was unavoidable, and after making the final arrangements for his friend's safety, Ezekiel left for America.

On his return to Rome the first man who came to the studio was the Cardinal's major-domo, who told Ezekiel that he had been forced to leave the Cardinal's service, because he had suffered from fever and was unable to work. Now he was better, but the Cardinal had been obliged to engage another servant.

"And," asked Ezekiel, "how is the Cardinal's health?"

The ex-major-domo was silent. Thoroughly alarmed, the next morning saw Ezekiel at Villa d'Este. When he entered the room where the Cardinal was seated he fell back with amazement. His friend's physiognomy was transformed; the mark of death lay on his face.

"How is this—can nothing be done?"

"Nothing," said the Cardinal. "I have two months to live. It is a slow poison and invariably fatal. Now let us talk of pleasanter matters and not waste our time."

It was not the cook, though the man was new to the place, but as he said, he had secured an ideal position and all his interest lay in prolonging his master's life and not in shortening it. There was a man on whom suspicion fell. The source of his credentials was tainted and he left Italy shortly after the Cardinal's death.

There was nothing to be done; no antidote could assuage the poison and the Cardinal wished no fuss to be made. He was doomed. He knew it, and died stoically.

From the day of the Cardinal's death, Ezekiel refused to allow any priest to enter his studio. He kept this rule to the last, although he knew well and was friendly with several American ecclesiastics, one of whom, Archbishop Seton, was exceedingly annoyed at this iron rule not being broken in his case.

A little personal memory may be told here. Shortly after Cardinal Hohenlohe's death, my mother asked two elderly friends, prelates and friends of Cardinal Hohenlohe, to luncheon. They are all dead now, including my aunt Rosenkrantz who was with us that morning.

When dessert came, a plate of little candied fruit—dates filled with almond paste, etc.—were handed round. At first sight of these dainties both prelates cried simultaneously: "No, thank you, none of these poisoned sweets."

The cry came from their hearts; so clear was this that my mother, in her surprise, forgot to be offended. My aunt, who was

quick-witted and had known Cardinal Hohenlohe very well, said at once: "So the poison was given in these sweets, and not by the cook!"

Both men looked uncomfortable. One tried to carry off the matter by talking of gout, but feminine curiosity and persistence conquered. They confessed to the truth: a box of this fruit had been sent from one of the best Roman pastrycooks and had been served to the Cardinal. The sweets not eaten by him at table disappeared; there was no possible doubt that the Cardinal had been poisoned through this means.

Ezekiel's studio formed part of the ruined remains of Diocletian's Baths, that part facing Piazza Termini. A small staircase paved with mediæval tiles, some bearing the arms of the Este family and others of Medici manufacture, led to a little terrace covered in with vine, jasmine and Banksia roses. This served in the spring as antechamber to the studio, and there coffee was drunk and cigarettes smoked to the accompaniment of a small splashing fountain. Inside, the studio was lighted by great glazed windows of a size suited to the monumental ideas of Diocletian's architect. A kind of scaffolding, curtained off from the daylight, served as bedroom, though there was no sign that it was used for this purpose. The unpainted bricks of ancient Rome were decorated with rows of laurel leaves, festooning the walls, and painted tapestries; primitive great heads of plaster elephants held lights. The decorations of this studio had been placed at the time of his house-warming and had never been dusted since. The laurels were brown, but they held loyally together and the whole effect was supremely artistic and original. In the studio proper the most prominent object was a long table of giallo antico marble, held up by two marble griffins. On it stood perhaps the most beautiful thing in the studio, a silver reproduction of Benvenuto Cellini's "Hermes," a replica of almost the same date as the original. This figure carried an ancient Roman lamp. The studio also contained a pianoforte and small organ. On one side stood a small estrade, curtained off from the main hall; it served to seat the principal guests at one of the quartet concerts, or to act as a "cabinet" during the séances of Eusapia Paladino.

Ezekiel's working studio stood quite apart from where he lived. The entrance was a little beyond the door of the Museum delle Terme; it was double the height and almost double the size of the other. On the left side, apart from his other works, lay his statue of the dead Christ. There was wonderful feeling in the face and hands. I noticed a great calm and silence among those who came near this figure. I also saw sitting in reflective mood, the plaster cast of his "Napoleon at St. Helena," and on

the right stood the monument, an official order by the U.S.A. It was in the shape of a great bell with allegorical figures.

Ezekiel worked slowly. It was not surprising to admire an almost completed work and the next day to return and find it a mound of clay; the work of months destroyed in half an hour. It was a vision of the past to visit this studio, so unique in its grandeur, and to be met by the sculptor, a handsome figure in his old-world tunic and velvet cap.

Unfortunately, Senator Lanciani decided that the city of Rome needed these buildings to hold plaster casts of Greek and Roman statues that belonged to foreign galleries; so the doom went forth and Ezekiel had to leave. His studio as it stood had been promised to the city of Rome, but the Minister of Public Instruction was all-powerful, and the city had to give way. The city of Rome, grateful to the great sculptor, assigned to Ezekiel the Tower of Belisarius in the Aurelian Wall, near Porta Pinciana. Here Ezekiel continued his former hospitality, and in this tower he passed away. His last illness was soothed by the tender care of his old and devoted friends, the Italian poet, Commendatore Adolfo de Bosis and his wife. Madame de Bosis is an American lady of rare charm and culture.

In Ezekiel's studio at the Terme he held many novel meetings. Three or four times at least every winter the Roman quartet, organised by the Maestro Cristiani, played Beethoven and Mozart. Here also, Mrs. Besant gave interesting lectures. All society, even people like the late Princess Doria, *née* Pelham Clinton, the English and American Ambassadors and other distinguished people were present.

One evening I was invited with my aunt, Baroness Rosenkrantz, to one of the most convincing séances I have attended. We met at the studio about nine o'clock. There were present the Minister of Public Instruction, a lady-in-waiting of Queen Margherita's and Don Romolo R., then a deputy of the Italian Parliament, with whom Eusapia the medium was staying.

Inside the studio was dark, but for a red light near the only door, and by it sat Ezekiel's faithful manservant, who had orders to guard the entrance and lower or raise the light as directed. We all sat round a heavy table of walnut, Eusapia being placed with her back to the curtained niche which I have already described. Eusapia was in high good humour. We were all, as she said, "*persone simpatiche*," and she felt sure everything would go off well. Certainly five minutes had not passed before we heard heavy noises behind the curtains, the bureau and sofa behind were moved. A shower of sharp taps followed, some on the table itself, and Eusapia became completely entranced. I sat

next to Eusapia when the curtains of dark blue plush bulged out ; underneath them I felt arms, hands, and a face that pressed against my own. In some fashion, I realised who this was and had hardly recovered from my astonishment and emotion when I heard a young man's voice speaking in English to Ezekiel, who was on my left. The voice was so plain that I listened and heard nearly all that was said. Ezekiel told me afterwards that the speaker was his nephew, a young man very dear to him, who had died suddenly and had taken with him much of Ezekiel's happiness and affection.

"Do you remember, dear uncle, the evening we spent on the pier and how you insisted that there was a future life? Then I would not believe you and yet you were right," said the voice.

Ezekiel's answer was inaudible ; the sound was choked with tears. Eusapia began to writhe in her chair and groaned. I judged something was about to happen. On the right, some eight metres away from the table where we sat, a light-grey mist floated. This became gradually thick and more material-looking. Don Romolo sprang from his seat and went towards it, followed by the Minister of Public Instruction. The mist became more dense, and took the form of a tall woman."

"E mia madre" (it is my mother), said the Prince.

I judged it time to go and see for myself what was happening, but the rest of the party never moved. When I reached the figure it had completely materialised. I saw a woman, tall and draped in loose white raiment ; part of the material fell over the head and hair, leaving the face free. The face was a beautiful oval, the nose and mouth refined and well chiselled. The chin and throat were beautifully formed ; the eyebrows were dark black like the hair ; the eyes almond-shaped, with long black lashes. The essence of the face, if I may call it so, was not young, though there were no marking lines or wrinkles. Before her knelt Don Romolo. He was crying bitterly, oblivious of all else, and his tears had formed a little pool on the wooden floor. I remembered the saying that these phantoms are supposed to be attached by a vaporous cord to the medium from whom they are thought to originate, not unlike the umbilical cord, so, to test this, I walked in a circle all round the ground, passing between the phantom and the medium, but found no barrier. Don Romolo was speaking :

"My mother, my dear mother ! Bless me, I pray you, as you used to do."

I watched the face of the phantom gravely. The face took a serious expression, the right arm lifted itself, the wide sleeves fell back, and a long, beautifully-shaped hand extended itself towards

the Prince's head. For a moment it fluttered over the bowed head, then slowly, lovingly, traced the sign of the Cross on his forehead. Then again it was laid for a few appreciable minutes on his head, then gently the hand was withdrawn. Don Romolo continued to sob. He held out his two hands and asked the vision to place its hands in them.

"Mamma mia, trust me ! Lay your hand on mine ! I will not grasp or seize it !"

Again the hand was extended. I studied now more particularly the phantom's face. It seemed as being more relaxed, less statuesque. Still there was a hardness and a stiffness which was unlike life. I had seen enough. It was painful, and I went back to my place at the table. The conversation was still going on between Mr. Ezekiel and his nephew. I think the rest of our party were too frightened to move. We all watched the phantom. In the same way that this figure had appeared, it began to withdraw. First it became less solid and gradually returned to its first mist-like appearance. The column of what looked like vapour dwindled into a small white cloud which disappeared in a flash before our eyes, leaving the floor visible where a few moments ago had stood the tall, statuesque figure, living, moving. There was no more direct voice. The table, that until now had thrilled to the touch with waves of electricity, became inert. Eusapia gave a final groan. The séance was over.

Ezekiel's servant turned on the lights and we sat down to an excellent supper. I sat next to Don Romolo. There was something very pathetic about him ; the love of his mother had ensouled him. He told me that all his life was bound up in her existence. He had never married for fear she should think herself put aside. And when he lost her he had nothing left to live for. Then into his misery came a ray of light. He heard of Eusapia, and at the first séance his mother had materialised as we had seen her that evening. It was a revelation to him and had entirely changed his life. It was no longer a matter of faith, but a reality ; his mother lived and still loved him. She wished him to continue his political career and to make the best of his life. Comforted by this new knowledge he no longer thought of her as dead.

For one month every year, Don Romolo arranged that Eusapia should visit him. He paid her highly—ten thousand francs for that single month—and she bound herself to give no other séances while staying in his house. From old friendship for Ezekiel, he had brought her here this evening.

It was the last half-hour, well over 2 a.m., when Ezekiel asked Eusapia if she would show his Excellency the Minister some

phenomena in full electric light. She said she was tired, but would see what could be done.

On the marble supper table stood some of Ezekiel's Venetian glass and a silver *épergne* filled with flowers. Eusapia held out her hand and pointed to some daffodils in the centre of the *épergne*. They were about half-a-yard off. Before us all, the flowers bent themselves towards any one of the party who desired it. The Minister asked if she could make anything else move by her own will. She then pointed to my glass. I was sitting at the other end of the table, and I was barely in time to save it from being dashed to pieces. These experiments continued, so I went up to the medium and placed my hand on hers, between the thumb and the forefinger. The result was a strong electric shock, at which Eusapia laughed. She also made me feel the air above the opening in her skull—which was the result of an accident she had when a child. A strong breeze of hot air seemed to be pouring out of the opening which never ceased pulsating. This is only one of the many *séances* to which Ezekiel was kind enough to ask me. The control was complete ; for there was, as I said, only one door of exit, guarded by the servant, and everything took place in full light. Only the light had a red shade and was lowered or raised according to the sitters' orders.

CHAPTER X

THE TYROL AND BAVARIA

Klausen—Castle Gerstein—Feasting as of old—Prince Otto Wittgenstein and Princess Lory—The Black Lady—An enemy of Britain—Prince Henkel Donnersmark—Stories of Tegernsee—The ex-King of Naples—Queen Josephine of Sweden—The Kaiser's sister—Tea at Baroness Mathilde de Rothschild's—The Kaiser—What his friends said of him—A great composer and H.I.M.

IN the summer I used often to make my way to England by way of the Tyrol and Bavaria. My first halt used to be at Klausen, at Schloss Gerstein, an old castle of the twelfth century, well restored and the residence of her Excellency Madame von Gerstein Hohenstein.

Madame von Gerstein was English born, and had married General von Gerstein in the days of the Court of the old Emperor William the First. The general was a very brave officer and had gone with honour through the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

They had a house at Wiesbaden, and there Madame von Gerstein often received the old Emperor and the Empress Augusta. Often she would tell me stories of that peaceful, unpretending Court and the homelike way in which the old sovereigns would come in for a chat.

The von Gersteins had lost all touch with the new Court and the General had bought this castle, then quite a ruin, and restored it so as to leave it to his heir, a nephew, for the couple had no children. The castle was perched on the top of one of the wooded hills of the Tyrol. At the little station of Klausen there waited for guests one of the small local carriages and, passing down a road that skirted the river, the climb began through a well-made private road—about seven miles of fir-trees and rocks.

It was not till the last mile that one saw the castle, perched as it was on the very summit of the hill. It was the original home of the Gerstein family. It had belonged to another branch that

had allowed the place to fall into ruins. When I saw it first there was nothing missing in modern comfort, except that the staircase ran outside the castle wall, and it was a matter of hoods and cloaks when you wished to go from one floor to another. Shut in between the high castle walls there was a little court where the flowers grew, and the small keep that shadowed it had been converted into a summer-house where tea was served. From the windows of the castle rooms the whole panorama of the mountains lay displayed. Rose-hued in sunrise and sunset loomed the range of the Dolomites.

Behind the castle spread woods and patches of the green mountain pastures, and in a ravine, at the foot of the hills, leaped a swift mountain stream. The sound of the splashing waters never ceased. The stream had a legend : in past centuries, two brothers Gerstein who had hated each other had met on the banks of the rushing flood. Fully armed and mounted on their war horses, the two had drawn on each other—both had died, and the bodies had been lost in the river.

At full moon, the story told, the two phantom knights could be seen fighting wildly, and the sound of the blows could be heard even as far off as the castle itself. I cannot say I have heard them, but heavy stones rolling down the hillside and clashing in the waters gave a creditable imitation of nightly conflict.

It was my greatest joy to pass a week in this lovely spot. Madame von Gerstein was in herself a most delightful hostess and every day someone called from the neighbourhood.

Baron Schomberg and his wife came from their country seat ; also the Falkensteins, two very pleasant young people, descendants of the famous troubadour—and they lived still in his old castle. Other Tyrolese nobles, as pleasant as my hostess, used to call on us at intervals, and I found they were mines of story and legend.

It is sad to think of the ruin that overtook this quiet circle of friends. Two armies overran the mountains. Castle Gerstein was twice occupied by troops. Once came the Austrian Army. The cellars were emptied but no other harm done ; next arrived the Italians, who sent up a guard to protect the castle. Alas ! They destroyed all they saw. Not a glass remained unbroken ; a choice of furniture was made and taken away ; china, linen, all was gone. After the war, my poor friend sent her invaluable maid Minna to see what remained of her house. It could not be repaired, even the roof was broken down ! So the end has come to Castle Gerstein, and it will never more be lived in by the descendants of the ancient knights.

In 1908 no one anticipated any such catastrophe. A young

nephew came to visit his aunt during my stay. He, Count Schulenberg, was supposed to be on his way to a wild part of Transylvania, where his new post lay. He had stolen a few precious days to see his aunt. He was full of life and fun, and told amusing stories of the uncivilised state of his destination. His visit was a great relief and help to his aunt, for it was the time for Madame von Gerstein's annual feast to the neighbouring clergy. The Castellan was summoned and preparations begun.

Certainly I had never seen the like—not even in Danish days, when hungry north-born schoolboys crowded round my aunt's table. The feast began at one o'clock, but at half-past twelve the party had arrived. A plate of sandwiches, made German fashion, and glasses of local liqueur were handed round to the reverend company. The sandwiches were made of cheese, hard-boiled eggs cut in slices, and thin slices of sausages. The manservant, resplendent in white gloves, announced that the "herrenshaft" were served, and down the mediæval stairs we hurried. There waited for us great plates of soup, flanked by piles of small rolls of home manufacture. Then the priests cleared for action. One great dish followed another, appeared and vanished. The castle was celebrated for its cellar; by degrees the quality grew from course to course, till, at the sweet, a sparkling wine was produced, and the priests, full and happy, drank to the lady's health: "Ad multos annos! Hoch! Hoch!"

Here are the joys of having a nephew in the house. The feast was by no means over. After three had struck, and three-quarters past, Madame von Gerstein pleaded her age, and we were allowed to leave the feasters. It was nearly five when a smiling company came into the sitting-room. Count von Schulenberg had no appetite that evening. He went to bed early. As he left the room his aunt said gratefully, "If that dear boy had not been here, we might have been sitting at table till six!"

They were an interesting set, these country priests. Hard-working men, representing civilisation to the mountain folk, they passed the winter months in snow and ice. Seldom they met an equal. They had their newspapers, their church, and that was their life.

From Gerstein I went to Munich, and, to the surprise of my friends, I settled down in a most convenient but unfashionable hotel. The Peterhof stands in the Rathausplatz, opposite the great clock with its chimes and curious figures that once a day go through complicated manœuvres.

My room was in front of the clock, and it was better than any play to sit in the window-seat and watch the town life in this central square of Munich. I found the Munich shops very

attractive, especially for children's toys ; there was much lovely china, also. The pieces had no marks, but were equal to the state manufactures for fineness of "pate" colouring and modelling.

The south German is very unlike the Prussian ; he has an unfailing "bonhomie" and lacks the dourness of the true "kultur." From Munich I took train one morning, and so landed at the small country station near Lake Tegernsee.

On the borders of this beautiful lake stood the Villa Wittgenstein. Here lived two dear friends, Prince Otto and his wife, Princess Eleonora, or "Lory," Wittgenstein.

Prince Otto was a German of the old school. As a boy he had studied under the same tutor whom the Crown Princess had afterwards chosen for her eldest son Wilhelm, the future German Kaiser. The tutor was a socialist. His hatred for the rich and fortunate made him cruel to his pupils. He flogged them on the slightest pretext and used to say, "I am beating you now, for you will have it all your own way later on, so you shall pay for this now."

Like all mediatised princes, a state was assigned as their country, and Prince Wittgenstein's family had been attached to Hanover, so he had joined the Hanoverian army, and when the war broke out between Hanover and Prussia he had commanded a cavalry regiment. When the defeat was complete, his adjutant asked him what was to be done with the horses. "Let each man take his horse back with him to his farm ; the war is over and you will need horses."

"Very well," said the man, "but I will leave 'Satan' in the stables. When the Prussians come he can kill a few for us." "Satan" was known as a man-eater. Unfortunately, Prince Otto never knew if "Satan" had acted up to his character in the cavalry stables. With this animosity between the conquered and the conquerors, the Crown Prince and Prince Otto did not meet until there chanced to be a wedding, and there the two made friends over stories of the floggings of their mutual tutor.

"Did he hurt you?" said the future Kaiser.

"I should think so," was the answer of Prince Otto. This was the commencement of a life friendship.

Seeing Hanover was lost, Prince Wittgenstein took service in the Austrian army rather than wear the hated Prussian uniform.

"I preferred to be in the army of a Catholic power, though that had its inconveniences. There were many processions and church functions that I was obliged to attend, but even this was better than Prussia." Still, the Kaiser was too clever for the simple-hearted Prince Otto. There was a state visit to the same Hanoverian town, where Prince Otto had finally disbanded his

regiment. Part of the festivities was the official visit and reception of Kaiser Wilhelm.

A telegram came to Villa Wittgenstein inviting Prince Otto to join the Kaiser there, and afterwards they would start on the "Nordener Reise." The day they arrived was the day the Imperial party rode through the streets. The Kaiser said:

"Cousin Otto, why are you not in my uniform?"

Prince Wittgenstein answered: "I have not the honour, sir, to belong to your army."

"That is soon remedied," said the Kaiser.

The next morning there was to be a review. When Prince Wittgenstein awoke and began to dress, he noticed that his valet was laying out on the bed the full uniform of a Prussian general.

"What is this?" he said to his servant.

"His Majesty sent this for your serene highness to wear when you ride with him to-day."

Prince Otto felt trapped. There was nothing to do but to put it on. That day, as they rode together through the town, the Kaiser said to his cousin, "You never thought, Otto, that you would ride with me in these streets wearing my uniform."

"No," said the Prince.

He told me that it was the bitterest moment of his life when he first wore this uniform. Only his true friendship for the Emperor and a desire not to offend him had made Prince Otto give way. The trap was evident, though Prince Wittgenstein did not see it. What greater proof could there be to the discontented than the sight of the steadiest adherent of the old régime riding to the Imperial procession wearing the Prussian uniform?

The "Nordener Reise" was an annual event. Each year Prince Wittgenstein joined the Imperial party in the yacht *Hohenzollern*. They used to make their way down the fjords of Norway. At one place they always found an American yacht waiting for them. It belonged to an attractive widow, and if she was charming, her cook was a paragon. The commissariat on the Imperial yacht was not first-rate, and the arrival of the lady was very welcome. The whole party, Emperor included, used to dine and lunch daily with the widow till the order came, and they steamed away on their travels.

I saw a *ménu* which recorded an unusual meal. The yachting party decided to cook their dinner which was to be eaten solemnly the same evening. Each dish was called after its creator; the Emperor's dish was a salad. He commandeered two of the yacht's cooks to help him, and a photograph showed the Kaiser with white cap, jacket, and apron complete, gravely mixing the "Kaiserlicher salad," so called on the *ménu*.

They seemed to have played about like a crowd of school-boys on a holiday. It is impossible to believe that it was from such a holiday that the Emperor William returned to plunge Europe in the terror and destruction of the Great War.

Fortunately for my kind, good friend, he passed away in days of peace. While staying with the Wittgensteins, I met certain interesting personalities: amongst others, Prince Philip Ernest Hohenlohe, son of "Uncle Clovis," one time Governor of Alsace. Prince Hohenlohe spent the day with us and talked, like most Germans, of the Emperor. Speaking of the mutual antipathy between King Edward and his nephew, he related that the Kaiser had said to him:

"My uncle never seems to realise that I am a sovereign but treats me as if I were a little boy. Now Queen Victoria never made this mistake. Though she had me as a child on her lap and sometimes boxed my ears, the moment I became Emperor she treated me with deference. She respected my position."

It was my last visit before Prince Wittgenstein's death. He had been with the Kaiser reviewing the new artillery, and more especially the Zeppelins, and had returned full of marvel at the great advance in those terrible engines of war. The Emperor had gone for a long flight of travelling in the car. From this he had spoken of the great guns and the distance they carried, and the certainty of the aim. "With our new weapons we can fire over Mont Blanc and be certain to hit the village we aim at."

He began to describe this invention, until I became alarmed at hearing all the secret technicalities, which were certainly not for English ears. So I thought that I must remind my friends that I was English. The two began to laugh: Prince Hohenlohe answered me, "First of all, you are not English, but Scotch. At least your mother was Scotch. Secondly, if you go to the War Office and tell all you have heard to the Minister, he will only laugh at you and say, 'It's a fairy tale.' So, for our part, you may say what you please."

Strangely enough, when I came to London, I was asked to lunch to meet an old playfellow who was a member of the then Ministry. He sat next me at table, and I spoke of the great war preparations of Germany. It was as Prince Hohenlohe had foretold. The Englishman laughed at me: "I fear, Roma, they have been pulling your leg. No guns exist that can carry so far, and the Zeppelins never go up that they don't fall down."

I objected that, though we always heard of the failures, it was just possible that this was done on purpose. In any case, it was not likely that the Kaiser would have been allowed to go up

unless his people were sure it was safe, but nothing could move my old friend out of his complacency.

To show how blind the Government were to the dangers of the Balkan situation, the year of the Balkan War I had been invited and had arranged to pay a visit to Montenegro. I was asked by the brother of the Catholic archbishop of those parts. The Archbishop had his sister staying with him. I was to travel with an American friend and the idea was most tempting. I had hardly arrived in Paris on my way to England, when I received a letter explaining that, as war was on the point of breaking out, it would be unsafe to travel in those regions. So, happening to meet this same friend, and to go in with him to dinner, we began to talk, as usual, politics. I told him of my postponed visit and the fear of war. Again I was laughed to scorn: "There will be no war, I assure you; I am sure of this because I took the trouble to send my confidential secretary to make a round of the Balkan countries. He returned the next week and said that the whole region is quiet and no one thinks of fighting."

I asked: "Who did your man see and speak with?"

"The authorities."

"Can he speak their language? Does he speak Romany? For the gypsy language is a kind of *lingua franca* in these parts, I believe."

"My secretary speaks French."

"Then whom did he interview?"

"Oh, he went to all the British Legations and to the bankers, and such like."

I said no more. It was hopeless.

The War began, as my Montenegrin friend had said, at the beginning of autumn. Certainly our British Government was not fortunate in its information bureau.

Near the Villa Wittgenstein, there were many country-houses. One villa was occupied by Countess Toll and her daughters, Princess Koudasceff and Madame Isvolski. I had not met them since Monsieur Isvolski was Russian Minister to the Vatican. Now he was Minister of Foreign Affairs. Mimi Isvolski pressed me to pay them a visit that winter, at Petersburg, and I felt sorely attempted to accept. But it was then the season of the Nihilist scare, and my courage quailed before the possibility of a bomb sent up as a boiled egg for breakfast. So I have never seen the glories of old Russia under the Tsars. The unfortunate Tsar Nicholas I met during my visit to Denmark, at the Russian Legation. He was not very interesting. I only saw the prince once.

A few girls were asked to come in the evening and amuse the

young prince; they all played games. It was the "petits chevaux" and one of my girl friends lost £30. On hearing this, my aunt, Baroness Rosenkrantz, decided I was too young for gambling debts. She explained this to Countess Toll, and I never went there again.

Monsieur Isvolski was one of the cleverest men in Russia. He was interested in speculations about the other world, like Prince Wittgenstein—who, like others of his family, possessed a kind of second sight. When at the Court of Munich, Prince Wittgenstein had seen several times the "Black Lady" of the Wittgensteins. This spectre is said to appear before the death of a member of the reigning family and is seen near the doomed person. Prince Otto told me how he had first met this spirit.

It was many years ago when one of the princesses died—by birth, an Austrian archduchess, and Prince Otto was obliged to attend the Requiem Mass. He went in time to the function and took his place beside one of the Bavarian princes. At these Masses no lady is supposed to attend, so it was with surprise that he saw a lady all in black, with a long black veil covering her face, kneeling on the side reserved for the royal family.

He asked his neighbour, one of the princes, who this lady might be. He said it was a Grand-Duchess, who was a great friend of the dead princess and had been ill lately herself. They paid no more attention to the lady. She knelt very devoutly all the service, but seemed to keep near one of the older Wittelsbach princes. They also noted he looked ghastly. In fact, this was his last public appearance, for he died within the month.

To go back to Prince Wittgenstein and his friend. When the Mass was over, they got a chance to ask who was the kneeling lady.

"It is not the Grand-Duchess," was the answer. "She is still ill in bed."

"I believe it is the Black Lady," said Prince Otto. "Let us try to stop her as soon as she attempts to leave the church."

The figure did not move till the congregation had left. Prince Wittgenstein and his friend stayed waiting. They had told Prince Rupert of Bavaria of their suspicions and he stayed with them. At last the lady rose and began very slowly to descend the steps and come towards the three princes. They placed themselves so that she must pass between them. There was no one left in the church. Two drew their swords and waited, but Prince Wittgenstein went up to the figure and offered her his hand to go down the steps. She waved him aside, but did not speak. Prince Otto followed her closely, till she came to where Prince Rupert and his cousin stood, with crossed blades, so that

the figure could not pass unless they drew their swords back. There the lady stood still. She threw back her veil, that till this moment covered her face completely, and Prince Wittgenstein told me it was the actual face of the Black Lady's picture. He recognised it and so did the two princes. Shocked at this resemblance, they lowered their swords and the figure passed between them. As she passed she bowed majestically to the three men who were unable to move. By the time they recovered themselves the Black Lady had disappeared.

Within a few days the prince near whom she knelt had died.

Beside the Tolls there also lived, by Villa Wittgenstein, the celebrated Prince Henckel Donnersmarck and his wife and family.

I met the princess first when I was driving with Princess Wittgenstein. What attracted me most was her very light dress. It was one of the coldest days that the Bavarian Tyrol can produce in late autumn. We are now accustomed to see bare arms and short dresses, but at that time, when a covert coat and skirt was "good form" in the mountains, Princess Henckel was a wonder: Princess Lory explained that the lady had been celebrated for her lovely arms and neck, hence the way in which she exposed them to the cold.

The eldest son of this multi-millionaire married a daughter of Prince Franz Wittgenstein, twin brother of Prince Otto. The wedding was splendid in its grandeur. The receptions took place at their palace of Neudeck, which has a staircase of onyx. It took six days for the deputations from Prince Henckel's mines and various other properties to pass before the newly-married couple.

Prince Henckel Donnersmarck was a determined enemy of England. He hated her and I wonder if he had followed his plan of ransom as he had done in 1869 before the Franco-German War.

Prince, then Count, Henckel had been appointed to the German Embassy at Paris. His whole time was spent in lunching and dining with French financiers, with the laudable intention of finding out how much ransom could be obtained from a "conquered" France.

After Sedan, Prince Bismarck sent for Henckel to ask his opinion.

"Ask for twenty milliards," said the Count.

"Impossible. All Europe will intervene," said Bismarck.

"What can Europe do?" said Henckel cynically.

"No, I will ask fourteen," said the great chancellor.

"You are mistaken; France can pay it easily," was Count Henckel's last word.

Prince Henckel Donnersmarck has been from his youth a super-man. When he came into his majority he disappeared. No one knew what had become of him. It was a year before he returned. It came out later that he had spent these months working as a labourer in his own mines.

Being certain that war must eventually break out between France and Germany, Count Henckel Donnersmarck asked to be appointed Attaché to the German Embassy at Paris. For some time his clever mind tried and tested the different circles of French life. Incidentally he fell in love with a woman more remarkable for her looks than her morals. Here came the one flaw in his armour. He married her.

In 1884 this lady died, and in 1887 he married, for the second time, the Princess Donnersmarck I had the pleasure of meeting at the Villa Wittgenstein. As I have related, he became Bismarck's most trusted adviser as to French affairs. During the Franco-German War he led the German troops over the frontier and acted as scout.

When the end came he settled the amount of the ransom of France and then dedicated himself to the settlement and development of his immense fortune. Whenever a chance came he grasped it, and before the Great War he owned most of the remunerative enterprises of the Fatherland. In recompense for his service to the country, the Emperor created him prince. In appearance he was a tall, stout man when I saw him first at the Wittgensteins. It was his size that impressed me first, and then his face, the face of a man of action, a fighter. The strange piercing eyes suddenly fixed on me like flashlights, frightened and startled me. His hatred of England came, I think, from his contempt for amateurs and their methods, and he, like many Germans, considered us a nation of amateurs.

The second wife was tall and graceful and had the remains of great beauty. In their way both prince and princess were considerate to their dependents. Twenty thousand human beings lived and were housed by Prince Henckel Donnersmarck. Old people past work and children who needed help. His hospitality was unequalled in all Europe. When he entertained at Neudeck, he would think nothing of sending for the *Compagnie Française* to entertain his guests, or Sarah Bernhardt and her company, or any other novelty of the day. The Kaiser would come with all his court and many other friends. The last time I saw the couple was at the Grand Hotel in Rome, where I was dining with an American friend. It was in spring, 1914. To my surprise, I

saw the Henckel Donnersmarcks come in with the German Ambassador. After dinner we were all taking coffee in the lounge and the Princess recognised me and sent to ask if my friend and I would take our coffee with them.

From the conversation I gathered that the Ambassador had gone to meet them at the Italian frontier, an honour generally reserved for Royalty. After all, theirs was the royalty of riches.

Besides these people there were many pleasant houses in the Tegernsee district. One villa belonged to the d'Arcos family who were related to Lord Acton.

The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg lived not far from Villa Wittgenstein. I was once graciously invited for the evening, but the illness of her daughter Princess Beatrice put off the reception.

The illness ended with the elopement of the young lady with Prince Alfonso of Spain, son of the Infanta Eulalia. It was a case of true love not running smoothly, but it all came right in the end.

The obstacle was religion. Princess Beatrice was a Protestant and her lover a Catholic. An Infant of Spain cannot have a Protestant bride. The Princess's health was affected by her disappointment, and her mother became anxious for the girl, who was supposed to be suffering from what the doctor could not diagnose.

The medical attendants of the Duchess had summoned from Dresden a strange individual. Prince Wittgenstein knew him, and hoped to bring him back to see us at the villa. This man had what, for want of a better name, I will call "Roentgen-Ray eyes."

This was found out during the Franco-German War, when the man arrived as a private in the ranks.

The company he belonged to were marching down the roads, when the private said to his neighbour :

"Look how queer Hans is, with his heart on the wrong side."

The other soldiers laughed at this till the captain heard them and asked what it was all about. They told him.

In the evening, at the officers' mess, the stupidity of the soldier was laughed at, but one of the party did not laugh. He went round to where the soldiers bivouacked and inquired about Hans. The man was found, and to the surprise of the doctor, his heart was on the right side. The heart was certainly in the wrong place. Then the doctor called up the private, who had seen this, and asked him how he knew this freak of Nature.

"Why, I saw it. Don't you see it, beating away?"

The doctor was pertinacious and kept worrying till he found out that the man saw inside bodies. When the doctor had assured himself of this, he never rested till he found out the right authorities and obtained their consent to detach the soldier from his regiment and send him back to Germany to be studied.

So this peasant became an interesting subject and afterwards a useful aid to the Dresden physicians. He grew rich by diagnosing sickness and had also the extraordinary gift of suggesting the remedies needed. His family came round him and he made them all rich. He had three houses at Dresden and took in patients, with a doctor to supervise his treatment. And now he was called in to diagnose the illness of Princess Beatrice.

He got out of the difficulty cleverly, as it turned out.

He said that the illness was not what they thought, and that the patient was in no danger. The doctors were disappointed, but when the Princess disappeared from her home, having eloped with her lover, the peasant triumphed.

Prince Otto was unable to bring him to Villa Wittgenstein, for the Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Coburg kept the peasant with her till it was time for him to return to Dresden.

My dear friend, Princess Lory, was her husband's second wife and also his sister-in-law, his first wife being her sister. This happens very often in Germany. Before and after her marriage she used to visit Schombrom, where her old friend the Empress Elizabeth of Austria lived. Princess Wittgenstein spoke of the strange habits of the beautiful Empress. She used to rise like the Emperor, before sunrise. The first night of Princess Lory's visit she woke by a gentle knocking at her door. She looked at her watch. It was 2 a.m.

"Who is it?" she called out.

The answer was clear: "It is I, Elizabeth. Come and ride in the park with me."

The Princess at once realised the situation. It was her first visit. "My dear Majesty, it is 2 o'clock. I sleep at that hour. Good night."

Fortunately, she was never asked again to rise at such an hour. Princess Lory was a born Wittgenstein and a cousin of her husband, Prince Otto. Lory was brought up with the exiled royal family of Naples. They were in great need of money, for all their personal property had been seized by Garibaldi when he took Naples. The treasury contained a very large sum which the king had insisted on leaving in the National Neapolitan Bank four days before Garibaldi entered Naples and the royal family fled to Gaeta.

One of the old Ministers told Princess Lory that he went on his knees before King Francis, begging him to withdraw this money before it was too late. It was the capital belonging personally to the House of the Neapolitan Bourbons. The king replied to the old servant of his family, the Minister, "No. I trust my people. It would ruin the bank if I withdrew the money now."

When Garibaldi gave over the town of Naples to the Italian troops, most of this great fortune was still in the hands of the bank. Garibaldi was an honest man as well as a hero. Thus the money fell into the hands of the Italian Government. King Victor Emmanuel knew the desperate financial condition of his cousin and wished to help him. Princess Wittgenstein had been staying a few days in Rome at the Hotel Costanzi. She was on the point of starting for Naples that evening when the servant told her that the Minister of the Treasury was waiting and wished to see her. Very much astonished, she said that she would receive him.

When his Excellency entered, she said, laughing, that with his age and her age, there could be no gossip or scandal though she received him in her bedroom for want of a sitting-room.

The Minister looked grave.

"I have come about a very serious matter. I know your friendship with the ex-King of Naples. This interest is shared by his cousin, our Sovereign. Now for the first time there is a possibility of his getting back the money left by him in the Bank of Naples."

"So," said Lory, "I sat down, very much interested, for Francis was like my own brother. 'How can this be done?' I asked."

The Minister began to explain. The money could not come back entirely, but a part of it might be returned under conditions, if the ex-King accepted them. There were certain sums to be given to the heads of the bank. Other sums to certain deputies, and a sum to the deputy who would introduce the Bill to the Chambers. Then all would be well. So, sitting on her boxes, Princess Lory made up the accounts. She said, "To tell the truth, I thought it all very moderate, so I told my friend the Minister that I would be responsible for the consent of King Francis to those conditions. Then I telegraphed. When the answer came, it was this:

"Please give my cousin my greatest thanks, but say also that I could not acquiesce in the crime of bribing his subjects, so I refuse."

Princess Lory told me that she lost her temper. She telegraphed:

"Francis, you are a fool."

Thus the money never came back to the rightful owner.

Once again the princess found herself trying to get back the property of the exiled family.

At Capo di Monte, there had been found a number of letters of Marie Antoinette to her sister Caroline of Naples. For some

reason, the ex-king Francis wished them to be returned to him. So Princess Lory was asked to intercede that they might be returned to the ex-royal family. She was unsuccessful. The King of Italy objected that they had been found in his Palace of Capo di Monte.

"How can you call it 'your' Palace?" said Princess Lory, indignantly. "Francis's grandfather paid for it himself, and it belongs to Francis, as my villa at Togernsee belongs to me. It is the private property of his family."

The audience ended stormily—but the letters were never returned. The Emperor Francis Joseph also intervened, but was equally unsuccessful.

The Empress Elizabeth was very much attached to her cousin, King Ludwig of Bavaria. Soon after his death (he was drowned in a lake with his doctor) Princess Lory went to Schoenbrunn to stay with the Empress. On her arrival the Empress took her into her private sitting-room.

"Dear friend, do you know," she said, "I have seen Ludwig. I was sitting at my writing-table when I felt faint. Looking up I saw Ludwig before me. He was deathly pale, and all his clothes were dripping water. Then he spoke. 'Lisel,' he said, and then other things—I felt faint and closed my eyes involuntarily. When I opened them there was no one in the room. I knew then that Ludwig was dead."

To end with another ghost story told by Prince Henry of Prussia. This prince was staying at the palace in Stockholm. It was after the death of Queen Josephine of Sweden, and Prince Henry was sitting with the king, who was busy answering letters and telegrams.

Now the custom of the Court of Sweden is that the body of the dead royalty is placed in a *chapelle ardente*, and left there the night, alone, without watchers, as is the custom in other courts. There is a long corridor which leads first to an antechamber and then to the *chapelle ardente*.

In this antechamber, by the rules of the court, there was on guard one of the king's aides-de-camp. The young man had brought a book with him to cheer his lonely vigil. He sat reading it, when he chanced to hear steps in the corridor approaching the room where he sat. He started up. Only the king or one of his attendants with a message could have come by that passage.

The door opened and a lady came in. She was dressed in black with a long veil. As she came near him she threw up her veil, and the aide-de-camp saw it was a lady-in-waiting, Countess C., who had been a personal friend of the dead queen. Countess C. had been unable to come to the queen during her illness,

because she was not then in waiting and had gone back to her home. The aide-de-camp remembered he had heard the lady was ill herself.

No doubt the lady had heard of the death of her royal friend and had rushed back in the hope of seeing the corpse before the coffin was closed.

The aide-de-camp did not dare to interfere, and the lady passed swiftly through the door and entered the *chapelle ardente*.

Time passed, and no sound came from the death-chamber. The young man grew anxious. Perhaps the emotion caused by the sight of her dead friend had overcome the countess, and she had fainted. Not daring to enter the death-chamber, the aide-de-camp went to the door and listened.

Not a sound. Growing still more anxious, he pushed the door a little open and looked in.

What did he see? The four great candles burned steadily, and by their light the aide-de-camp saw the body of the dead, sitting up in her coffin, in her robes of royalty. By her side knelt the lady, her friend. The two were speaking together. The candle-light shone on the closed eyes and cadaverous face of the dead queen, whose dead lips moved, answering the questions of her devoted friend.

The young man, a prey to the greatest terror, shut the door gently and staggered to his seat. For some time he waited till he could at last persuade himself that he had seen an illusion. The clock in the corridor struck eleven. When the lady had first entered, the same clock had struck ten. She had been for a full hour alone in the *chapelle ardente*, which no one was to enter while he was on guard. Again he hesitated. The clock struck twelve.

Bracing himself to the task, he opened the door and went in. No one was there. The candles burned steadily—their light shone on the coffin and on the royal dead. The young man fell back. What had become of the lady? Prince Henry was sitting with his cousin, and the king was still opening and answering telegrams, when a message came that Baron Z. wished to know if the king would receive him, in spite of the late hour. In came the aide-de-camp, who should have been on duty in the *chapelle ardente*. He made no excuse for having left his post, but told the facts of what had happened to him while on guard outside the death-chamber. "There is no way in or out except where I sat, on my watch; I saw the lady enter, but to my certain knowledge she never passed out."

The king listened silently. Then he turned to his aide-de-camp and handed him a telegram. It announced the death of

the lady-in-waiting, whom Baron Z. had seen in the death-chamber of her royal friend.

The young officer had witnessed the farewell of two spirits.

Among many pleasant memories of pre-War Germany, I recall a visit to Haus Grunelius, at Kronberg in the Taunus. The Taunus is near Frankfort and is one of the many lovely summer resorts so numerous in the Fatherland. Madame Grunelius was celebrated as the only lady who had the courage to entertain at dinner the Emperor William II and King Edward VII. I never heard how that extremely difficult situation was carried off, but if any person was capable of triumphing where others might fail it would be Madame Grunelius. She was charming and cosmopolitan, and I hope that, unlike my other dear friends, she is still enjoying her pretty modern house, and that the War has not swept it away, like Castle Gerstein and Villa Wittgenstein.

Baroness Mathilde Rothschild lived not far off, and it was at tea at her villa that I met with a lady who has certainly played her part in recent history—the Duchess of Sparta, afterwards Queen Sophie of Greece.

This Princess was certainly made to play a part in a wider horizon and a greater position than the little kingdom of Greece. I noticed, even in this short hour, a stronger personality than exists in most feminine royalties. She was friendly and gracious to all the party, but there was a latent power hidden in her, as in her brother—a reversion to the mediæval type of sovereign that pierced through the banalities of life.

With the duchess were four of her nephews, sons of the Kaiser. I sat at their table, and, as far as I could judge, they seemed pleasant youths, good-looking and amiable, but with little character.

Even in this informal gathering a certain etiquette was observed and all our conversation was carried on in low voices, almost in whispers.

“Miss Lister, will you have more cream?—I can recommend this cake.” The remarks were not State secrets, but they might have been, for the air of gravity with which they were made and received.

I have never been with royalty when the natural deference has been so much asked for and conceded. No wonder that the King of Greece surrendered to his imperious consort.

The Danish princes were of a pleasant, jovial nature, born to be constitutional sovereigns. They took life as they found it. I remember Count Sponneck saying, one evening when I dined with him in Copenhagen, “King Christian and his children are

very easy-going unless they feel that a barrier is reached, when they become obstinate and nothing will move them."

I think he judged the race correctly.

Baroness Mathilde played to us. She has remarkable talent, amounting to genius, as a pianist. Her nephew, Baron Albert de Rothschild, was also one of the party. He talked much of the Emperor, and to my surprise, spoke of the social difficulties that still linger in Berlin society against members of the Jewish race. So different from English social life.

"I owe everything to the Kaiser," he said. "It is he who insisted on my appointment at the German Embassy in London."

He told me several stories of the difficulties other friends of his had experienced. He added: "The Kaiser has said he is determined to break down this opposition; it is mediæval and not for these days, and must go."

From many people I have heard good of the ex-Kaiser. He found Germany lost in seventeenth century ideals. In Germany and Austria cases existed which cried to heaven. Before the War, certain families laboured under family laws of marriage which practically debarred the wretched heir from the choice of a wife who pleased him. I forget the names, but certain unfortunates had to marry girls who could show sixty-four quarterings. Few, if any, royal houses can show this "nobility" gone crazy.

I was told by Madame von Gerstein that only three girls with this heraldry existed and each of them had some personal defect. The alternative was to lose your lands and possibly your position. So a Majorat was like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable.

In Germany the Emperor could limit this terror but not in every case. In Austria, the imperial authority was impotent.

The Kaiser had the same respect for law as his great ancestor Frederick the Great. I heard one story which proves this:

The Kaiser bought a "chasse" for his own private estate and gave orders that no public-house should be allowed to remain on it. In consequence of this order all such places were abolished; but on this new purchase the forest authorities found that one of the "bierhauses" was built on the owner's own land and did not come under the Kaiser's rule. This fact had to be told to the Emperor, who instructed his people to arrange to buy it from the peasant owner.

But the man refused to sell.

They tried to bribe him; they tried to frighten him; and, finally, they tried to cast him out from his property by law. It was an easy matter, because the man's papers were not all there, while the Kaiser was his opponent.

When it came before the court, the peasant pleaded his cause himself and proved that the place had been from time immemorial in his ancestors' possession. The court passed over the irregularity of the papers and gave the verdict against the Kaiser. An appeal was urged, but the Emperor decided he would speak to the peasant himself.

"The house is mine, as you are Emperor. I inherited it from my father, as you inherited your crown from Kaiser Freidrich," so pleaded the peasant.

"The man is right," said Kaiser Wilhelm.

There was no more talk of sending the peasant from his home, though a short Bill before Parliament would have settled the matter.

I never met the Emperor except at great state receptions. His nature was very strange. I think it was warped by the physical infirmity of his arm and the pain he continually suffered from his ear. I used often to meet Lady Salisbury's sister at one of my cousin's. I saw her shortly after she returned from Hatfield, where the Kaiser and his wife had been paying a state visit. Lord Salisbury had also invited his sister-in-law, and she had been much in the company of the Empress. The Empress had told her that it was a good night if the Kaiser had slept four hours. He was seldom out of pain and this affected his temper. He was nervous, inclined to be over-active, never at rest.

The first morning of the Kaiser's visit the servants came to warn Lord Cranbourne that the Kaiser had dressed and gone for a ride in the park. It was four a.m. Lord Cranbourne had gone to bed at one. He dressed at once, and followed the emperor, whom he found full of life and not the least tired. His aunt mourned that Lord Cranbourne was a wreck when the visit ended. During the last dinner, this lady told me she had sat next the Empress, who kept asking questions about her family. When the lady said she had no sons, the Empress lost interest and said pityingly, "Are you not grieved? I have many sons."

Then the Empress enumerated them, and each time she named one, she grew prouder, ending up with: "And they are strong men."

At home, the Emperor was selfish in one matter: it annoyed him that any guest should be more fortunate than himself as a shot. Usually, he was allowed this prerogative, but in one case, the All-highest fell a victim. While I was in Germany the son of an ardent sportsman told me what had happened at his father's last hunt. There was a new hunt-master, a very good courtier, but not tactful. Before the hunt began, he pressed forward towards the Prince and told him that, being an Imperial

hunt, it was natural that the Emperor would have the best chances and would kill the finest boar. "Your serene highness will, of course, understand this."

Under his heavy moustache his Serene Highness did not look compliant. The prattle of the court functionary was of no account to him. The Prince had come for a good day's sport. He was famed for his dexterity with wild boar, and he had never ceded a chance.

Every man was in his place and the tusked rushed by. The best animal in the best position for the Emperor—unfortunately, the boar swerved, and it fell to the rifle of the Prince. The victor glanced at his prey, and saw it was the finest boar he had met so far, and the shooting went on. On their return, the bag was laid out. When the Prince came round, he saw his victim with the Kaiser, standing over it as conqueror.

"A little mistake, All-Highest; that was my boar. I see that they have given the one you shot to me. A great honour."

The Emperor looked surprised. There were enough witnesses, and no disputing with the great sportsman. If the Kaiser wished for a photograph, he had to stand by the smaller animal.

The man who got the worst off was the too obsequious functionary.

The Kaiser is good-tempered, but he likes to be first at a shoot and at everything.

His painting was amusing: I saw one of the engravings of his celebrated picture, painted by someone else. It had a really pathetic inscription when you think of it now.

The Kaiser's music was a most ambitious effort, but the "Hymn to Aegir" was not appreciated by Berlin. An audience had to be found, so the opera house was filled with military. One unfortunate officer was sleepy—in fact, he slept comfortably. An Imperial eye noted this breach of discipline; the officer was awakened to hear himself condemned to a month's military arrest.

His opera, written under his own direction, was a miracle of stage management. Unfortunately, it was not a success.

A great Roman composer of world-wide fame, received one of the Emperor's masterpieces, with an elaborate and flattering dedication in the imperial handwriting and signature. The Italian maestro respectfully read over the composition.

"I can only say this," said the maestro; "I feel inclined to answer, 'Truly it is an imperial creation, your Majesty. It would be as impossible for me to rule an empire, as for you to take my place as a composer.' Chacun à son propre métier."

CHAPTER XI

ROMAN HOSTESSES. PARIS IN PEACE AND WAR

Paris in peace and war—Two kind sisters Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Hurlburt—The story dynasty—The villa of roses—Prince and Princess Bulow—Old glories—The reception of the Catholic envoys—A rare privilege—Camaldoli hermitage—Balls and receptions—Countess Cora di Brazza—Mrs. Oglesby and her daughter, Countess Bolegnetti Cenci—William Stead in Paris and in Kingsway—Old shadows from the past—Madame le Ghait—A romance of marriage—A war episode of Madame Waddington—The Madeleine in war time—The Scots Greys in Paris.

THE principal heads of American society in Rome from 1895 till the beginning of the Great War were Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Hurlburt, two sisters and both widows. Mrs. Lee's only daughter had married an Englishman who ultimately succeeded his uncle Lord Grimthorpe. Mrs. Beckett had, however, died long before, leaving two little girls and a boy, the present Honourable Rupert Beckett, who served with distinction in the Great War.

Mrs. Hurlburt lived in a large apartment on the second floor of Palazzo Sciarra in the Corso Umberto I. Her friends would find her every Sunday afternoon presiding over the tea-table in Mrs. Lee's drawing-room at Palazzo del Drago in Via Quattro Fontane. Afterwards Mrs. Lee took part of the Villa De Renzis in Piazza Indipendenza.

Long before Mrs. Lee and her sister had set up their homes in Rome the Story's apartment in Palazzo Barberini had become a Roman institution. On Fridays Mrs. Waldo Story continued the family traditions, and in these rooms congregated the social and artistic world of Rome, a cosmopolitan crowd of all that was worth meeting and knowing in two continents.

Mrs. Story was then in the pride of her beauty. She was English by birth, a Miss Broadwood, and with her on Fridays would be met her sisters Blanche and Louise and, when she was in Rome, the other married sister, Donna Eva Ruspoli, all remarkable for their great beauty. Like little butterflies the two pretty children of the house used to run to and fro, offering cakes and sandwiches.

From the long windows the rays of the setting sun would illuminate the frescoed ceilings and the mirror-lined walls of the historic rooms in Palazzo Barberini.

Mr. Waldo Story, the sculptor, had built himself a studio in Piazza Indipendenza, where he gave teas to possible patrons of art and artistic devotees. The attraction of Mrs. Story's Fridays came from the artistic note and intellectual atmosphere, and the tact and grace of the hostess harmonised the gathering like a lottery when all are prizes. No one knew who would be there. The Swedish princes, sons of King Oscar, Sir Frederick Leighton, Alma Tadema—it would take too long to enumerate the whole royalty of art—Roman princesses, philosophers, explorers. Björnson, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Besant and the latest-created cardinal. All these different elements fraternised over a cup of tea.

There were not many multi-millionaires, though one often saw Mr. Pierpont Morgan's face in the crowd.

In this *salon* were linked together old and new Rome. The Rome of Thorwaldsen and Hans Andersen, Hawthorne, and Henry James, met with other celebrities of our modern Rome, not to mention Marion Crawford and many others. Mrs. Waldo Story's "at homes" closed the series of cosmopolitan artistic gatherings for which Rome has always been famous from the days of Queen Cristina of Sweden and her platonic academy.

Mrs. Lee's receptions were of quite a different character, but were also interesting of their kind. They were a favourite rendezvous of diplomats and distinguished strangers. The great day *par excellence* was the New Year. On that day the rooms were crowded—everybody who was anybody was there.

In the summer Mrs. Lee deserted her long range of salons, and received in her garden—a kind of glorified courtyard. But there was a fountain and grass and flowers, besides delicious ices and cooling drinks. Mrs. Lee's dogs sauntered round, seeking cakes and dainty morsels and what else they could devour. Mrs. Hurlburt always sat enthroned at the tea-table and never did she give up that place of honour during Mrs. Lee's lifetime. Mrs. Lee had a pleasant, clever face full of kindness and desire to be amiable. Her manner was cheering and distinguished; you felt your welcome.

Romans of all political complexions met in her rooms, and her very unconsciousness of all differences of opinion made her social position invaluable. Mrs. Hurlburt was less of a social power. She gave luncheons, a few, very few, dinners, and a ball or two every winter. Her prevailing characteristic was her kindly welcome to children.

These ladies were strong supporters of the American Episcopal

Church, St. Paul's, in Via Nazionale; rain or fine, Mrs. Lee's carriage was always in waiting at the church door. They were sincerely religious, so their Protestantism was always respected and never attacked, even by the most bigoted of their Roman friends. Mrs. Hurlburt had a weakness; it was for multi-millionaires, or we may say the millionaires had a weakness for Mrs. Hurlburt. Never have I dined, lunched, tead and bridged with such stupendous bank balances. There were always special bridge tables for the millionaires.

The stakes were "love." . . . They were not high at the other tables, but no right-feeling millionaire will risk five centimes on a game of cards he is not certain to win. I join in their feelings. There was a good deal of tendency to revoke, etc. among the plutocrats.

The next greatest among non-official Americans in their own opinion were Mr. and Mrs. George Wurts. They lived in the first floor of the Antici Mattei Palace belonging to Prince Antici Mattei. Mrs. Wurts was sister to Ambassador Charlemagne Tower. Mr. Wurts had been for some years attached to the American Embassy at Berlin as First Secretary. He was *persona grata* there and had made and kept many friends during his distinguished diplomatic career. They were very hospitable, though their dining-room, by some aberration of taste, had two altar frontals of gorgeous antique gold embroidery hanging one over the other on the wall. This mistake was much commented on in Roman society.

Mr. Wurts bought the beautiful Villa Sciarra on the Gianiculum. In April and May Mr. and Mrs. Wurts could be found once a week at home to society. Each year there was something new to admire, trimmed yew trees from Holland, archaic gold fish with four tails or no tails at all, finny monsters. But, above all, roses everywhere, roses twined round trees, hanging from cypresses, of all colours, of all kinds, bringing the hues of sunset to earth in their fragile petals. Beyond, the Campagna and in the foreground the long station-like, modern fabric of St. Paul's beyond the walls.

Mr. Wurts' German proclivities did not profit much when the Great War first dawned on us.

It was in early winter 1914-15 that I dropped in one Sunday at Mrs. Lee's for a cup of tea. Only Mrs. Hurlburt was there, and conversation was darkened by the black news that had come lately from Belgian battlefields. Each of us had his anxieties, and Mrs. Lee's heart was sad with fears of her grandson then at the front. Into this quiet company entered Mrs. and Mr. Wurts who at once assailed me.

"So, Miss Lister, I suppose you intend to destroy us completely, not to let us live any more?"

I looked astonished and thought best to pretend I did not understand.

He repeated his speech. So I said, "I have no idea of attacking you."

"Come, come, Miss Lister, you know what I mean; you English are determined to make an end of us Germans."

Mrs. Lee here intervened and reminded Mr. Wurts that her grandson was not a neutral, but was fighting in the British Army. And so the matter ended. When America entered into the War as an ally, Mr. Wurts offered the use of Villa Sciarra to the Italian Cross for an Officers' Hospital.

A curious thing happened during the months that Italy remained neutral. Princess Bulow's receptions at the celebrated Villa delle Rose were very popular, invitations being much sought after. Now that war was declared this social Eden was barred to all allied subjects by the flaming sword of Mars, yet there were some who sighed after the lost paradise. One, among others, Mr. W. S., was foolish enough to ask advice from an English diplomat, should he or should he not leave cards on the ex-chancellor of the German Empire?

"I don't think you can, and in any case the card will not be returned."

"Oh, dear me," exclaimed the distressed man, as the iron sank more deeply into his soul. "That means that I shall not be able to go any more to the Bulows' evening reception?"

"I am afraid that will be so," said the diplomat.

Of American hostesses of earlier date the most brilliant was Mr. and Mrs. MacNutt. Mr. and Mrs. MacNutt held a high position at the Vatican, and were ordered to give the official reception to the world delegates sent by all countries to the papal jubilee of Leo XIII.

Mr. MacNutt had taken the almost royal apartment in Palazzo Panfilì, in Piazza Navona, belonging to Prince Doria. The apartment to which the historic Sala Palestrina is an ante-chamber. Indeed it was a most splendid reception. The great rooms were lighted with thousands of electric lights; everywhere flowers that paled before the gorgeous colours of the ecclesiastical robes. All the delegates were there, besides a large display of official people and the diplomatic corps accredited to the holy see. Every second man wore his order and the uniforms were wonderful. For once the ladies' toilettes paled before the scarlet robes of cardinals and the episcopal purple. My friend, the Hereditary Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, was present. It was

a great and princely reception worthy of the high spiritual power which it represented—characteristic of this new century and of the new conditions of the new century. For the host who now entertained in the name of the Catholic Church had been connected with journalism.

Mr. MacNutt was short and thin, his eyes sparkled with humour, his hair was red. He could be at home in any society, and above all he had the power of charming. Mrs. MacNutt was of more serious temperament. She moved with great dignity, perhaps her poise was a little exaggerated. I remember in one princely *salon* some Roman ladies of the great world stood up involuntarily while Mrs. MacNutt made her farewells, and they remained standing till Donna Augusta Pignatelli said laughing :

"Let us sit down; after all, we are 'Principesse Romane,' and Mrs. MacNutt is not the Empress of Austria!"

A good deal of heart-burning followed this reception, and to salve all susceptibilities, Prince Marc Antonio Colonna, head of the Roman aristocracy, determined to open his palace.

The splendid spectacle drew one back to the seventeenth century.

When the Romans open their historic state apartments there is nothing in the world to equal them.

During the visit of the Emperor William II to Rome, Prince Doria gave a ball in his honour, when all the eight state staircases were opened for the use of the guests, and the walls of one of the great rooms was entirely lined with Parma violets. The flowers came by special train from the Riviera. After the ball, while his host was conducting the Imperial party to their carriages, the Emperor said to Prince Doria : "The Empress and I hope for the pleasure of seeing you in my house in Berlin, I dare not say palace, for only yours can be called a palace. But all the same, I hope to welcome you and Princess Doria on a visit to my house."

The king and the queen of Italy and their court were also present at this great ball. For once the Emperor felt he had been worthily received.

Near the Porta S. Pancrazio, on a little higher level, overlooking the Eternal City, there stands a fair-sized villa, not remarkable in its architecture, but surrounded by terraces and English lawns. This house is now the residence of the director of the American Academy of Arts, the academy itself being built a little lower down on the new road past the fountain of Pope Paul. In the nineties this house belonged to Major and Mrs. Heyland. Mrs. Heyland was the older of two sisters; the younger

married my uncle's nephew, the Honourable Bernard Maxwell. It was a sad romance, for within a year mother and child lay together in the beautiful cemetery of Torquay in South Devonshire, where she had lived when a young girl.

Mrs. Heyland received very pleasantly and her rooms were always full of interesting people of both hemispheres. Mrs. Heyland's brother, Mr. Jessop, married a daughter of the Earl of Strathmore. On Mrs. Heyland's death he inherited the major part of her large fortune, but the villa and grounds were left to the United States for the foundation of an academy of arts in Rome. Major Heyland was a great invalid during the later years of his life but bore his sufferings heroically and uncomplainingly.

Mrs. Heyland passed her summers at Camaldoli, in Tuscany. Camaldoli is an old convent standing on the verge of the Appennine. It was founded by Saint Romualdo. The order is one of the most severe existing. Before the freeing of Italy by Italians the order also possessed in Rome the great convent near the Baths of Diocletian, which is now called the museum of the Therme. Seized by the Government at the first occupation of the Grand-Duchy of Tuscany, the convent buildings of Camaldoli were divided into two parts. One part, the historic portion where Lorenzo the Magnificent with his friends courted the mountain breezes and, as guests of the abbot, discoursed philosophy and science, has now become a hotel.

The smaller portion of the great building is rented by the monks from the Government. They keep a most beautiful pharmacy and look after the Church and religious offices. High up, on the very crest of the mountain, stands the Hermitage. In this retreat live such souls as desire entirely to detach themselves body and soul from their fellows and lead the higher life. Into this retreat no woman may set foot. It is recorded that in the eighteenth century a princess of the royal family of Tuscany entered the Hermitage disguised as a man. She afterwards became afraid of the sacrilege and for her penance was ordered to build another little house for a monk in the enclosure.

Mrs. Heyland—always ready to help in any good deed—had noticed that the Crosses of the Via Crucis, which stood at the beginning of the ascent to the Hermitage in the pine forest, had fallen more or less to pieces. Through the monks at Camaldoli proper, she had communicated with the abbot, with the result that one day I received a letter from Mrs. Heyland asking me to drive up and lunch with her. Afterwards, we could go together and assist at the ceremony of the Consecration of the Crosses.

It was a fine brisk morning when I started from my villa

in the Casentino. The road is very picturesque. On one side are chestnut trees, on the other the land goes down sheer to the valley below. From the main road, after two hours climb, the way branches off into an almost level road bordered by green banks and fir trees. In another ten minutes the little square was reached facing the hotel. It was late autumn and a little higher than the convent the first snows were piled up under the dark green fir trees. Mrs. Heyland waited for me in the great hall of Lorenzo dei Mediei, now warmed by central-heating and a blazing good fire. While lunehing, Mrs. Heyland explained everything. The ceremony was at three, and sledges drawn by white Tuscan oxen were ready for us. We were warned to be three in number, not more, so Mrs. Heyland decided then and there to ask one of the hotel guests. The sledges arrived and we started. At the Via Crucis we found the abbot and two monks, with a little congregation of peasants and children. Can I ever describe the beauty of the scene? The three monks in golden and rose-coloured vestments, the peasants in picturesque costumes, the women in bright shawls and scarves, the oxen with their large eyes, their breath misty in the cold air, the sledges covered with gaudy cushions and rugs. All this standing out against the pure white snow covering the earth. Above us, the green vault of century-old pines.

The ceremony was over, the congregation dispersed. We began to think it was time to go, when one of the monks in his pure white habit fluttered down to us and told us there was to be a service of thanksgiving and a *Te Deum* at the Hermitage to which we were urgently invited. I think the sleigh-drivers were in the secret, so we all mounted and the monk disappeared by some short cut. We prepared to get out at the Hermitage gate, but it was wide open and with a flourish of the whip the oxen were led straight up to the steps of the church. A monk stood on the steps. "We are treating you as queens, signore," he said courteously.

Somewhat startled we were led to our places in the chancel. We sat in the stalls of the monks, inlaid and beautiful, the work of some old father dead many years ago. The deep voices of the monks chanting responses and psalms, the strange feeling of other worldliness, of having gone back into the past, created an unforgettable moment.

When the service ended we were shown down several long corridors into a refectory and seated at the table, Mrs. Heyland in the place of honour by the Abbot; next to me the elder brother. The other lady sat opposite me, with another monk beside her. We heard the explanation of this great favour. Through the

Cardinal, protector of the order, permission had been obtained, under the Papal seal, for three ladies to be admitted into the "Clausura" and refreshment offered them. It had taken a month to obtain this favour and the day was to be a Tuesday, the only day in which silence was not obligatory. A bewildered lay-brother served us. There were ten glasses. I counted them and, I think, ten "ciambelle," or small cakes, home-made. And then began the deluge; one bottle after another appeared to match the glasses. Fortunately they were of liqueur size. The liquids were samples of all the drinks invented by and belonging to the order. From Spain and France and Germany and many other countries came these delicious nectars, and the lay brother poured them out with zeal. I cannot say what my friends did, but there was a very useful crevice between the stones of the flooring. So I retained my reason; I felt more than usual that woman was the inferior creation indeed.

The elder brother was Dutch. He spoke well and was certainly of high birth. He had not forgotten the ways of the outer world. He described to me the hermit's life. They are each given a lay brother to serve them, and these are so perfect in service that I could not help regretting that we laity could not get the like.

"But you forget," said the monk, "our lay brothers serve us for the love of God."

Every Saturday evening, after the chapel, the hermits left their houses and met together in the recreation room. There they spoke on many subjects, not all religious, so as to keep up their power of intellect. He also said the cold of the Hermitage daunted even the most ascetic and that none remained more than three years in this isolation. Sometimes their health was so impaired that they had to leave for their convents in milder climates.

Well fortified against the bitter evening cold, we said good-bye to our kind hosts, having first drunk the abbot's health in a peculiarly luscious wine made of dried grapes, like Tokay.

Our journey down to the hotel was not pleasant. The snow had covered the track, and we skirted cruel-looking precipices where the snow bulged over the rock in no reassuring manner. Once my sledge gave an ugly lurch, but the men being on firm ground were able to pull it back to the track, so that the only thing that fell was a quantity of snow. I was glad when I was again in my comfortable carriage, with the horses trotting homewards.

Among other Americans who have worked for the women of Italy is my friend Cora Di Brazza, *née* Slocum. Few people have

I known so interesting in character and in culture as Countess Cora. Like most women of her nationality, she was perhaps too imperious and did not make sufficient allowances for barriers sanctified by custom and social traditions. No doubt she saw further than we did and therefore objected to our humdrum opposition. Countess Cora was fortunate to find help and support among the ladies of northern and central Italy, such as Countess Taverna, Countess Spalletti, Donna Elisabetta Corsini, Countess Faina, etc. My friend was indefatigable in the cause of woman's work. On her own property she started a good lace and embroidery school for young girls, where old patterns were reproduced. One of her many interests was the Lega Navale, but there the opposition was too strong.

Her husband, the late Count Detalmo di Brazza was the younger brother of the celebrated African explorer, Count Pierre, and a valiant backer of all his wife's schemes. He contributed much himself to the welfare of his native province of Udine. Their house near Udine was a square, uncompromising building. It was surrounded by remains of the Brazza Castle, called by the romantic name of the Wizard's Tower. The man it was named after was a great alchemist, who was believed to have discovered the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. Treasures incalculable were said to be buried in this ruin, but up to now they have never been discovered. Sad was the fate of both tower and house, from whose windows could be seen the former Austrian frontier. During one of my visits the tension between Italy and Austria became dangerous over the Moroccan question, and one morning, as I looked towards the danger zone, the sunlight flashed from guns and bayonets. An Austrian Army Corps had suddenly encamped there, and was waiting for orders to cross the frontier. That morning the count received many telegrams. His orders were to stay by the country people and do his best to protect them from ill-treatment by the enemy. We packed up hastily, and went off with the countess to Venice, with her pretty daughter. By the time we were on our way to Rome the danger had passed. The two countries had shaken hands over their quarrel.

This will explain why nothing remains of the delightful home. An Austrian general commandeered the house and set it on fire while reading in bed. Nobody cared to save it, so it was burnt to the ground.

Of a strong, generous nature, a staunch friend with a higher grade of intelligence than is generally vouchsafed to woman, warm-hearted and affectionate, Countess Cora di Brazza's illness, from which she has never recovered, has been a grievous loss to her adopted country. The "Industrie Femminili" of Italy,



COUNTRESS CORA DI BRAZZA, NÉE SLOCUM.

which she founded, is still flourishing and ever increasing in usefulness.

In later years appeared in Rome a picturesque figure, Mrs. Oglesby, who, with her charming daughter, now Donna Felicité Cenci Bolognetti dei Principi di Vicovaro, received their friends in the historic rooms of the Palazzo Camuccini, celebrated as the house where Galileo was detained during and after his trial by the Roman Inquisition.

Mrs. Oglesby had in her time been noted among the personalities of the American political world. Her husband was the man who grappled with and disarmed by his salutary firmness a problem very similar to that which at present disturbs the peace of European Governments. When the anarchist bomb-throwers met their fate on the gallows the American people owed an enduring debt to the stern decision and firmness of Governor Oglesby. In spite of threats and the very real danger incurred by himself and his family, Mr. Oglesby could not be moved by any other consideration than the claims of justice and the weal of the commonwealth. But I must not give the idea of Mrs. Oglesby as a political woman. A refined and gentle nature, an attractive personality, a sympathetic hostess, full of kind thoughts and womanly grace; these qualities attracted to her rooms a pleasant society and many devoted friends.

In 1911 I passed through Paris on my way to England. My friend, Miss Whiting, the American writer, had recommended me a quiet hotel in the Avenue de l'Opera. It was a rendezvous for literary folk. At seven a.m. the second day after my arrival a page boy knocked at my door. He brought me a card from William Stead, founder of the *Review of Reviews*, philanthropist and man of action. Mr. Stead had been using his influence in the cause of peace, which was then menaced by the threatened war between Italy and Turkey. As a last resource Mr. Stead had decided to make a general tour of the interested powers, in the hope of persuading their Governments to submit their claims to the Hague Tribunal. The iniquities of the Italian authorities were much on his mind; and the note he sent me was a pressing invitation to breakfast with him and talk over these high political matters at this early hour.

When I came down I found him full of engagements. At ten a.m. he was due at the French Foreign Office, and from then till dinner time he had not a minute to spare. The next day he was leaving, en route for Italy, where he had already made an appointment at the Consulta. The true reason of his invitation was to give me time to write certain introductions of which he had need. He seemed extremely bitter against Italy, using

vague threats as to what would follow if she maintained her pretensions.

He asked me to advise him as to the character of the Italians he would meet, and how to influence them on the side of peace. I could only say that Italians were very susceptible to courtesy and sound reasoning. But this did not please Mr. Stead. He told me he was going to give the Italian Ministers a piece of his mind, and to tell them his opinion as to their disturbing the peace of the world for such futile reasons. I think I managed, after much chatter, to make him understand that the way to guard the peace lay in disturbing as little as possible the peace of the Chancelleries.

It was now time to keep his appointment at the French Foreign Office, and we arranged to meet at dinner, and afterwards to spend the evening with Miss Whiting and another friend, who had passed most of her life in Turkey and Egypt.

This lady I thought might be useful, as she knew personally many of the ladies of the Viceregal family and others of the royal house. Two of the princes were at that moment in Paris, and could give Mr. Stead useful introductions.

Our little dinner came off. It was a success and Mr. Stead got what he wanted. Besides being very competent in the politics of the Near East, Miss B. possessed a certain clairvoyance. It may be imagined that so ardent a student of the occult as William Stead was not satisfied until we adjourned to my little sitting-room where we would not be disturbed.

At that moment the mystery of "Mona Lisa's" disappearance engaged the public mind and the Press. The first questions elicited curious details and we were informed that "Mona Lisa" would return safely to her place in the Louvre. The next question was whether Mr. Stead would be successful in America. There also a dark note obtruded itself. "It is impossible to see more," said Miss B., "there is a great barrier."

Among other things Mr. Stead said he had been lately to a well-known palmist, the one who had foretold King Edward's illness which had caused the postponement of his coronation. The palmist had repeated a prophecy made long ago foretelling the circumstances which would attend Mr. William Stead's death.

"I shall die in a crowd," he said, "with people crying and weeping around me. Many will pass over at the same time. Since I was told this I have often felt the moment's strain. But oddly enough I have never felt afraid. This may be all suggestion, but I believe I shall end my life in some revolutionary riot, while others are being shot down beside me."

When our party broke up, it was one in the morning and Mr.

Stead was due to start early for Italy. It was the last time I saw him. This man of great and varied talents possessed a missionary spirit for the defence of all who suffered unjustly. He was eminently sympathetic. He had the Cromwell decision and stubbornness, and he was at his best at his office in Kingsway. In his room, with the great open window, sitting round a table on which his secretary had placed the thick white cups, full of excellent tea, you were sure that your fellow-guests had some quality different from the rest of the world, and they were all well worth knowing. All kinds of people could be found there. I remember the day he tested the Zanczigs, who passed successfully through their trials, although, with his native caution, Mr. Stead refused to guarantee the authenticity of their telepathic demonstrations.

Politicians, statesmen of all and of every possible opinion and party and of most European and civilised nations, especially Russians; authors, inventors, and artists; Queen Elizabeth in an ulster and with a hand-bag; the Empress Catherine in some dark material. All these great personages, or the bodies, very Victorian-looking, which these souls were supposed to occupy, passed as a phantasmagoria, generally about tea-time. Of these visitors, the Empress was the most insistent. Her defunct majesty once expressed a wish to see London "as she is," quite in a country cousin way. Mr. Stead pandered to her wish and the day began with a drive in the park, a lunch at some good restaurant followed, and finished up at the Gaiety and the "Merry Widow," if I remember correctly. One who knew Mr. Stead could imagine that he was not easily deceived; and in all matters, except in this confusion of personalities, his clear, accurate brain asserted itself. That had led him, from unconsidered provincial youth, to one of the foremost places in cosmopolitan journalism.

Sometimes I regret I did not profit sufficiently by the unique opportunity to solve vexed historical problems from the lips of these extinct royalties so conveniently re-incarnated in commonplace personalities. The only comfort is that I fear they knew the name, but little more than the name.

In his tragic death Mr. Stead, alas! fulfilled the old prediction, that he would die in a crowd. Surely, he died as he had lived, the English Bayard, champion of distressed girlhood and womanhood, who went to prison, as he would have died, for an ideal. One of his great conceptions was published under the title: "If Christ came to Chicago."

Let me add reverently, if Christ came to London during the time that William Stead ruled in his office in Kingsway, Christ would surely have claimed this earnest, loving soul as one of the chief of His followers. Surely it may be said of this great

thinker and journalist that more than others he fulfilled the two Divine commandments: "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbour as thyself."

Paris is indeed to me the place of life. Intellect seems to awaken in Paris. Thoughts that never are yours in other cities of the earth ripen and bear fruit. Paris is a centre of the mind. It is intuitive, creative, it takes unformed ideas and decks them with the grace that is common to nature and to primitive man. Whoever saw work of a primitive people that does not breathe beauty? To obtain ugliness you must find a race that has lived so long that it has forgotten its origin. Perhaps the true reason of the world-catastrophes lies here. The earth tires of being the home of the unfit, and the over-satiated race vanishes. All begins in beauty, and Greece found its religion in Homer, the national poet.

Luxury of the body Greece never gave us, but to the higher senses of man it brought the highest. Persia has departed, Gnosus is a half-unveiled myth. Rome has left us greatness, but Rome had to seek the highest from Greece. All that Rome has left us it learnt from the vanquished land, and from Greece came our philosophy. Nay, the faith that has changed the world's conception of man and his theory of his duty to his fellow-man came to us in the language of Greece.

I think that the youngest of our races, and the one with the most evolved character, knows this instinctively. Americans drift to Paris, for the air suits them. They send us what they have of most charm, the beauty of their women. There is great kinship to the Celt in the American type of woman. They have a note of something extremely old, and at the same time of intense youth. Eternal youth, the attainment of man's ideal.

I had the good fortune to know, amongst others, a very cultivated American poetess, and I think that she taught me to dimly understand the mystery of Paris. Miss Whiting possesses the magic gift of realising her surroundings, and to drift with her round Paris, seeing these glories with the help of her poet's eyes is a privilege indeed.

Many years before, I had the good fortune of often meeting Madame Waddington in Rome, at the house of Princess Poggio Suasa, whose sister, the Marquise de Talleyrand Périgord, has lived for many years in Paris. Princess Poggio Suasa has her daughter Vittoria married in France. It was in the Marquise de Talleyrand's rooms that I frequently found old Roman friends.

Some people have drank the elixir of life, and chief among these is that wonderful lady, Madame Le Ghait. In the days of my

mother, the wife of the Belgian Minister, as she was then, used to rule the fashionable world. She was not exactly of classic beauty, but she had that touch of attraction that made it impossible to criticise, or say she was not beautiful. While she was in Rome no woman disputed her empire. I had almost forgotten her when I met her in Paris at the house of the Marquise de Talleyrand. I felt old and crumpled, but Madame Le Ghait looked very little faded. She talked of her husband, whom I remember as a refined but stalwart diplomat, "Poor man," she said, "he is quite paralysed and unable to move. It is a great cross for us all, my time is spent in looking after him."

"You are going to Nice?" asked a friend of the miraculous lady.

"Yes, but I shall make a round, I must have a holiday sometimes."

She left soon afterwards, but I was too abashed to even speak.

Rip Van Winkle must have given his friends such a shock; I had heard of her first when I was a flapper some thirty years before.

During the War I found one day at Madame de Talleyrand's her pretty niece, *née* Poggio Suasa. She was very excited. It appeared that her husband had been sent up into the war-zone. To her joy she heard from English friends that when the troops were sent back for rest the officers were able to get permission for their wives to join them. Being much in love, Donna Vittoria used all possible interest but to no use. The French authorities were obdurate and the English had other rules. Then the disappointed wife took her own way. She confided in her husband's foster-father, a charcoal burner. Disguised in the dress of a peasant, with an authentic peasant to guide and take care of her, she started on her travels with a doctored passport in her pocket. The faithful man found her a hiding-place in the hut of a charcoal burner, where she spent most of her day. Only at night could husband and wife meet, and one of the most exasperating facts was that she could hear the English women speaking to their husbands and going about freely while she was obliged all day to remain pent up in a garret until the night brought her husband.

She returned to Paris undiscovered and when I saw her was under the care of her aunt. An old French lady made a shrewd comment: "How changed is the world! Women have done these acts of bravery in our time but it was for our lovers. Now the young women do it for their husbands. Dieu, que le monde est changé!"

Strange stories were heard in the hectic days of war from

friends. Madame Waddington asked me to tea and told me her thrilling adventures.

She was in her country house taking care of her two children and had no thought of danger when the tide of invasion came nearer and her servants rushed in calling out : " Madame, sauvez-vous ! The Germans are entering the house."

Madame Waddington caught up her grandchildren and fled. She told me that as she left by the back door she heard the enemy coming in by the front door. It is not easy to be a fugitive at an advanced age with two helpless children to protect. With wonderful calm she got into a field and hid herself behind a hedge with the children. Creeping noiselessly from hedge to hedge and from field to field the little party stumbled on while other fugitives joined them. At last the dusk had mercifully fallen so that they could move more freely. It was useless to try the roads. They must be left free for the defending troops. So Madame Waddington put her trust on the path near the railway. By that they found themselves in comparative safety. Then came the night march with two tired and frightened children, until their helplessness gained them seats on a country cart and on this they reached Paris.

Those experiences are unforgettable. They are a legacy of hate, and years must pass before any French woman can think of the Germans calmly. During the summer of 1915 I was in Paris with a friend who had been entrusted with a recent discovery of some Italian physician for keeping wounds free from germs. Having no mission I spent my time in various ways. One day I noticed a great change in every face I met and the news was far from reassuring. The Germans were within twenty kilometres of Paris.

There were no valid troops left in the capital. The sentinels were ancient, and those who were on guard at the palace of the Elysée were indeed veterans ; yet they did their work well, for the Boches had arranged a clinique in the trenches where they infected dogs with rabies, and daily a certain number of those creatures were turned loose on Paris. Near Paris old soldiers with rifles stood on guard and as the dogs came near they were shot down before they could reach the town.

I lunched that day at the Russian Embassy, where my hostess was Mimi Isvolski, who generally had all the news. This day I heard that orders had been given to the Military Governor that Paris was to be defended to the last. First the forts were to be defended, then the town. " And if all fails then," the orders continued, " fight street by street and house by house till all is over." This was not agreeable to hear when the Boches were twenty

miles away. I called again and heard that Mimi was to leave, with her daughter, for the sea. After my visit I went to the Madeleine: it was full of worshippers. By the statue of St. Joan of Arc a tired officer was standing. He had with him a dear little boy about three years old. The father put the little hands together and the small thing began to whisper its pathetic prayers. I was near enough to hear a few childish words: "Mon Dieu, sauve la France." The father knelt down beside his little son and the two prayed together with a marvellous look of faith in their eyes. Round the two a chorus of subdued voices whispered prayers with low passionate intonation. I went out: it was all I could bear.

When I got back to the Lyceum club a new official piece of advice had arrived. Foreigners were advised to go to their embassies and take refuge there.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because if you are killed at the Embassy your relations will know of your death."

I am afraid this did not tempt me. I don't think it really mattered if I was to be killed, whether my people had the news or not. I preferred to die here in comfort to the last than to crowd up the Embassy.

So I put it all away and hoped for the best. That day it was uncertain. Then the streets leading to the Gare du Nord were closed. All night, we were told, British troops steadily poured into Paris. The next morning from the Russian Embassy tickets came for us to view the Scots Greys, who were quartered in French cavalry barracks. It was a fine morning, the horses and men were wonderful, so gallant in their war gear. I brought, like others, a great quantity of roses, and the men took the flowers and placed them on the guns. One man shouted as he rode, to a white-faced woman: "Don't you be afraid, mum, we will defend you. We'll do for the dirty Boches. There is no fear now we are here to defend you."

It was all unlike our orderly civilisation. It seemed the end of all things till those splendid soldiers appeared, and so they passed round the great court of the barracks into the buildings. The next day they passed out of Paris and so from our ken. The same day there was a parade of French troops. Smaller men but very fit. They wore horizon blue, and round the bayonets were twined wreaths of laurel and ivy. And by them ran many women half-laughing and half-crying. One man rode like a crusader: his face was a pure fourteenth century type and as he rode he smiled at the women and laughed with them. His sword-hilt was bound with laurel and he carried it with the air of a hero

of old. He was slim and young and his helmet suited him well.

From this time our fears ended.

We saw many Taubes, but before the hated birds could lay their bombs, the French had moved their guns and airmen, and the cowardly enemy had gone back. In the courtyard of the Invalides there lay comforting signs ; German Taubes captured, broken, stained with the blood of their pilots. So they are not infallible ; they sometimes are caught ! And Faris took heart and began to laugh at the German clumsiness.

CHAPTER XII

ITALIAN FOLKLORE

Sacred springs—Ancient witchcraft—The gods and mortals—A godlike lover—Men of the woods—Relics of Isis worship—A tale of sorrow—The wonderful doctor from Naples—The hermit occultist—Great thinkers—A patriot—Countess A—An adept of the 'nineties.

FROM my girlhood I used to find my greatest joy in riding with my groom far into the Roman Campagna and making friends with the peasants. Conscription had not quite eradicated local traditions, and I had a rich harvest before me. I think it was, perhaps, the fact of my riding that took the peasants' fancy. "Are you a boy or a girl?" women asked me. "A female would be frightened to ride so fast, and yet you wear a skirt like we do." The mysterious either inspires respect, or fear, or sometimes both. When I had once made friends with the womenfolk, I learnt much of the inner life and thought of the peasantry. The first confidences of the unlettered are always made on their health. So, little by little, at the mature age of twelve, I had a paramount voice in the cures of my old nurse, a peasant herself, born at Genzano, a village near Rome. A warm drink of some hedgerow plant, bed, and a good sweat, and afterwards a hot drink of the strong wine of the country, well-spiced and sugared, did wonders against all the illnesses of my country friends, generally the result of some heavy chill.

My patients recovered, my fame grew, till all the neighbourhood became my friends, and did not scruple to tell me the latest gossip. Our villages were rich in witches, who thrived on the credulity of the peasants. But among the mountains of fable there remained a little true grain that had descended from antiquity. Etruscan, Latin, Egyptian, even African superstitions survived in the people's mind. I found Voodoo practices in Albano, the Etruscan name of the Etruscan gods on the hills of the Casentino, and Greek legends in the Roman Campagna.

One day one of my friends met me, in a doleful mood. She asked me for a remedy. Her symptoms pointed to acute rheumatism, but her story was worthy of a Roman matron. She had been washing at the village stream and nothing had gone well with her. "The water was contrary," as she expressed it. Thus in an evil moment she had cursed the stream. Nothing happened, but the same night in her dreams had come to her a tall white figure, like the statues in the villas of the gentlefolk, all draped. This dream-spectre had reproached my friend for her loss of temper and her abuse of the water, telling her she was going to punish her for the sacrilege—for she, the apparition, was the spirit of the stream. "Then," said the peasant, "this lady began to strike me with her hands till I woke screaming with pain. I am black and blue all over." She was all bruised. That was the wonder. It was a queer incident. I suppose it was a case of re-percussion. But, as they say: "Who knows?"

Another strange event happened during one of the thirteen summers I spent at Villa Doria in Albano.

It is the custom of the Abruzzi shepherds to seek pasture for their flocks in the lowlands near the sea and return home to their mountains in early summer. This entails a five or six months' separation of husband and wife, so that in these mountain villages there is a season of human births, like the flocks of sheep that constitute their wealth. Down by the ruined fortress of Ardea the shepherds guarded their flocks. Among them there was a youth named Camillo, who had left a newly-made bride at his village. It came to Camillo's ears that there lived in Albano a very wise woman who had all the old witch-wisdom and could do wonders. So one day Camillo and a friend came up from the Campagna and sought her out. She was a very busy woman, but when she saw the two men meant business, she told them she could do what they wished, and for a price would bring their wives to them where they lived by the sea-shore. But it would be expensive. A long bargaining followed, and it was agreed that they would come for her with a donkey and escort her across the Campagna to the shore where their flocks fed. The price was fixed at two fowls each and four lire in cash.

In the afternoon the men arrived with the donkey and fowls and money, for, as the witch said, they were men and she a lone woman, so if her skill did not satisfy them it was easy to return the money, etc. : I heard of this affair from the witch's cousin, who said she thought that it was all very foolish ; but her cousin was very learned and she hoped that it would go off well. Apparently it was successful, for old Sora Checca was to be seen about the Corso as usual, and the fowls, four fine young hens, clucked before

her house. This is what I heard from a friend of the shepherds who was our stable boy and came from their village. It appears that the witch, as soon as they got to the sea shore, told the men to light a great fire. She made them strip and bathe in the sea, and told them to obey her implicitly. It was near midnight, and she said that their wives would disappear at the first ray of the sun and they were not to attempt to detain them. Then she began her incantations. Of what happened I could not get a clear account. The witch went round the fire again, and then she screamed: "Go and fetch your wives, they are behind the rock." Camillo and his friend did as they were told, but, before they got there, two women quite naked came running out towards them from behind the rock, and they were the two wives sure enough. Said the men: "They remained with us till the light came and then they pushed us away and vanished." It was well worth it, the men concluded. The end of the story was equally mysterious. On their return home in June the two shepherds found a pair of babies awaiting them. There had been a great deal of gossip in their village and the story of the witch had to be told to their relations.

Canidia, of the classic days, is not dead among the country villages. Another legend that circulated among the peasants was the old, old story of the gods and mortal maids. I was shown several houses in which, according to gossip, there had been strange doings in old times. They no longer call them gods but spirits, but they have all the authority of the gods of mythology. There was once a girl in Albano who was most beautiful, but her parents were very proud of her, and no suitor was good enough for her. Then the family seemed to grow rich; they said they had been left money by an uncle whom no one had ever heard of, but the money was there; they bought vineyards and a house and the girl had pearls and gold brooches. But where did these come from? Only one woman knew the truth and that was the girl's godmother, and it was she who told it when she grew old and was afraid for her soul.

One day the girl was working in their vineyard when a handsome young man stepped out from among the leaves of the canes. He did not waste time but told her that he loved her and would give her all she wished for. But that if she took him, she must give up all thought of marriage with man, for he was a spirit, and if she left him he would kill her. He then gave her a gold chain, and when she wanted to thank him, he was gone. She told her parents of her adventure when she went home. Her father was doubtful, but her mother was overjoyed. She had heard of such things before. She came from another village, and the girl who

had a spirit lover was the blessing of her family. So between her mother, who was all for the bargain, and her father, who thought of his debts which he had very little chance of paying, the girl found herself ready to say "yes." It appears no one put out a hand to save her, to tell her what she was risking. So the next day she went down to the vineyard and there the stranger came as before and asked her answer; he told her to stop work, go home and wait for him. Sure enough when it grew dark they heard a knock at the door and a fine gentleman walked in. This was the only time the parents saw him. The godmother said he was a fine young man, but when he looked at you it was not pleasant. He told them to cook a fine supper for the two of them, and then the girl and he went off together.

After this he came frequently and whatever she wished for she got. But at last this state of husband and no husband palled on her. She had no more housework to do, for he wished her to keep her hands white and to sit and do nothing. That is bad for a girl, and he who was a spirit did not know it. She got so used to him at last that she began to doubt he was anything more than some noble who was playing a game with her. So she grew bold and when a lad of the village came after her she did not send him away. One day the spirit asked her if she was true to him and she swore she was. This state of things could not last, for when her father had got all the land he wanted and paid his debts, he began to think he would like some children to call him "nonno" (grandfather). So one day the girl told her lover that she was tired of him. He took it quite calmly: "You remember your pact," he said. "Be careful, mia bella, for the day you marry a man will be your last. Good-bye." And he went out of the door like a Christian, said my informant.

Her father soon let it be known that his daughter was for marrying, and several likely young men came forward. This time the mother was against it. "I had rather have my daughter an old maid than dead," she said. But both the man and the girl laughed her to scorn. The wedding day came and no sign of the spirit. The bride was ready, all but her head-kerchief; the one her groom had sent her did not please her. She ran back to her room and opened the great walnut chest where she kept her finery. What happened no one knew. But the girl never came down. The priest was waiting and all the wedding party, but no bride. When they went to look for her they found her body stooping over the chest and her head inside the "cassone," cut off by the lid that had closed on her when she stooped down to take the kerchief the spirit had given her. It was not a pretty sight, but the spirit had avenged himself. The mother, who wept

for her child, pined away and died. She was so fond of the girl. The father howled a little and then he looked at his lands and forgot the girl to whom he owed them. When his wife died he married again and had many children. "'Padre' is a better word than 'Nonno,'" he used to say when he had had an extra glass of wine.

The peasants have strange stories of the chestnut woods. My nurse told me that one day she was sent by her mother to gather wood. Several girls had been given the same order by their mothers, and they all went to the wood together. One by one they strayed away, but never far and always within hearing. My nurse was the most eager to make up her bundle, when she saw a man before her. It was getting dark under the trees and she could not see what his face was like. His eyes she felt, rather than saw, in spite of the gloom.

"Pretty little one," he said, "come to me and let me kiss you; only one kiss and I will fill your apron with gold, something better than pine-cones."

My nurse told me she thought it was the "fattore" (steward) and she began to think a kiss would be well paid for, and then the man's feet caught her eyes:

"Figlia mia, I saw at once he was the man of the woods, and no Christian. Instead of feet he had two dainty little hoofs and fluffy silk hair on his legs. Then I looked at his head and there were two pointed little ears nestling in his thick brown hair and two little white knobs that hid among his curls. And then I looked at his face. It was young and handsome, like the picture of St. Sebastian in the Duomo, and not at all like the fattore. So I thought of hell, and the devil always wanting to push us into it. Then I made a big sign of the Cross, and repeated a Hail Mary, and while I did this I shut my eyes tight. When I opened them the man of the woods had gone and his gold with him. Then Nina began to cry and ran back to us. She said she had met the fattore and he had tried to kiss her. But she saw the hoofs and ran back to us, leaving the bundle of wood she had gathered. So as we had made our bundles, and were all well frightened, we went home to our mothers."

This is the last vestige I have found of fauns.

The "Aquilani" had a strange reputation. I have studied the question, and this is the result of my work. In the time of the Emperor Augustus Cæsar some priests of Isis emigrated from the banks of the Nile and set up a new temple near Aequi. The priests had need of temple servants and they chose certain local families that seemed promising, and trained them in these arts. In time the Temple of Isis disappeared, but the knowledge stayed

and it was passed on from father to son or from mother to daughter. If there was no descendant in a family, the wise man or woman was entitled to choose one person of the same sex as himself or herself to whom they could teach the art. This adopted child bore the name of "Aquilano" or "Aquilana." In Genzano there was a well-known Aquilano. He was a carpenter by trade and in his travel years had done a good turn to a man who had given him this learning, having nothing else to bequeath.

So the carpenter made a nice little income by this power, that dated from Isis worship in old Egypt, though he, poor man, did not know this.

Where the "Galleria," or avenue of trees, ended and Genzano began, was a row of small shops. One of these was a jeweller's. The stock-in-trade was not extensive and the most valuable thing was a gold watch and chain. It was worth more than a thousand francs, which meant a great deal to the owner of the shop and his assistant. One day the jeweller went to open his shop and found neither gold watch nor gold chain. Both had disappeared. There seemed no chance of discovery: the things were gone. While he was thinking over it, sad and gloomy, the carpenter looked in. He was a relation and they often drank a litre of wine together at the wineshop.

"Don't look so sad," said the cousin, "you forget I am an Aquilano, and I know how to find the thief."

By the orders of the Aquilano a glass bottle was filled with clear water and put in the middle of the table. Said my nurse, she saw a little crowd and she flocked in with the others. While she looked she saw the water grow black and shiny, and she saw a figure form itself on the surface of the water; this figure had a stretched-out hand and the figure held the watch and the chain. And there it stuck for everyone to see; it was the face of his partner. Then the jeweller, who did not want his affairs to be in everyone's mouth, pretended to stumble up against the bottle and spilt the water. And this was all we knew of the story. But there was a better watch and a thicker chain in the window, and the gold was of better quality. The jeweller was smiling, but his partner sold his land and went off to Rome. The Aquilano did two other deeds. "One was good and the saints blessed him; as for the other I have no doubt he is now roasting in hell."

There was a nice young lad who had three fine vineyards. He was good-looking and hard-working, and would not spend his wife's dowry in wickedness. There was the baker in the piazza; he had a good sum in the bank, and the prettiest girl in Genzano was his daughter. He would have liked this nice lad with his vineyards, but the girl wanted a Roman dandy, all smart shoes,

smart clothes, and nothing in his pockets. Now the lad was in love with the girl. The baker told him her dowry and that the only thing wanted was the "yes" of the girl herself, but she was capricious, always changing "yes" and "no." The boy lost heart and went to the Aquilano.

"I will arrange it for you," said he. On Sunday when all the people were in the Piazza, the Aquilano came leisurely up, and went into the baker's shop. The girl was not yet dressed for the "Corso." She was putting some last touches to certain local cakes called "Ciambella;" they were in order and she was in her dressing-jacket. Then the Aquilano went quickly to the church steps and signed to the lover. Before you could count ten, the girl came out just as she was, ran across the square, threw her arms round the lad's neck and kissed him. She seemed to wake with a sort of start and screamed, and then she fainted. Her father picked her up and carried her home, but before he went in he winked at the lover. Three months later they were married. Everyone told her she had to marry him, and be thankful, after such a scandal, that he took her! They had a swarm of children and were very happy. The man was a good worker and had six vineyards before they grew old. And there was plenty of money to start the little ones in life.

Now for the bad deed; that was a sad business.

There was a lad who wished to marry a girl of Civita Lavinia. In the old times it was not thought good that a girl should marry out of her village, and the father said "No!" Now the young man was very vindictive. He said to himself: "If I don't marry her, no one shall."

So he spoke to the Aquilano, offering him so much money that the Aquilano accepted. Some time later the Aquilano went to Civita Lavinia and stopped at the house of the girl's father. He asked him if he still refused to give his daughter to the Aquilano's friend. The father laughed.

"The girl is betrothed and will be married next week to one of our own people. *Donne e bovi dei paesi tuoi*"—(women and oxen buy of thine own country.)

And so he went away. On the eve of the wedding an old woman came to see the ceremony. She praised everything extravagantly. The girl was standing at a table, and the old woman brushed past her. And then she went away.

As the bridal couple left the church door, the bride fell down in a swoon. When she came to her senses her lower limbs were paralysed. They took her down to the bridegroom's house and put her to bed. And from that bed she never stirred. She had several children, but she never walked again. The Genzano man

was sorry. And he asked the Aqualino to take off the curse and promised double his first price. But the Aquilano said he could do nothing. The rejected suitor had paid him for a "fattura a morte," or unbreakable contract, and that could never be remedied or removed. "Poor man! I think the Aquilano is sorry now, as he frizzles on the devil's gridiron."

In Italy, as in other countries, there exist a few learned men, who study strange and unknown subjects. They are found in most parts of Italy. They live in a solitary way, even if their house is placed in the centre of a busy city. I had a letter from a correspondent who seldom took the trouble to write, though he knew the esteem in which I held him. The letter was not clear, but introduced a certain Dr. B. from Naples, who he assured me was well worth my knowing. When he would come was evidently not worth mentioning.

The day after the letter, at five o'clock a.m., I heard impatient knocking, I opened my window and looked down and I saw at the house door a middle-sized, elderly man. I parleyed with him from my window. He was Dr. B., arrived by the night train from Naples. To avoid disturbing all the Piazza Trinità dei Monti, I threw down the door-key and told him to come up. Except for this strange hour episode, Dr. B. seemed like any ordinary mortal. Very learned and inclined to talk of little-known philosophies while other folk are sleeping. I gave him bread and fruit and coffee and asked him his plans. They were simple. A tree in some public place where he could remain unmolested. For the rest he used a day hotel. He then left me to go and see his crony, the friend who had introduced him. As my letter had come from Genoa, I had my doubts if this doctor would find him at home, or even in Rome. My forebodings were justified. At 8 o'clock the doctor returned, crestfallen. So I made up my mind to offer him my hospitality. It was not difficult to arrange a place where he could sleep. For fifty years he had slept on brick pavements with a log for his pillow. Except for coffee and a bath, Dr. B. objected to all touch with civilisation. After breakfast he went off, leaving his bag behind him, and reappeared in the early evening, when several friends dropped in to greet him. This strange man was one of Italy's celebrities. He had been called to Rome by the Ministry. It was war-time and his genius was much thought of.

His goodness of heart was past all conception. His family was rich, and all belonged to him as the last of his race. Children were his especial care; sick or well, they were equally dear to his heart. His pocket-book was at the service of all his friends. One lira or a thousand lire—it was the same, he did not know

the difference. Providence had mainly protected him; but some persons took up their stay for two or three years, and these disappeared without a thank you, but they did not take the cash-box with them. It seemed to him that the world contained only saints, only creatures to be loved. His was the communism of the heart with all that lived. He had a very large practice. Nobody paid him anything. It was a wonder they did not claim a pension for having asked his service. In his way he was a great Christian, though he was not punctual at Mass. What was pathetic was his gratitude. Even for so small a matter as my little hospitality, he insisted on giving me some beautiful fruit, grown in his garden at Naples. He only went away contented when I had promised to pass the summer with him in his villa there. He had a housekeeper who looked after his lady visitors, and his guests lived in ordinary fashion.

He came twice to me, always at the call of the Ministry when it needed him in Rome. Each visit he impressed me more with his great learning. He told me once of his search after the hiding-place of an eccentric being, who had no traffic with humanity. Dr. B., who was young then, had a letter of introduction, but was warned it might be difficult to deliver it. At the little town where his train stopped Dr. B. took a small carriage and drove into the country. There, according to his directions, he sent the carriage away, and plunged into a maze of vineyards. At the right there was a hill, and at the foot of this hill Dr. B. wrapped himself in an overcoat and prepared to pass the night there waiting. All was silent, but towards dawn he saw a faint glimmer of light shining from the hillside. Dr. B. climbed up the hill towards it and found indications of a cave. There was a small opening, well shuttered, but still a ray of light pierced through. He had been warned to give no sign of life, but to wait till a man came with supplies, which he did about seven in the morning. He knocked on the shutter. It opened and a suspicious eye looked out. Then a door opened, cleverly hidden in the archway; a dirty-looking old man with a long beard stood revealed. The man put down his package and left. This was what Dr. B. counted on, and as the hermit picked up his supplies, Dr. B. put himself quickly in the entrance of the cave so that the door could not be shut.

"Have I the honour to speak with Count. . . ?" he asked, handing the hermit the letter of introduction and adding: "I am Dr. B. . . ."

The hermit was caught, and politely enough asked Dr. B. to come in. It was a queer place, cut in the rock. What could be seen was a passage and a shut door, probably his bedroom

They entered a long study lined with books. Books everywhere—on the tables, on the chairs, on the floor.

The hermit read the letter and was glad to hear from his friend. So he condoned Dr. B. and asked him to stay and share his midday meal. The hermit had made this refuge on his own property and had settled down to discover by experiments the two great mysteries of the Middle Ages—the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone.

"He was very near the one," said Dr. B. "For the other, to my thinking, he had spoiled his chance by following old methods too closely."

It appears that Dr. B. held, very truly, that a great part of the old writers had mixed the real explanation with a number of false directions, and that the few who are more or less known to have achieved the great work did not wish to give up their secret. He told his theory to the hermit, who was much interested. And I can quite believe these two originals spent a happy day in their friendly discussions. What the doctor wanted, he got, and went off laden with little bottles for his serious cases.

Frequently search for the elixir of life brings with it important discoveries.

What was remarkable about the doctor's face was his mouth. The kindest I have ever seen.

"There is no need for me to marry," he said, "for other people have provided me with so many youngsters to love and take care of."

Yet he was no fool. A man we both knew had an extraordinary habit of grasping all he could get hold of. In this despicable way he "squatted" on a mutual friend and invalid on the plea of looking after him. Dr. B. paid a visit to the invalid friend and, to his consternation, found him turned out of his room and sleeping in a box-room. The invalid was desperate and appealed to Dr. B. to save him from the good Samaritan.

"You know the terrace is the only place I can see the sun, and Tizio has taken it, for he says I do not need it and he does need it for his breathing exercises and baths. He has sent away my servant because he says I must eat fruit and so I don't need a cook." My friend looked almost dead when I saw him.

When the good Samaritan came home, he found his things packed and his baggage removed to an excellent boarding-house. The invalid was back in his room, his cook frying a cutlet, and Dr. B. was there with a smile on his face and an ugly stick in his hand. The good Samaritan vanished.

Another curious individual, a young man who had taken his degree of jurisprudence, fled from Trieste when the War was

declared, and volunteered into the Italian army. His father came from a race who were martyrs for their country. He fought "with a rope round his throat" and fought well. He was seriously wounded three times and his name was on the orders of the day. The Government gave him a good post in the Ministry of Transport and he had a great future before him. I saw much of him, after his return to Rome. The blood of his German mother had given his mind a bent towards philosophy and idealism.

Like most young men of that day the agony of this world-struggle had sunk deep. In the evening he used to come to my sitting-room with a friend and theorise.

There was much idealism in his thoughts, but his German blood also came out in his want of making allowance for blunders. He could not stand a mistake; such a thing he never allowed for, and at my age I could see that his picture of humanity was impracticable. He had a great gift of discernment, right and wrong were clearly defined, but fate cannot be cheated of her prey. I think God had gifted him with the spirit and purity of a child. He had the unselfishness of a saint. With his sternness he had the spirit of charity to all, except to those who sought the highest and had to be content with less.

I watched the birth of fresh spiritual flowers. His writings—in which he opened out his heart in many beautiful thoughts—grew more and more spiritual and uplifting, and then began the end. His head was turned by his little band of followers. Whom the gods would destroy they first made jealous. His high-flown ideas frightened his followers, and as they grew doubtful his regulations for their lives became more and more impossible to carry out. Then came jealousy, and humility vanished. Temptation began of the usual kind. She was certainly pretty. His devotion for mankind in general became changed into devotion for one woman. His stepfather, from whom he had fled to avoid the burden of riches, seemed an easy sign-post to ordinary everyday life. He cut his hair and his beard; he became a smart young man. Then his idealism vanished, the seed still remained and he was home-sick for the higher life, but his wife wanted diamonds, furs and motors. She cared nothing for philosophy and had no religious aspirations. She bore him one son. In the third year of their union he died at the age of twenty-six. He had offered his life for his country at nineteen under a false name which he had made glorious. Full of the highest ideals, spiritual and Christian, he hoped to find a pure maiden who would reward and understand his quasi-monastic attitude to life.

I had the good fortune to meet and know a very remarkable woman. She was young and very beautiful. Steiner, the German

theosophist, was extremely struck with her and wanted to catch her in his net. But the countess was much too clever. She loved to dance on the verge, but she never compromised herself. She told me an amusing adventure which took place at Naples.

The countess was well off. But when did anyone, no matter how theosophical they might be, object to a little more of the riches of this world?

It was the fault of her aunt and of her promises that the countess found herself suddenly cheated of her hopes. The aunt had died and there was no will. What had become of it? Surely there had been one? The aunt was not of the kind that break their word or grow careless. The countess looked everywhere and so did the lawyer, and so did the servants. Everybody was interested, but no will was found, and the money went to an old relative known for his grasping character. There were a few days' respite, and then the property would be handed over.

In her distress the countess bethought herself of occult help. A Russian friend suggested there was a man in Naples who knew everything. The countess started at once, first writing for an appointment. The answer was that the Magus would see her at nine o'clock that evening. The same Russian friend had promised to escort her, and the two arrived at the mysterious address in one of the back streets.

The door was opened by a little negro, who declined to let more than one person into the presence of the sage. So the countess went in alone. She said that the sage was tall and was of Jewish type. She could not make out his nationality. He was not Italian, but he was evidently far advanced in occult knowledge. Seeing she was expected to state her wishes, she briefly explained the reason of her visit and the fact that what she wanted to know must come from the dead. No one living could give the truth.

The sage told her that the matter was serious and it would take some time before he could invoke with certainty the essence of the spirit. In short he told her to come next day at ten in the evening. At the time the sage appointed, the countess and her Russian escort arrived at the house. The black boy received her and ushered her into the presence of the magician. He wore a kind of vestment of rich red silk and looked very mysterious. Signing to the countess to follow him, he led the way into a kind of hall, where a pentacle was marked on the ground. In the middle stood a stone altar and on it burned a small blue flame. Very much impressed, the countess was led to a place near the altar. The magician entered the pentacle and began his incantation. There was no light in the room except that which burnt on the altar, no sound but the sing-song of his droning 'chant

It went on so long that the countess lost sense of where she was. The long, unknown sentences hypnotised her. Slowly the part of the room near the altar grew lighter. The light itself was white and steady. The magician's chant increased in power and loudness. In a corner of the room, outside the pentacle, a mist began to materialise. Countess Z. peered anxiously at the apparition.

She told me it seemed to grow more and more clearly until before her floated the wraith of her aunt, pale and cloud-like. A voice was heard and it slowly uttered words.

"Anna, Anna."

Then followed a torrent of incoherent sounds. The figure writhed and seemed to suffer from its inability to speak connectedly.

"Anna, Anna."

Again another effort equally futile. The incantation stopped. The magician whispered hurriedly :

"Speak to the spirit. Speak yourself. And call her by her name."

Countess Anna did her best. She called her aunt, explaining the necessity of an answer. The wraith seemed to understand. A third time came the deluge of words and the magi tried to force a deliberate answer. All to no avail. Only one sentence she managed to catch : "Written but destroyed." The air was getting unbearable. The magician looked frightened. The countess felt something unpleasant was at hand. The spirit disappeared, moaning, and a flash of lightning zigzagged round the room, leaving a burning circle of fire. The countess surveyed the situation. A little more and she would certainly faint. A very nice thing to find yourself in one of those rough quarters of Naples ! And what might happen, when the anger of her relatives was aroused, if they heard of what she had done ! My friend had sense, so she rushed to the door and let herself out. As she ran it seemed to her serpents of fire glided after her. She got out just in time. It appeared that her Russian friend guessed something was wrong and if she had not come out at that moment, he intended to come at once to her rescue. The countess put on her cloak and left the house thankfully, leaving the magician to his fate. The air felt like that before a storm, and the countess only wished to pay the sum agreed on and then to put the furthest possible distance between herself and the magician.

The whole matter had given the imprudent lady such terror that her only thought was to leave Naples at once. I suggested it might all be a fake, but Countess Z. declared that this was impossible and that from first to last the phenomena were real. The truth about the will was never discovered.

It was under dramatic circumstances I first met Professor H. I was staying at my aunt's, having run up to Rome for a few days. We were living at Rome. My aunt said: "Professor H. is dining with us this evening; you will like him. He is very interesting." The professor was a tall, thin man, about thirty-five; nothing remarkable except his eyes, which were like black fire; his eyebrows were a little arched, Mephistophelian; but his mouth was the tenderest I have ever seen in man or woman. Afterwards, when I knew him better, I realised the key to his character was selflessness. He belonged to the thirteenth century with its serene gaiety; the love of Nature, the mystical union of man's soul with the life of our lesser brothers, the world being held as a great choir chapel that eternally sang God's praises, each in his several degree.

Such was Giovanni Battista H., a being absolutely apart from the world he lived in, carrying with his immense culture a child's heart and a saint's idealism.

That evening I only saw a rather shabbily-dressed man who showed much enthusiasm over my aunt's salad. After dinner we started in a cab to Via Ludovici, where we were expected to meet some Italian students of the occult. In the drawing-room were our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, and two young men. One was Signor F., a short, fair man, the one whom Professor H. was to meet. We came in first, but as the professor came forward, Signor F. fell back with a loud cry, and violently drew back his hand. A glass of water was brought and Signor F. regained his composure, but he was evidently in a state of extreme fear whenever Professor H. came near him. Indeed Mr. Williams was obliged to suggest that we should go into the library and give the young man time to recover from whatever had frightened him. Then came in Mrs. Williams with explanations. It appears that about five that morning Signor F. was awakened by the opening of his door. He was staying at a hotel, having come lately to Rome. To his surprise in walked a man, who stood at the end of his bed and spoke to him. He said: "I am Giovanni H. whom you are to meet this evening;" then he spoke on private matters, and wound up with a message from a mutual friend. While Signor F. rubbed his eyes, unable to explain this strange visit, the figure that spoke to him vanished, leaving a letter on the bed. It was from this same mutual friend. Signor F. rushed to the door; it was locked from inside. This experience had startled his nerves, and when the professor had come in with us, and Signor F. had recognised in him his mysterious visitor, Signor F.'s nerves had not unnaturally given way. There followed a rather stormy interview between the two men, Signor F. complaining that no one had the right to enter a stranger's room in that fashion, while

the professor excused himself by saying he had the letter to deliver and, as it was important, he had brought it himself in this strange fashion. Our hosts made peace and we passed a very pleasant evening, Professor H. escorting us home. All he said was: "I never thought I had such a novice to deal with, or I should not have paid him this visit."

I made up my mind that Professor H. was a man to study and we became great friends, a friendship that still lives, though Professor H. has retired to his wife's home in Florence, and it is now eight years since we have met.

Professor H. held an important post in the Treasury, but he was also Professor of Japanese and Chinese and Tartar at the Royal Academy of Oriental Languages at Naples. I studied Chinese with him, the written tongue, which, like all ideograph scripts, has an irresistible attraction for me.

The professor's life abounded in strange happenings, and I will relate a few of the most striking. It was a time when Italy was full of cheap atheism and Professor H. held a series of conferences in a room in Via Raffaele Cadorna, to which many University students came. Towards the end of these conferences Professor H., after shutting up his meeting-room, took the nearest road homewards. It was about eleven and a fine night, so he did not take the tram. About the Via delle Finanze he noticed two men were following him. Thinking they might have been among his audience and had some questions to ask him, he stopped, waiting till they came up. The two strangers approached and one asked him if they were near the station. The professor, always ready to help, said he passed that way and they could go together. They began to talk. Then to H.'s surprise the elder of the two addressed him by his name, and praised highly his efforts to teach spirituality and idealism to young men wrapped in the prevailing materialism of the day. "You have done very well and I have come to tell you this with my friend. We went to your house and have left a message for you there. We bring you thanks and a blessing from the Masters." So saying the stranger threw back his cloak. H. told me he had never seen a more awe-inspiring face. One was younger and looked milder than his companion, but they both had an indescribable air of power and wisdom.

Unconsciously H. fell on his knees. The street was empty. The youngest put out his hand and lifted H. up; H. had a thousand questions to ask, but the man shook his head. "Not now, but we will come again and then we will speak with you. Now we must go." The face smiled kindly, then there was no one there. Both strangers had vanished. H. went slowly home. On the table in his study lay a leaf from some Oriental tree,

inscribed with Sanscrit characters. They were names of two of the much disputed masters of theosophical fame.

The next morning H. was round at my aunt's with the precious visiting-card of the Mahatma; old and withered I saw the leaf, some ten years ago in 1914. My aunt was dead, the professor had retired, his young man had disappeared in the whirl of life. What had become of the two "great souls"? and did they ever keep their promise to return?

H. could do many strange things. If he was requested he could create a cloud in the most serene sky. He would ask you where you wished the cloud to rise, then he would take off his hat and lift his right hand to where you had pointed. For twenty minutes he would stand thus, silent but exercising some force, then a small speck would grow slowly in the heavens, and a cloud was born. The sweat would run down his face, but he would go on willing until a perceptibly sizeable speck had formed; if it was allowed to grow larger it remained some time after H. had caused his experiment, but in time the fleecy cloud became thin and vanished. In Rome, in the clear air of August it was easy to watch the whole process. H. said it was a simple effort of the human will trained to work on Nature.

In the evening, among the hills, H. used to amuse us by calling out of a shrub what he said was the etheric body of the plant. H. used to stand with his hands extended and make passes over the young tree, till a white mist would slowly, painfully, issue from the trunk and branches. This mist grew till it covered the plant and waved in the wind, but never detached itself from the material form. After a few minutes H. would reverse the process and the mist would be sucked in again. H. used to say one must never prolong this experiment or the life of the plant would suffer. I have often seen H. take a burning brand from the wood fire and lay it on my hand or on his own. The fire was harmless. H. said there were trees that loved man and never would hurt him; even when burning, these trees or logs of their wood were safe to handle in any way, but other wood was dangerous. I wish now I had made a list of these trees. For some time I knew them, and could copy H. without danger.

H. used to say that if man would only learn the relationship between humanity and certain parts of Nature, many so-called miracles could be explained, and most people could do them. Sometimes H. would sketch out a landscape—houses, trees, avenues, and lakes—where we knew there was only a bare high-road and a treeless valley. This he used to do in the evening, and laugh at our surprise when it all faded away. Three or four or more together, we all saw the mirage, which changed, as we wished it,

without any apparent effort made by our adept. H. said this faculty belonged more especially to the Nature spirits, who amuse themselves with men, deluding them in lonely places.

Truly strange were those evenings we passed sitting under the pine trees at San Vito Romano, where H. had taken the Senator Baccelli's chalet for the summer and where he came frequently to spend his summer holidays, his wife having gone to her relations near Florence.

H. was one of the few men who have studied deeply that most mysterious of sciences, alchemy. In a small way he practised it, but once he assisted in an experiment that caused no little stir among those interested in such matters.

H. was a member of a very limited secret society that has no dues or oaths, except to practice in life the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. You are bound to nothing else, and you are allowed to do anything to assist your brothers, so long as you pay for it yourself.

One day H. received one of the very rare communications from headquarters warning him that certain of the society wished to undertake an experiment, and that he, being of a certain grade in this society, was bound to help them. H. was told what was the projected work and what his part would be. The preparation would take a fortnight, so, on the 15th day from the date of this letter, H. was told to hold himself ready and to go to Piazza Venezia at eight o'clock and await the passing trams. A motor drew up, a man got out, gave the sign, and H. got into the vehicle. His eyes were blindfolded and they started at a great rate for the unknown destination. They drew up in the courtyard of a villa which H. suspects was in the quarter of the Prati. H. was invited to get out of the motor, and, still blindfolded, was taken down a short staircase. They entered a room and the bandage was removed from his eyes. H. found himself in a small oval chamber. It was covered with small white tiles—ceiling, sides, flooring, even the door, which after they came in was invisible, once closed. Besides the man of the motor, two other men were standing there. All three were bareheaded and wore black silk masks. They showed H. into a little side room where, H. told us with a tinge of envy, the *garderobe* was full of whatever could possibly be needed for a magical ceremony. H. made his selection, and, dressed in the appropriate robes, with magical swords and rod, re-entered the white chamber. He saw now that it was empty, but for a stone altar in whose centre had been enclosed a kind of cup, which cup was full of what is technically called red earth. (I asked what this meant, and was told it was simply very rich loam from a wood.) Then the three men returned.

By this time H. had realised who were his companions. The tallest of the three was a well-known and much respected Judge of the High Court; of the other two, one was a prelate, and the third was a foreign diplomat who had recently bought a house in the Prati and was known to be interested in occultism. H. took the leading place in the function. He put, so he told us, Religion at his right, Justice at his left, and State-craft behind him. So backed, he felt able to do whatever was needed. Then the operation began, the door being fast closed and no one present save the four men. All went well till the time came for the quickening heaven-fire to appear, which was to transform the dull mass of dark earth into splendid diamonds. H.'s hands were held outstretched over the hollow in the stone, while he intoned the ritual invocation. The earth rose as if boiling, little bubbles began to appear, and then down from the closed ceiling came a dart of flame. It passed between the hands, there was a kind of elastic cord of white fire through which pulsed some terrible force. H. felt the force rush past his hands, rush round his hands, and in a moment of fear he drew them back. He felt the cord break, the fire disappeared, and that which was in the hollow fell back inert. The experiment had ended.

The four men crowded round to see the result. No, they were not diamonds that lay glittering in the cup, but pieces of shining, crystal-like stones, very unlike the mound of earth that had been there at the beginning of this experiment. So the failure was in itself a success and the experimenters were happy. H., who had felt a sudden sharp pain in his right hand as the fire disappeared, began to investigate. He found that a long cut had been made in the upper part of his forefinger. This cut did not bleed, but was filled with little sparkling bits of crystals exactly like the fissures in quartz. It was six months before the last spark was extracted, and the scar still remains as a proof of the truth of this story.

Now I come to the least credible part of this record. After the transformation of the red earth the forces employed were not exhausted, and some extraordinary manifestations took place. H. told me that he counted no less than a hundred-and-seven apparitions visible in that small room: one after the other they appeared, spoke and vanished. H.'s mother came with his two little sons who had died in childhood. The grandmother, who was with them, told them to ask for their father's blessing, which he gave, and to kiss his hand. To the father it seemed as if they were living beings. Other visions came and went, but of these H. could only remember two. One was Joan of Arc, who said to H. that she ever loved France, and that a time

was coming when she would be again able to fight for her. H. asked when that would take place, but Joan only repeated her prophecy of a great war in which all Europe would be involved. Asked again when it would happen she said, "I can say that God will not allow this to be known, but that the right will conquer." Then she disappeared, and St. Germain, brilliant with diamonds, came up. He offered his snuffbox and H. took a pinch. "I see you are as fond as ever of diamonds," said H. "Certainly," said the philosopher, "but here I make them myself." In the end, when the party broke up, the four men shared the results of their experiment, and the motor took H. to his door.

Before they parted they all took an oath of secrecy, which was not kept. The gentleman whom I call the Judge returned to his wife at Naples. The wife was of a jealous nature, and, while putting her husband to the test, she found out that there was one evening during his visit to Rome that he could not account for. Hence tears, rage, and no peace at his home. The natural result followed; the man told his story under a pledge of secrecy and the wife hurried off to tell her sister. She wrote at once to a friend in Rome and H. was attacked by his friends to know what had happened. My aunt and I were angry that we had not heard of the experiment, and then poor H. had to explain that in these operations no woman can be present. In order to console us, H. gave us his share of the crystals. We sent them to the Royal Institute of Crystallography at Naples, who were much interested, having never seen genuine white sapphires in the middle of lumps of rock crystal. I do not know what became of my aunt's share, but my own piece I gave to my friend Walburga, Lady Paget, who has given it to her granddaughter. So in the end, if women are disqualified from assisting at alchemistic experiments, they are sometimes given the results, which perhaps is equally satisfactory.

CHAPTER XIII

ENGLISH VISITS, THE RADIANT BOY AND OTHER STORIES

The radiant boy and other stories—Everingham—Mr. Dennistoun and Botticelli's "Boccaccio"—Southwick—Terregles—Memories of Mary Queen of Scots—Yorkshire again—Foxcote—Fairy Hill near Swansea—King Edward VII's visit—In Rome again—Scots cousins—A dream that had truth—A wonderful lady—A ring of destiny—Galloway again—Arran and the proud Duke—Lord Paramount of Holderness.

LOOKING back in my diary, I find that in July, 1907, I was staying with Lord Herries, who was then Lord-Lieutenant of the Riding. There were then staying at Everingham the Duchess of Norfolk and her two children. The youngest, with his perambulator covered with relics, gifts from many convents, was an interesting little chap with fine lungs. Besides the Duchess there were Lord Herries' two elder sisters, Marcia and Teresa, and his cousins, Frederic and Amy Harford (he had been lately appointed Minister to Munich), and Sir David Hunter Blair, who was exactly what his book described him—pleasant, humorous and learned. The most beautiful part of Everingham is the old rose-garden. The old-fashioned walk brings back many memories, with its three lines of scented flowers—the great white lilies, the red phlox and the thick hedge of roses with their old-world perfume. In the park one catches sight of the bright eyes of the does, and can hear the rustling of the branches as the stags pass by.

In August I was at my cousin's (Sir Mark Stewart's) place in Galloway, and from there I went to stay with Mr. Dennistoun and his daughter at Helensburgh. Mr. and Mrs. Dennistoun were old family friends, and my people had known them in the old days of "Lady Lovelace"—the aunt's nickname. Mr. Dennistoun's uncle found his fame in his great collections of books and paintings. He rivalled Lord Ashburnham, and rose above him when he secured the famous "Boccaccio" illustrated by Botticelli. This is what I remember of the story: Mr. Dennistoun was staying in

Rome with his wife, when late at night there came a man to their apartment. He was covered with a cloak; when he had taken off his wraps he showed himself to be the confidential servant of a cardinal, who was himself an eminent collector. Now it was well known that this cardinal possessed a world-famed "Boccaccio." Many people were anxious to possess this treasure, and above all the Papal Government. But the Cardinal refused to part with it, and for the moment he had selected no heir. Mr. Dennistoun at once realised what this visit meant. The Cardinal had died suddenly. By the morning all chance of the treasure would have vanished and the Papal Government would have sequestered the book. For one thousand pounds sterling Mr. Dennistoun secured the volume.

Orders were hastily sent down and their travelling carriage made ready. Mrs. Dennistoun, with superhuman effort, packed her belongings. By five o'clock in the morning the lady had started with the prize well concealed among her feminine trappings. Mr. Dennistoun was arrested, but nothing happened, for nothing was found and the matter had to end in apologies. It was only when the wonderful treasure was shown to his rivals in England that the truth became known. Much of his fortune was spent in valuable pictures; a great deal also went in Mrs. Dennistoun's world-famed collection of lace. His friend and rival, Lord Ashburnham, was able to obtain the Botticelli wonder. Mr. Dennistoun never forgave himself for this loss, which seriously affected his health.

Mr. Dennistoun, nephew of this powerful personality, had no benefit from his uncle's death. He lived in a quiet, comfortable way, and the only thing left of the great connoisseur's were two beautiful pictures of the early Florentine school. Mr. Dennistoun had lately purchased a convenient motor, and with his daughter—he driving the machine himself—we did more than five hundred miles of this very romantic part of Scotland. When we called at the castle of the Duke of Argyll, both the Duke and the Princess Louise were absent. The late British ex-ambassador from St. Petersburg had settled near the castle in order to be with his friend the Duke.

I think that our English way of ignoring past grandeur is a little hard on the ladies. From having been one of the first ladies of a court, and representing the British sovereign at the court of a great Empire, the entire glamour now fades away. Instead of guards and precedence the lady finds herself one among hundreds; the "Excellencies" fade away like the handsome income. There is a pension so long as the ex-ambassador lives, but from his death all this disappears. This was the fate of my

friend, Mrs. Fraser, who at the death of her husband lost every thing, it being considered a great kindness on the part of the Foreign Office that she and her children were allowed to return home from Japan on a Government ship. If Mrs. Fraser had not possessed a gift and been a charming novelist, one shudders at the thought of what would have become of her and her clever sons.

I did several steamer excursions. One to the Kyles of Bute, rocks that resemble great turtles. On August 21, I lunched with the captain of H.M.S. *Triumph*. The admiral very kindly had left us his quarters. The dining-room possessed two fire-places. I had not seen such luxury since I had been on the *Sultan*, the quarters of my cousin, Admiral Sir Ernest Rice, when he went out to Malta. Among other excursions we explored Gairloch, Loch Lomond, Loch Long and beautiful Loch Katrine. Most unexpected fine weather showed me the witchery of Scotland. Unfortunately the modern castles of Glasgow millionaires are placed half a mile one from each other and border the lake in their hundreds, destroying some of the romance. From there I went to Southwick, where I found a large party: the niece of Augustus Hare, of Roman and Italian fame, William Sinclair, Archdeacon of London, whose signature is purely mediæval as is also his mode of preaching and his great learning. The Moderator of the Scotch Kirk also came for a short visit; he was very anxious to hear the last news from Rome. I found him, like the Archbishop of York, or his Grace of Canterbury, a very suave clerically-mannered ecclesiastic. Such high-placed men have wonderful similarity of aspect.

From there I drove over to see my aunt's home at Terregles, near Dumfries. The old place was fortunately not yet occupied by the lessee, so I could look round at my will. The earl's room was hung as of old with silk. I went into the queen's room and sat down by the bed where Mary Queen of Scots had lain. There had been no change; the cushion lay on the bed of state under which Queen Mary had left her book of Hours and her gold and silver reins for James the Sixth. Here it was where she decided to leave for England with the fear of capture ever growing near. At the doorway waited the Lord Herries' men-at-arms, that escorted her into the clutches of Elizabeth. Near the house I could see the great tree called "The earl's tree," where his heroic wife, Lady Nithsdale, buried the family treasures and papers and rode off with her escort a few hours before the king's troops arrived to seize the rebel Earl of Nithsdale's property. To this oak the wife returned with twelve hours' gain over the king's officers. She had won the game—a woman against a kingdom!

Of all the prisoners, from the days of Norman William to the days of the Jacobite rebellion, she alone had managed to save her husband's life from the Tower of London. Of the four condemned lords, three had fallen under the axe of the executioner. One alone had been saved by the cleverness and faithfulness of his wife. It is sad to think that before ten years were over efforts had to be made to save the property she was destroying by her extravagance, and that six years later a separation had to be arranged between the Earl and his Countess. The old cloak in which he escaped from his guards is still preserved, but a great piece of it was stolen by American tourists.

From there I went to Harrogate and Park Place, which, during the War, was taken by King George and afterwards was occupied by Queen Alexandra. It is a fine old place, which the town has now surrounded with houses and has claimed the old lands belonging to the home farm for building ground by force of Act of Parliament. My father's cousin fought till the last, and paid 1,500 pounds a year in order to keep his fields; but an Act of Parliament is above God and the devil in England!

In the dales in Yorkshire, near Giggleswick Church, I went with a cousin to hunt up and photograph old brasses, and to see the ebbing and flowing well, a curious spring that copies in whirling water the cord with which the Saxon Christian princess suffered martyrdom by the Daues for her Christianity.

I went on to Bath and from thence to Warwickshire, where I stayed with my cousins, the Howards, in their curious old house "Foxcote," of the Cannings.

The old legend still holds true. Each death in my cousin's family is heralded by the apparition of a weird creature in bird-like form. My cousin was staying in Switzerland, when one evening she heard the flapping of a body against the window and the beating of wings. Wishing to protect the lost creature she opened the window and let in a bird from the lake, which bird had an extraordinarily shaped beak and eyes. She shut it in an improvised cage and went to bed. The next morning the cage was empty, but a telegram came from England announcing the death of her husband's sister.

The next year she was at home, and heard a bird beating furiously against one of the upper windows. As she was taking the frightened creature inside, she happened to look at its head and beak. With an ominous chill she saw that the bird was an exact copy of the one that had flown from the Lake of Lucerne and had disappeared before the morning. Feeling a great shock, she looked at the bird carefully, when it raised its eyes and looked back at her with a curious expression of understanding

Moved by a sudden thought, she pushed the bird farther from her and went out of the room. Again, next morning, the bird was gone, but a telegram arrived with the news of the death of the last of her sisters-in-law.

From Foxcote I went to south Wales to Fairy Hill, the place of General Benson, and now the home of his Honour, Judge Benson. The whole visit was like being re-born into the past. In those days, so long ago, there had been a project of marriage arranged in my father's family and it seemed to me that I was staying with relatives and not simply friends. The country near Swansea is very old-world. We pushed ourselves about the lake in coracles unaltered from those used by ancient Welshmen. We drove to several neighbouring castles, one belonging to Miss Talbot, the principal personage in these parts.

The old lady was full of anecdotes of her reception of King Edward VII. It appears the king came down to open a public building at Swansea. There were four dreary hours before his Majesty could leave, and the public-minded authorities could think of nothing more suitable to entertain his Majesty than a visit to Miss Talbot. It was evidently the highest honour the town authorities could offer for the royal entertainment, Miss Talbot being seventy-eight and her companion some few years younger. Never did King Edward better show his greatness and courtesy. He went to tea, and to the intense joy of his hostess he wrote down in his own pocket-book the name and the place where the tea she offered him was sold. Then he walked with the companion to the seashore and he completed the joy of his hostess by planting a tree in her garden in memory of his visit. The old lady gallantly got down to the gateway to do his Majesty royal honour, and the king's kindness to the municipal authorities of the ancient loyal city was emphasised in words of real pleasure expressed in thanks for his entertainment.

This made them forget the fear which had begun to dawn in their minds that a visit to two very old ladies might not have been too amusing for a king. As Miss Talbot told me her story, surely no words could have been more kindly than those she reported as spoken to her by King Edward.

The Welsh are a strange people. They are devoted to their own ancient families, for however radical they may be politically, they are mediæval in the respect they bear to the descendant of the old feudal lords of Wales. From Wales I went to Bath, and then back to Italy, where I spent some time at Lady Paget's lovely tower at Bellosguardo.

I found, staying with his mother, Sir Ralph Paget and his wife, the daughter of General Sir Arthur Paget, for Sir Ralph had

married his cousin. They were on their way to Munich, where he had been appointed Minister. Lady Paget was then in the first splendour of her youth and beauty. She had all the originality as well as the beauty of her mother; the American verve and novelty of ideas was there, and the ready adaptability and readiness of mind, which in the Great War proved the salvation of the Serbian wounded. The British nation owes much to Lady Paget.

When I saw her, in the far-off days of 1907, Lady Paget shone by her brightness and happy nature as a young bride. The winter passed as usual in Rome. My cousin Frances arrived, during her honeymoon, with her husband, the Earl of Cassillis. They were wrapt up in each other. Lord Cassillis was welcomed in Rome by the Italian freemasons. Unfortunately British masonry had excommunicated the French and Italian Grand Orient, so that he felt uncertain as to his footing, being then Deputy-Grand Master of Scotland. Mr. Ezekiel, the sculptor, was more than hospitable and his efforts ended in Lord Cassillis paying the wished-for formal visit to the Roman lodges.

I spent interesting hours in going round the early Christian churches with my guests. We went round several frescoed extemples, but I was glad to show my new relative my discoveries in St. Paul beyond the walls. On the mosaics of the great arch built by Galla Placidia there are some curious features. St. Paul and St. Peter stand on the right and left of the high altar. Both the mosaics show the great apostles with their attributes, but besides his sword St. Paul bears on his mantle the mark of a triangle and a square. The great head of Christ in the centre of the arch lifts the right hand in the act of blessing and the blessing is given in a masonic sign. We all three left for a few days' visit in Easter week to Lady Paget at Florence.

I find in my diary the entry of Marie V. Grunelius. She was a pleasant, popular little lady, who collected acquaintances as one collects stamps. At Florence I found many friends; my cousin, Marcus Rosenkrantz, and his wife arrived at Florence on their way to England. There was also a number of pleasant people from London, friends of Lady Paget, the dowager Duchess of Newcastle, the Marchioness of Salisbury, and many German and Austrian princes. I remember Prince Lichtenstein, who, after lunch, was very anxious to see a portrait of Lady Paget, painted when she was in all the splendour of her beauty. I showed him a portrait that hung in the immense entrance hall and left him in ecstasy before it.

Another of the interesting guests I met was Lord Plymouth's second son, Ivor Windsor Clive (now Lord Plymouth). Of the

three handsome sons then living only this one, the second son, is left. The elder died in India from typhus and the youngest in the war.

I returned to London about July, 1909. I spent my stay in London on a visit to Mrs. Hamilton Evans. Mrs. Evans was a strange personality. She was one of the most brilliant people and women-scholars I ever met. When I first saw her we were both lunching with Mrs. Rawlinson. Our hostess, Mrs. Rawlinson, lived in the Hotel Royal at Rome, and had been there so long that no one remembers the time the hotel had been without her. She was a power in the Vatican; no one knew exactly why, but both in England and at Rome Mrs. Rawlinson was an authority. She had a very beautiful daughter and the girl had reigned at Biarritz and in England. The eldest son, Major Rawlinson, was in the army, and her younger son was a very intellectual Benedictine monk. Many people were unfeignedly sorry when she left us, and no one has ever filled her place in Rome.

Mrs. Evans possessed a kind heart beyond the average. When young her beauty attracted a well-known officer, and they married. From some reason Colonel Evans's fortune failed and for several years they had to practice the strictest economy. That period passed, they spent a pleasant time on active service, when death came so near her once that her life was only saved by the quick presence of mind with which her husband threw her down on the ground. They had fallen unexpectedly into an ambuscade.

Colonel Evans's health did not improve, and he was obliged to give up his command. From that date they spent their years in exploring antiquities and passing from one health resort to another. When her husband died Mrs. Evans found herself a very rich woman, but her health had given way and from then to her death she was always an invalid. She inherited a gift of clairvoyance or second-sight, which was never at fault. The best of her stories has been written down in the archives of the Foreign Office. One night, a year or two after the death of her husband, Mrs. Evans had a very vivid dream. She found herself standing alone before a palace. There were no men in the sentry boxes and the great doors were open. Mrs. Evans seemed to recognise the palace: it was a long, low, whitewashed house rather than a palacial. Finding herself alone she entered the building. No one was there; she went first into the lower part of the house and saw some men and women filling plates with ugly-looking fluid. She asked: "What are you doing?" In the dream the people answered, without looking up, "We are making poison to kill all in this house." Thoroughly frightened, Mrs. Evans left these

strange servants and regained the stairs. At the top she heard sounds and looking out of a window she saw armed men creeping to the door, which was open and seemed, as ever, unguarded. Hurrying through the passages and looking for friends, Mrs. Evans sought for a place to hide. It was a corridor of rooms, one opening into the other. Startled, and still frightened, Mrs. Evans went into a room filled with wardrobes, and, as she came in, she saw a man rush forward. He recognised her directly : he was a Serbian officer who had been brought up in England. As it so happened she had promised to pay his family a visit that summer. " You here, Mrs. Evans ? " said he, and the man looked wild and very determined.

" How did you get here ? " he went on. " How can I save you ? " he asked, in great agitation. " They will kill everyone they find."

In his agitation he pulled open a wardrobe. " Get in here. It is the only chance, they may not look for you. For God's sake don't show yourself. This is the best thing I can do for you."

With that the officer shut the door of the cupboard and turned round, revolver in hand, facing a crowd of soldiers who rushed into the room. The officer made a brave fight, but was knocked down and the men rushed on to the last room of the suite. Mrs. Evans pushed the door open and peered through.

The electric light shone brightly and she saw a confused mass of men rush on to the bed. She saw a young man stagger up. She saw the assassins strike wildly till the young figure fell, overcome by the number of his enemies. She saw the man cut in pieces and then she saw a woman pulled out and killed like the man. The soldiers seemed mad with lust of murder. They came back, seeking fresh victims. Mrs. Evans knew she was lost. The men came in and pulled the cupboard door open and a bayonet was thrust on her. It pushed by a dress hanging from a peg and bruised her shoulder. Then there was a victorious cry ; hands grasped her. . . . And she awoke. She was lying shaking in her own bed in her London bedroom. Trembling with the vividness of her dream she got up and wrote it carefully down.

Lord Wolseley called early in the morning and she told him her vision. He took the written account with him to the War Office.

That morning about four o'clock the streets were full of news-criers. Word had come of the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga. The paper Mrs. Evans had given Lord Wolseley has been placed in the archives. The poor Serbian

officer whom Mrs. Evans had known and was killed in her dream, was really murdered defending his sovereigns.

Another queer occurrence connected with Mrs. Evans happened at a dinner that took place at my house in Rome. I had asked a few friends to dine with me. One was Princess Giustiniani Bandini, and her daughter also came, and other friends. Mrs. Evans noticed a fine emerald ring and asked to look at it. The Princess took it off and asked if she saw anything strange about it. Holding it for a moment, Mrs. Evans said: "This ring has belonged to a man, perhaps to two men, who have perished on the scaffold." The Princess Bandini was much struck by this answer. From the old records we hear that Charles I, on a night two days before his execution, took off a ring he always wore and gave it to his trusted valet, who was with him till the end. The king told his servant to go to a house in Chelsea and give this ring to a lady, and ask for a casket for which the ring was the pledge. The ring had a great emerald with two fair white brilliants.

In return for this ring the lady gave the servant a casket. The servant duly gave the casket to the king, who took from the casket his George, his Garter and other jewels, which he gave his sons in their farewell interview. When the king Charles II returned to his palace it is said that an old lady brought back the fatal ring, and King Charles gave her a pension in recompense for her faith and loyalty.

Mrs. Evans was right. Two men wore this ring and perished on the block. The first was King Charles I, the second was his grandchild, the Earl of Derwentwater. Charles II gave this royal heritage to his illegitimate son, who died true to his cousin, the son of James II.

The ring was given to a faithful friend on the day of his death, while standing at the block, and sent to his widow. By her it came into the hands of the Prince Giustiniani Bandini, together with the Scotch earldom. Alas! the ring was stolen lately, with other jewels, and has never been recovered.

Mrs. Evans was one of the most patriotic women I have met. When England was in danger she gave over almost all her fortune to the British Treasury. I am glad that she was able to live long enough to see the victory.

In 1908 there are not many interesting entries. I see my diary tells that in the summer of 1908 I stayed with my cousin, Clare Howard, at Corby Castle. Mr. Howard was there and their daughter Ursula Lawson. I took several photographs of the haunted room and also a copy of the famous Titian. The haunted room is a queer place. It has been for years uninhabitable. In the centre of Corby Castle are the remains of

an old border tower built by the Romans. This is the legend on which the ghost story depends, and which comes down from the times of King Richard III: The heir of that day was a child and stood in the light of his uncle. There were wars, and the crown of England was bitterly disputed. The usurper, as they now called Richard III, departed and the place knew the little heir no more. Time passed and a story went round that a room of the castle was haunted. When the guards were placed at night, to hold the castle safe, a boy used to pass round the ramparts weeping and sighing, so they knew a soul needed help. All who saw this child-phantom were held as doomed to death. In time it became necessary that the room should be shut up. I heard the tale told me long ago, when the ruler of Corby Castle was old Mr. Howard, the father of Philip Howard, who married my cousin, Clare Maxwell. I was kept at home by a broken thumb-nail; father and mother had gone with the rest of the guests and I was left with Lorraine Petre, who kindly tried to console a miserable little girl, and he told me the story of the room where we sat.

Many years before a Mr. Howard had a large party. One of the guests was a priest, who disbelieved in all apparitions and who determined to dislodge all idea of the ghost. The haunted room was made over to him for three nights, after which he had promised to tell his host what he had seen.

There are three rooms in this oldest part of Corby Castle. The first is the haunted room proper, the second and third are respectively the knight's and the page's rooms. The haunted room is a little larger than the others. The room was prepared and the visitor took possession. He was a great friend of this Mr. Howard, and as a priest was well fitted to break the traditions, and his sceptical nature was also to the good. The first night he went to sleep in the chosen ghost-chamber, but next morning he showed no sign of alarm. The second day the same thing happened. But the third morning, after breakfast, he went with Mr. Howard to his study and there his indifference broke down. "Each night as soon as I had begun to sleep," he said, "I was awakened by the sound of a child in the room and when I opened my eyes, I saw a little boy with golden hair, weeping bitterly. I adjured him, in the name of God, to answer me, but he went on crying until the figure slowly disappeared. The same thing happened the next night. The third, and last time, I stayed awake. The apparition appeared, as usual, about midnight. I sprang out of bed and advanced slowly towards the figure, holding towards him my crucifix; the little boy, retreating before me and still weeping bitterly, I followed the apparition, which was

illuminated by the unnatural light ; then the child and the light suddenly disappeared. I lit a candle and found myself alone, standing on the hearthstone. Mr. Howard, there has been a murder here, and someone, innocent, is crying for Christian burial ! A search must be made in the room."

Under the orders of Mr. Howard, the wooden flooring was removed. Yet nothing was visible. Exasperated by this failure, the priest, growing at last excited, stamped his foot on the hearthstone and asserted the phantom had vanished on that spot. With a laugh Mr. Howard ordered the workmen to remove the hearthstone. Under the great stone slab there lay a skeleton, and with it a long bright ringlet of golden hair. The skeleton was sent to Carlisle, where the experts found it belonged to the body of a male child about seven years old. The little murdered heir was found at last. From this time the spirit appears to have been at peace, but a feeling of horror still hangs round the place of his murder ; thus it has been decided to make the room into a smoking-room.

I left my camera open from four to six one afternoon of August, 1908, and certainly obtained some strange negatives. Besides the story of the boy ghost, there are some of other apparitions. There is a pair of skeleton hands that float about and an interesting grey lady who is sometimes to be encountered on the great staircase, and sounds are heard of a knight in armour, who keeps watch before the drawing-room windows. I cannot myself say I have seen or felt anything.

A beautiful heirloom hangs in one of the great reception rooms. It is the portrait of the Emperor Charles V and his wife. She is standing listening to the Emperor, with a handkerchief in her hand and a sad, serious expression on her face. The story is that this great ruler was speaking to his wife of his forthcoming abdication. The picture is by Titian in his finest manner. It is supposed to be a gift from the Emperor to a son of the house, who held a high position in the religious order to which he belonged. It was brought by the prelate to Corby Castle, and there remains an heirloom.

While at Corby I went with Lady Lawson to Naworth Castle, but was unlucky in finding Lady Carlisle absent. We had some difficulty in getting in, because the parlourmaid was anxious that we should see the castle and could not understand that anyone should wish to pay a visit. The housekeeper, who recognised us, made things easy, explaining that the Countess was not in.

A nice young granddaughter came in and hospitably offered us the choice of sights between the roof and the dungeons to satisfy our delight in antiquities. I am afraid we were hoping for tea.

Lady Lawson and I admired the famous Flemish picture of the Magi that now belongs to the nation. We explored the apartment of "Belted Will" and I certainly agree with his pleasure in glorious views, but tea began to grow pressing. We got away quickly and met one of the outdoor servants.

"Eh," he said, "her ladyship is not at home. Her ladyship is preaching to the miners at the pit's mouth."

Ursula and I had but one thought. It was four o'clock and the four-fifteen train would take us back to Corby at four-thirty. So we took hands and ran our swiftest to the station. We caught the only train of the Bank Holiday, and a little later saw us comfortably sitting around the nursery tea-table.

From Corby I went into Galloway. This strange part of the United Kingdom retains many old conditions. Now, in 1925, it is over sixty years since the last cave-dweller has died. I believe he was taken by the poor-law authorities to the workhouse infirmary, where he died. The gypsies still range the moors in their old security and are never interfered with. They still go to the great castle and pitch their vans and tents in the courtyard, claiming it theirs by a charter of King James. Within twelve hours the tribe will have silently flitted, to re-appear the next year, but so they continue their legal right over the land where the castle stands.

There are no descendants of the cannibal tribe, which was exterminated by the royal decree three hundred years ago in Dumfriesshire. The memory of the girl martyr and her fellow-sufferers still endures, and so does the story of the men of the Moss Hags. It is certain that the peasants are true descendants of the past, and the doings of the Covenanters still live in the minds of the farmers of the twentieth century. They remain a dour, uncompromising, splendid set of men. At the end of the nineties the *Times* foolishly referred in a leader to Sir Mark Stewart, who had retained the votes of his fickle constituency of Kirkcudbrightshire. The next day brought several scathing letters from important citizens angrily answering: "That Kirkcudbrightshire is no so fickle as the foolish man thought, for they took their ain man from their ain land, Sir Mark Stewart, and nae poor pettifogging lawyer body from London."

It is of a servant of this Galloway that the following story is told: Centuries past this servant's family had done some service to the lord of the gypsy tribe. He had neither gold nor land to pay his debt with. So, he taught his benefactor a formula in the Romany tongue. "This is sufficient," he said, to make all my people help you and die for you if necessary." The passwords were stored up in the minds of the family and guarded as treasure

by its members. Centuries passed and in the eighties a woman of their family with others of their name were faithful servants of the present family of Stewart of Southwick. The Stewart girls were fond of scouring their father's moors and happened late one day to find themselves in one of the lonely valleys far away from their home. As if by magic, a number of unpleasant-looking men appeared and surrounded the children's ponies. Their lives were in danger, for these men meant mischief. They had already seized the ponies' bridles and were ready to drag the children from the saddle. Knives were out and there was no hope of help. Then one of my cousins remembered the old formula of safety and said it out in a loud voice to the party of gypsies. In an instant all was changed. From lawless tribesmen they became helpful and good-natured. They pressed round them, but only to rearrange the bridles, and four of them escorted the children back to within sight of the house, where they melted away. The servants were on the point of starting a search party when the children rode up.

At Southwick there was a legend that the luck of the house depended on the white peacock that always appeared there. The original peacocks were of the ordinary kind, but one was always born pure white and before it died another white one was born. So that there was always a succession of white peacocks, according to tradition.

As children we were always afraid to pass the place where the old gibbet stood. It is only by the Government having taken it in hand that the Scotch feudal rights were resumed into the royal prerogative. A certain value was placed by the Treasury on every feudal privilege. Thus these rights ended in £ s. d. Only a few of the great lords were not tempted, and they retained their power. The principal of these was the great Duke of Hamilton, who died from a fall in his club at Paris. He married the daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden and brought her in his own armed yacht to his kingdom of Arran. Here, under the shelter of his own cannon, with his own flag, and the impossibility of any stranger owning a foot of land or house-room on the island, he lived content. Yet not quite content, for in the days of Robert of Bruce a generous piece of land had been given to a Scots gentleman, in reward for his having saved the king's life. From the days of the Bruce a charter had existed which showed the extent of the grant. These parchments were consulted when differences occurred, which was not seldom, between the all-powerful Dukes of Hamilton and the owner of Robert the Bruce's gift. A house had been built on it and the laird lived there. Time after time the owners had refused to part with their property, and the



SIR MARK T. MACTAGGART STEWART, BART.

dukes had never succeeded in obtaining their desire. More than all others, it annoyed the proud Duke. His keepers and his deer trespassed and were courteously asked to keep on the right side of the border. Then came a very polite note from the Duke asking his neighbour to come up to the castle, bringing with him his charters, etc., and dine with him and stay the night. The unsuspecting laird accepted gratefully; he packed up his charter and was about to start for the castle, when one of his keepers forced himself into his presence and told him the story of a pretty plot he had discovered. The Duke's rival was to be drugged and his charters and papers would disappear. On this the laird started by the evening boat for England, taking his papers with him.

The Duke of Hamilton was hereditary keeper of Holyrood Palace, the royal palace of Scotland. This dignity was considered an honour, but the Duke's pride made him think differently. Instead of appearing in person on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to Edinburgh, he sent the key by his lawyer. The insult was so flagrant that he never appeared again in English society. By his birth he was premier Duke of Scotland, and through old Acts of Settlement he was heir-presumptive, under certain circumstances, to the kingdom of Scotland. During his lifetime the Duke held himself as being the rightful owner of the crown of Scotland, and this right he maintained till a false step caused him to fall down the staircase of his French club.

The present Duke is always most popular and has a very beautiful duchess. He is entirely in accordance with modern ideas and has made many changes. The Isle of Arran, once the last stronghold of feudal usage, has become a popular watering-place. Hotels abound and the beautiful shore is largely frequented. In the old time the inhabitants used to let their cottages at enormous rents to the visitors, while they retired into the pig-styes, but all this has passed away with the famous old Duke.

In a smaller way a few of the feudal rights belonging to the great chief of the clan Kennedy are retained. Among them is the right of calling up gentlemen belonging to the clan armed and mounted on good horses, so that they may act as bodyguards to the feudal chief and his eldest son. This prerogative was last used at the wedding of the Earl of Cassillis with my cousin, on his marriage with Frances, daughter of Sir Mark Mactaggart Stewart, when two hundred gentlemen of the name of Kennedy came at the call of their chief and formed a splendid escort. In the great hall of Culzean Castle there hangs the Pope's brief granting the Earl of Cassillis and his heirs the right of escaping

hell (due debt of purgatory being paid), if at the moment of death he pronounce the name of Jesus, calling upon Him as his Saviour ; and this mercy continues even if he belongs to any sect of Christians, however heretical. This privilege continues for another three generations, after which it ends. One reason given is that only by such extraordinary means can a member of this family be brought into heaven.

Another reason given is that Providence has the greatest need of the clan Kennedy. It is the only time that such a concession has been made. The Papal Bull was conceded shortly after the then Earl of Cassillis roasted an abbot, his enemy, and secured the deeds he required. The Marquis of Ailsa, father of Lord Cassillis, is the well-known yachtsman. Another remnant of feudal honours is retained by Mr. Chichester Constable, lord paramount of Holderness in Yorkshire, not far from Hull. This family is almost the oldest existing in England ; the earlier part of their records is lost in mystery. They were in a great position at the time of King Canute, who was the author of certain deeds which renew several grants and was a patron and protector of this family of the Lords of Holderness. The donation of King Canute was confirmed by William the Conqueror.

In the days of the Empress Matilda, she took refuge in a part of the castle which is still standing and contains some of the original furniture. The same apartment was occupied later by King Stephen and his son King Henry III. Successive sovereigns vied with each other in confirming and enlarging the proprietor's rights. King George's writ has no power on this promontory. Once you have entered this piece of land, you find yourself in a dominion of fairies. King Canute becomes a very living person. The royal coastguards found this out. A whale was thrown up on the shore of Holderness and was promptly sold to the Dublin Museum, whereon the coastguards seized it, as royal property, and sold it for a much lower sum ; then they found themselves faced by an extremely unpleasant action at law. Fortunately, Mr. Chichester was amiable and made only such protest as was necessary to maintain his rights, and the surprised state official did his best to make peace. In Holderness it is Mr. Chichester who elects the coroner, etc., so that if you choose to murder an enemy, Mr. Chichester-Constable can arrange for your being found innocent ! A number of other strange rights remain the Lord Paramount's undoubted prerogative.

The palace was lent by the late Mr. Chichester to the family of the Duc de Bordeaux, in whose honour the principal rooms were re-furnished with the royal blue of France. The furniture bore the initials of the Duc de Bordeaux, and the French fleurs-de-lys.

I spent a delightful day in this domain, where everything drew one to ancient records, and names that have even disappeared from history rise up like a living chronicle.

One of my last visits was to Beverley Hall, the property of Mr. Yorke. The original hall was built by the founder of the family, Lord Chancellor of England in Henry VII's time. The son of the chancellor seems to have had several pictures of his relatives painted by Holbein; and the rest of the family continued their ancestor's good taste—in short, a fine collection of splendid portraits.

In the grounds stands an almost perfect Tudor residence. The stucco work and Italian decoration is far too beautiful to be left entirely to the care of the gardener. The modern house is a fine building, Gothic, with rounded towers. Here is also a ghost legend—a lady spectre, who knocks at the door on the first morning of each new visitor's stay. Like other guests I had my rights at an early hour. In fact, I was in the turret that had been arranged as a bathroom and so I had a moment of embarrassment till I realised it was not the housemaid.

Mr. Yorke was a very fine type of a Yorkshire gentleman of the old school. The Great War has effectively interfered with these representative types. The families have never stirred from their lands since they were founded some 400 years ago. There is nothing to equal them in other countries. The servants, the farmers, the landowners have also their hundreds of years' pedigree, families of tried English yeomen. When the sons of the squires rode out to fight for their country, the sons of the farmers and the sons of the labourers rode out to fight under the leadership of the squire's sons. The same names led the regiments of 1914 as led the lancers of the French wars in 1400 and the troopers of 1600. They have no titles either now, or then; the squire is content with the blazonry of his noble ancestors. The farmers are proud of their ancestors and the date that permanently stands over the farmhouse door, and that re-mounts to the ancient days of the squire's family. In one case 600 men joined the army, together with the squire's son. Surely this speaks well for the loyalty of ancient Yorkshire.

CHAPTER XIV

THE YORK PAGEANT AND THE FOX THAT FOUND SAFETY

Yorkshire—Honourable Mrs. Herbert of Hanover—John Vaughan—St. Fagans—Boughton—Harrogate—A lady and a lover of St. Francis' little ones—Machany—Perthshire—A family party—Clerical refugees of France—Canon Hensley Henson—Westminster Abbey—Maidenhead—Bisham Abbey.

YORK's great historic pageant took place on July 26th to 31st. The whole of Yorkshire took part in the celebration. Citizens of historic cities, miners and farmers, craftsmen and burgesses, gentlemen and nobles, took part in this great meeting. A little humour was allowed. It lightened the home love that filled each inhabitant of the county.

The director of the pageant did not have it all his way. Yorkshire is different from all other parts of England. Here is too much Norse blood and too much spirit of freedom. The dalesmen are the same as those who headed the Pilgrimage of Grace. Above all comes the heritage of a Yorkshire man. In the days of Cromwell, General Lord Fairfax passed through England destroying everything of beauty ecclesiastical. Arriving at York his soldiers prepared themselves for an orgy of destruction in God's honour. "Halt," said the God-fearing general; "not a rag, not a stone must be touched of York Minster." The Fifth Monarchists, Independents, etc., stood aghast. "But . . . ?" they asked. "Because it is my will; this is York, not a stone shall be disturbed." So the Republican army marched in and marched out. The nuns in the Bar Convent followed their rule, as they did in the time of Henry VII. Nothing was changed. St. Peter smiled down from between the Abbey Towers, and the Nun Bar Convent is ever the same.

It is Yorkshire. We are against all prelacy, all kingship; we are republicans. But woe to those who should attempt to touch our Prince, our nobles, our yeomen and our men! The feeling of the Yorkshire men to women is one of intense respect. Women

are acknowledged superior in many ways to men. This I heard from the Gargrave village shoemaker.

It was in the days of the census, and the "master" was puzzled. So he asked the advice of Miss Lucy, his faithful adviser.

"I wrote on the paper that two rooms above and two below make four. And so I signed it. But Mrs. Bates, she signed five rooms, with five pounds penalty on the census sheet if she made a mistake. I warned her of this. She said: 'And the staircase, Master, is it not a room?' Oh, the women, Miss! They are thousand times cleverer than we are! I'd give them the vote a sight sooner than I'd give it to many men."

This is the opinion of a master worker and shoemaker.

So the great day came of the pageant. It took place at York, in the ruins of St. Hilda's Abbey. We began with the cavemen, and so to the Roman conquest. The glorious scenes of Septimus Severus and his empress. The great St. Helena, with her son Constantine. And we fade away into Saxon days and to incongruities. The only representative of Saxon greatness is very charming, but hardly a young lady. So the queen, lately made a mother, who greets her young husband the king, is not of the youngest. Her cousin is the Saxon king.

The whole audience sit breathless: will he kiss her? There is a sigh of relief. The embrace has been discreet.

Enter the riders in the best-mounted county of England. Mrs. Holer, a perfect St. Joan of Arc. She is taken prisoner and goes away to her doom.

The wars of the Roses, Tudor days, the Pilgrimage of Grace, St. Hilda and the lovely funeral chant of her nuns. One after another the shadows pass before us. At last the great finale, the meeting of the Yorks at York. So the pageant passes, and, like all others of its kind, disappears in the events of yesterday.

Of that splendid muster of youth and courage all answered the country's call, and few have returned from this trial. But we had no thought of war or death in the blessed ignorance of 1909.

From this my diary brings me into Scotland. A merry party at Sir Mark Mactaggart Stewart's. I find a number of signatures,—the son and heir, Edward Stewart, Maude Saunders, Hilda Wingfield Digby, Edith Byron.

From there to Wales and Llanover.

Godfrey H. Williams, Charlotte Hartford, Blei Herbert.

The last is the husband of Maimi Herbert, who is a daughter of Lord Acton. Mr. Boyd, clever and a well-known visitor to Rome.

Mario Cordelli—she is an old friend of Roman times. Above

all the hostess, of whom the Duke of Norfolk said : " Mrs. Herbert is the only lady to whom I could entrust a forest. Her property is better kept than a man's lands."

I went from Llanover to lunch at St. Fagan's. Lady Plymouth and Lady Paget were there and Lord Plymouth ; also Mr. Long, then in the Ministry, with his beautiful eyes—too good for a man.

Mr. John Vaughan came with me. When we passed Cardiff the band of the Salvation Army was in full cry. I was much struck by what he told me of how the Cardinal respected these people.

" They will take in people that no other religious body can assimilate." Mr. Vaughan should know, for he was one of the Cardinal's most trusted secretaries.

From Llanover my diary takes me to Boughton Hall, where I found Colonel Philip Langdale and his wife Gertrude, a remarkable and clever woman ; gracious and with much beauty, a descendant of Emperors.

It is a journey from York, where the railway ends in a terminus, and you drive from the village into a part of old-time Yorkshire. Market Weighton is a sleepy place. The country is flat, with straight roads, fields and moorland. The house has grown rather than been built. King Knut gave the first charter, though the Norwegian, who left his homeland on his first viking cruise, comes from much earlier date.

The house is low and long and has been much altered. There is a tablet telling of the saints who belong to the family. Perhaps the most illustrious is the blessed Thomas Moore, whose blood runs in the veins of the three fair daughters of the house. The Langdales are a branch of the noble family of Stourtons.

In the same corridor hangs a very beautiful contemporaneous portrait of St. Joan of Arc. In the York pageant Colonel Langdale took the part of his ancestor, the Earl of Arundel. The eldest, and very amusing, girl has grown up, and married the heir of the Earl of Fitzalan, almost the last Viceroy of Ireland. In these days Joyce was a merry schoolgirl on a holiday from her convent. She was firm of character, but gentle, like her famous ancestor, the blessed St. Thomas.

Before leaving for the north, I spent a few days with my cousins, the Sheepshanks, at Park Place, Harrogate, and met a few friends at a garden party given by Lady Mowbray and Stourton.

I met there the Vavasours and other friends and connections and went to tea with them. Lady Herries, born Marcia Vavasour, whose husband was Marmaduke, Lord Herries, my uncle's brother, I knew as a child very well. Her extraordinary piety and lovable

nature caused her to be considered very saintly. She is the foundress of several convents, and used to come frequently to Rome during my childhood.

This story I have been told of her. Her husband was a great rider, like all Yorkshiremen, and was one day with the hounds in the afternoon. Lady Herries had paid her accustomed visit to the Blessed Sacrament when she heard the noise of a pack of hounds directly outside the chapel windows. Wondering what had happened, Lady Herries opened the outer door of the porch and to her surprise saw the hunted fox, who placed himself directly behind her, while the infuriated pack stood outside with gaping jaws and teeth ready to attack any who opposed them. Without a shred of fear for her own safety, Lady Herries, standing between the hounds and their prey, walked to the door, closed and locked it, leaving the exhausted fox shut up in the little ante-room between the porch and the chapel. She returned to the house, while outside the chief whip and other servants of the hunt sought for the fox without success. On her husband's return she went to him, but waited till he began to narrate their last fox's disappearance, for which he could not account. Then having made him promise that he would not interfere with her pity, she took him to the chapel and showed him the fox, lying there quietly. The moment Lord Herries entered the fox became greatly excited. He had shown no fear of Lady Herries, but the sight of the hunting man in red made him frantic. With her husband's permission and his promise to spare the creature, Lady Herries opened the door and the fox calmly and boldly, when she called him, walked out into the porch and disappeared in the woods.

The huntsmen told another story, which was that so strange a light shone round the pack that the hounds remained dazed for some time after their return to the kennels. An angel is believed to have sheltered this holy woman with his glorious presence from being set on by the excited pack.

This lady told me a curious story of her first hours alone with her husband, with whom she was very much in love.

"Remember, Roma," she said, "you are small now, but the time will come when you have to be a good wife and manager. I had no chance, so when I drove away with my bridegroom I felt unworthy of him, until I confessed the truth. It was not until he had promised me his forgiveness, whatever my fault might be, that I had courage to own my failing." He was most kind. He kissed his young bride, and tried to reassure her and wondered what those tears could mean. He kissed them away and at last the terrible secret was told. She had dared to marry him without confessing that she did not know the right weight of a

leg of mutton. "To my great joy, my husband thought that this ignorance could be cured by an interview with the housekeeper."

Her brother and sister-in-law lie in the convent they have founded at Dumfries, under massive tombs. Others have tried to continue in the great work, endowing and building religious houses, but Lady Herries has written her name in golden letters over Great Britain. This is well known by French communities. When evil laws sent away from France the members of religious houses, some of them took refuge in the Scotch house of their order founded by my relative. The Great War alone recalled them from exile and took away the penalty exacted from French citizens who had committed the illegality of joining a religious community.

On the third of September I went for a visit to Machany in Perthshire. The owners were proud of it being the shortest address in Great Britain.

Lady Strathallan had retained this part of the ancient domain of the Earls of Perth. Machany stood near the Castle of Strathallan, but was some distance from Castle Drummond, with its famous gardens. The present representative of the Hungarian who came to Scotland in the suite of Edgar Atheling is the brother-in-law of Lady Strathallan. Lord Perth was interned in Ruhleben during the War and, like the rest of our compatriots, suffered from his imprisonment.

Lady Strathallan's eldest son, Sir Eric Drummond, was Sir Edward Grey's private secretary. Before the War he was secretary to Mr. Asquith, and later with the Coalition Ministry; he was also secretary to the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour. He is a man of the most noble principle and of great intelligence. Only last March I heard his name mentioned in a lecture given in Rome by the Duke of Cesaro, and this appealed to us as a sign of our rising spiritual and social progress.

Sir Eric married Angela, second daughter of Lord Herries, who now lives with her husband at Geneva, for Sir Eric has been appointed by international consent Secretary-General of the League of Nations.

Machany was a delightful place. It stood in the middle of the moors and was comfortably modern. When I was there Mr. Charles J. Smythe and his wife arrived. He had run up on a visit to his sister after an important conference with the British Government, having been placed in charge of British relations with the colony of which he was Prime Minister, in South Africa. Mr. Smythe was as interesting as his sister Lady Strathallan. They had original points of view. Mr. Smythe, like all Colonials, had an open mind and realised the greatness of the Empire. Cecily

Drummond and her sister Sybil were with their mother and Rupert, the second son. He was in love with the pretty daughter of Lord Ormonde, President of the Royal Yacht Club, and their romance ended happily.

Much to my sorrow the Smythes had to leave sooner than was expected. Machany Station, on the Highland Railway, was quite close and I much enjoyed the delightful picnics. It is only in the Highlands that one can play with the local railway.

We went to Perth, an excellent shopping-place for plaids and Shetland shawls. It is also the best place for cleaning and dyeing dresses.

The junction is Dundee, and some mistake generally occurs there. We were returning from a day's expedition, rather tired and extremely anxious to get back to Machany. At Dundee we scrambled into a compartment and started off apparently in the right direction. But at the second station we saw our own railway lay in quite another quarter. Hurriedly we took counsel from a passing guard. He told us we were going off in the opposite direction, "but if you get out at the next station, you can cut across the fields in time to pick up the train that started before this one."

I am of a trusting nature, though it seemed to me improbable that our party could catch up with another train which had started some time before, and till now had followed the same route. Still, we got out, walked at a leisurely pace across the country and found the train puffing into the new station as we arrived. In fifteen minutes we were back at Machany.

"We cannot do this in South Africa," remarked the Colonial Prime Minister.

Sybil was the most beautiful of the sisters. Unfortunately she was deaf and so debarred from many of the pleasures of her age.

My diary tells me that I arrived at Kinharvie on September 7th.

Kinharvie is an old-fashioned shooting-lodge that was built for his own use by my uncle Marmaduke C. Maxwell. His wife, my father's sister, spent most of her summers at the shooting-lodge, and there my father also spent a good part of his boyhood. So Kinharvie has many remembrances. It has been made more comfortable and modernised, but it has never lost its primitive character. Round it the moor stretches wide, and there is no garden worth speaking of. The wonderful air of the moor strengthens the lungs and gives a sense of peace together with a feeling of isolation from all habitation.

When I arrived, I found at Kinharvie the Duke and Duchess

of Norfolk and her sister Angela Drummond, with the two little Norfolks and the two little Drummond children. The small cousins were very good friends. Lady Herries was very pleasant to meet. I have always admired her very much for her stateliness and charm of bearing.

The Lord Bishop of Galloway spent a couple of days with the Duke. He spoke very interestingly about the latest developments at the Vatican.

Here I pause, for the memory of a beautiful girl whose sweetness is well known. Daisy Maxwell Scott was one of those rare creatures whose loss makes a void, not only among her family and friends but among all who have ever met her. She was born for a great worldly future, but God knew better, and the dear life was hardly given before it was recalled. All who knew her, cared for her. During her stay in Rome she dined with me several times, and those she met, of whatever nation, recalled her sweetness and mourned her early death.

The duke's little heir introduced himself to me with a loud scream from a very healthy pair of lungs. People were speaking of the boy's delicacy, so I was glad to find the story was not true.

From Kinharvie I motored to Corby Castle, via Carlisle, where I took train. I had an agitated journey, as the chauffeur, though well up to his work, was one-handed, with the result that when we were in the wildest part of the country our tyre burst and the chauffeur was unable to replace it. Both my maid and I felt ourselves doomed to a night at some farm-house, when a new Rolls-Royce drew up beside us. With that true comradeship of the road, the owner offered us and my luggage a lift to Carlisle, where he was to meet his wife. I thankfully accepted, transferred myself and belongings, and we left my car stranded.

I found my rescuer was a clever man, who knew the country well. One side of his car was much the worse for wear, which he explained by saying his pace that morning had been seventy miles an hour. During this short scamper he had met with a fellow motorist and had escaped destruction by the loss of a splashboard. I felt it was a blessing in disguise, as we went to Carlisle at a reasonable pace. It is the only time I have met the speed enthusiast.

At Corby I paid a very pleasant visit to Mrs. Howard. One day Canon Watterton lunched. He came over to talk of old days and of my uncle, Lewis Mackenzie. There was a little nun who came with a French family to tea and to see the castle. Some days after there arrived a whole convent, with the Superior included, all bent on sight-seeing, but they refused, faithful to their

rule, the hospitality generously offered them, and only accepted my escort to the chapel. With our French party we had been warned to expect a particularly saintly Abbé. To our surprise with the ladies and the nuns there appeared a rather flashy, loudly-dressed man with a horse-shoe pin and a racing tie. This turned out to be the Abbé. He explained that after some trying experiences in France, he had thought it best to disguise himself, fearing persecution, England being a Protestant country.

"I think I have disguised myself fairly well," he said.

We made him confess that he had borrowed the clothes from a horse-dealer, and we were glad to tell our good little priest that for all our people did, he might wear his proper priestly dress. This news was a great relief and ended any fear of his being attacked. We saw him soon after at Carlisle and found our news had been corroborated by others. His face looked a great deal less nervous and his clerical suit was a good fit. We nicknamed him "the sheep in wolf's clothing."

The diary speaks of a visit to Bath from September 14th to 20th, when I went back to Fairy Hill. I met there an old clergyman whose real profession was that of a bee-keeper. He was all bees. To his arms, his clerical waistcoat, his trousers, everywhere were pinned or hung small white boxes with bees inside. He lunched with us. Everyone kept at a respectful distance. Having foolishly said I liked bees I was put next to him.

Speaking of Italian queen bees, he proceeded to open five boxes, while one by one he displayed to me their perfections. They were beautiful. But to view five queen bees crawling sleepily on the table next you is a trial. They were very docile and returned to their boxes, and they seemed fond of their owner, who spoke to them as if they understood him. I remember the old occult story that bees and ants do not take their origin from the earth, but are natives of another planet. Some think that this is dimly shadowed by the myth that Poseidon gave the horse and Athene gave the bee and the olive in order to be named Patron of Athens.

Towards the end of September I went to stay with the Hensons, in Dean's Yard, Westminster. Canon Hensley Henson had married my old friend Ella Dennistoun. Their house was one of the most interesting in London. Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Canon had as his parish the House of Commons, and every day great statesmen and legislators came one by one to luncheon. Canon Henson was trained by the great Lord Salisbury, who divined unusual faculties in the young man. A statesman said that England lost an eminent politician when Canon

Henson took orders, but the Church has gained a great mind in the present Bishop of Durham. His library was that of a scholar, but his correspondence was too vast to allow him any spare time. He is very modern in his thought, though his face is of the sixteenth century. It portrays the refined classical mind of such a fine scholar. Great is the change in the canon's features when he meets an opponent worthy of him. He is not the same man ; sentence follows sentence, reply after reply : each point faultless, in logic unassailable.

Mrs. Henson used to lend me the keys of the abbey. There is nothing more unforgettable than a quarter of an hour passed alone, but for the vergers, with the dying light shining over the tombs. Perhaps my strongest impression is that of walking round the cloisters and making my way about ten p.m. into the abbey, where the organist had promised us a recital and two of the choir's best voices sang exquisite anthems. The boys' voices came dreamily floating through the silence. I crept away from the party and stood in the Poets' Corner, while Canon Henson had taken his place in the centre of the abbey, with the important personage for whom this recital had been arranged. He left about midnight. The boys had been sent away and the organist stayed on, playing such pieces as we asked for. Then the music ended. We were too full of the beauty and the greatness round us to speak. So we went out silently into the quadrangle with the dark arches of the cloister and the echo of the music lingering around us still.

On October 3rd I was at Maidenhead and went with my hostess to a garden party at Bisham Abbey. I was able to get a snapshot of the haunted room where the little boy was murdered by his mother for perpetually inking his copybooks. The murder was committed in the days of Queen Elizabeth and the death was held to be legendary, the cause being so frivolous. But fifty years ago, during repairs to the window seats, that had become dangerous because of their age, a number of terribly inked copybooks were found crushed into a bundle. The paper was Elizabethan and so were the ink-stains. The writing was that of a child. The lady of the house told us this, and also said that the drawing-room was not much used, as strange noises and strange sights were frequently seen towards dusk.

As we drove home we passed a motor lined with white satin. In it sat a stoutish lady and a young man. There followed it another motor, empty, also lined with white satin. The lady was the widow of a well-known moneylender from whom many young simpletons had suffered.

While at Altwood I drove far enough to see at a distance the

towers of Windsor Castle. On the way we passed Lord Astor's place where one could admire the transplanted stone dragons and eagles that once stood before Villa Borghese at Rome. They had been sold before King Humbert had bought the villa for four million lire. The king presented it to the capital for a public park.

The next entries speak of two visits to Lady Paget at Bellosguardo. The first was in springtime, in all the loveliness of Florence.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder used to give pleasant luncheons with amusing guests. Among those I met at this villa, on the Colli near Florence, was Adeline, Duchess of Bedford. She had a very saintly mind, and was much devoted to St. Francis. The Duchess wished me to join her on a pilgrimage to La Verna. Another very well-known visitor to Florence was the dowager Duchess of Newcastle. She was travelling with her granddaughter, Miss Lister Kaye, who had lately joined the Catholic Church. Shortly after this Miss Lister Kaye married Captain Vaughan, a very nice fellow and exceedingly handsome, like most of his family. In Rome I saw a great deal of them at Mrs. Pope's, grandmother to young Mrs. Vaughan. On Sundays Mrs. Pope kept open house; she stayed at the Hotel d'Europe in Piazza Mignanello; her most frequent visitors were the Vaughans. Colonel Vaughan had married a Miss Pope and after her death remained a widower. He came regularly to Rome every winter and stayed with his mother-in-law. Miss Alice Pope was an invalid and the colonel was the only one of the family one could count on as a guest for luncheons and dinners.

I liked his brother, Bishop Vaughan, very much, and had the honour of taking him to see, for the first time, the new marvel, an aeroplane. I picked up the bishop at the English College at San Silvestro and drove out to Centocelle, where we had a long time to wait. The bishop utilised this to read his office, but when the first machine began to move we had thought of nothing else. The bishop is one of the most clear-sighted of prelates. He took some time to make up his mind but said finally: "These machines are like dragon-flies. This is the only true method and if we follow it we shall succeed. Nothing else can be successful."

Since those days many shapes and many attempts have been made before the aeroplane reached present perfection, but I have never heard a more pregnant remark than that of Bishop Vaughan.

I also met the eminent preacher, Father Bernard Vaughan at Mrs. Pope's. His great reputation made all wish to be introduced to him, but the bishop seemed to me a greater man than his celebrated brother. Very original was the Irish chieftain

Lord B. He naturally attracted me from the extraordinary costume he had fished up from an Irish bog. The dress might have been worn in 900 B.C., but in 1900 A.D. it was out of date. It says much for the Romans that he was not mobbed. Driving down the Corso on the way to dine with the Torlonias I saw a small crowd near Via Condotti. There were two wearers of Irish costumes, master and man. One had a few more silver buckles, but both kilts had the same bunched-up appearance and both were of the same yellow colour. His wife was with him, in a pretty French dress. A few words and my carriage was sent back to take the stray ones home. I believe the same costume honours the streets of Dublin to-day, for the Irish chieftain remains faithful to his Gaelic dress.

Captain and Mrs. Vaughan came to Rome soon after their wedding and they went about a good deal in Rome under the wing of Mrs. Vaughan's relation, Princess Doria.

The next summer entry I find for 1910 is a visit on June 28th to Lady Paget at Bellosguardo, above Florence. I came on that date not to miss the day of St. John. Surely there could be nothing more beautiful than the spectacle of the midsummer fires seen spreading their light from hill to hill, from one village to another, while the rockets rose and twined themselves in serpentine figures against the still background of cupola and tower. On the heights of Bellosguardo came thick fragrance of cape jasmine and the double tuberose, only seen at Florence.

CHAPTER XV

NORWAY—CLEOPATRA'S FIRE OPAL AND PARIS AGAIN

Norway—Cleopatra's fire opal and a prince's wish—The blindness of England—Arundel Castle—The late Duke of Norfolk—Fiasta—Shadows of the future—Captain and Madame Dreyfus—A strange affair—An Irish leader—Brus Lodge, Aberdeenshire—Stewart loyalty.

THE first day of August I left for Norway, via Hull, by the Wilson line. My destination was Christiania and I was to be the guest of his Excellency Carl Lövenskiöld and his wife at their lovely place at Väkero. They were relatives of Baron Lövenskiöld, whose daughters, Elizabeth and Annette, were the companions of my girlhood at Copenhagen. His son, Carl, is well-known in the diplomatic world. The Norwegian Madame Lövenskiöld was born a Wedel Jarlsberg (another old Norwegian family) and a cousin of her husband, the former Minister. I met them first at a dinner given by Count Christopher Paus, also of Norway and Sweden, where he owns a country place and a very interesting collection of antique sculpture and pictures. Madame Lövenskiöld had been Grande Maitresse to the Court of Norway, before Norway had dissociated itself from the union. The weather was brilliant and the sun shone brightly as the steamer gradually made her way down the Christiania Fiord. It seemed a very short time before we came to the landing quay. At the gangway I found my kind host, who made all the Customs formalities easy, and in a few minutes I was seated beside him in the victoria driving out into the country.

Väkero is not far from the town; but for the quiet of the countryside one might be miles from any city. On one side the house overlooked a most picturesque part of the fiord. The gardens gave no sign of being in the far north, for a beautiful Italian fountain stood in the midst of green lawns, and round it were small palms and other plants, giving a southern air to this first Norwegian garden I had seen. There I met dear Madame Lövenskiöld, whom I had last seen in Rome at the Eden Hotel

in May of the same year. Madame Lövenskiöld took me at once to my rooms. She had given me the royal suite that looked over the fiord, with balcony and terrace, a pretty boudoir and a small dining-room where I used to have my breakfast. Although it was summer, the central-heating never stopped. It is the chief thing that I noticed in Norwegian houses—there was always artificial heat going; indeed the temperature was delightful in all the houses in which I stayed. Väkero was not a very large place, but it was full of treasure. The drawing-room had lovely pictures, Italian and Flemish. One room was hung with marvellous Gobelins of silk and gold. They came from a castle in Southern France, where Monsieur Lövenskiöld had found them by chance. He bought them at once and had them repaired and cleaned, and the old colours had revived and shone in the Norway sunshine. The stores of perfect eighteenth century china filled innumerable cabinets. It is strange how little is known of these state factories that have for two centuries been creating china which for beauty of form and painting can vie with Sèvres and Dresden.

Madame Lövenskiöld did not sympathise with the new state of things. She was very loyal to the former dynasty and as far as her sweet nature allowed she kept away from the new Court, which she told me was extremely democratic. Monsieur Lövenskiöld was inclined to make the best of the change; he had been in one of the last Ministries and had loyally served his country. They had given up their titles, as the law ordained, but they used the handsome old liveries and had altered nothing of their former state. I have never seen a better-ordered house, or better-trained servants. My hostess was not tall, but had a very dignified manner. She had fine features, not very Scandinavian in type, and spoke with a little vivacity which suited her admirably. Neither she nor her husband had the slightly sad expression that is characteristic of the Norwegians. Her daughter, Madame Cappellen, was, on the contrary, a perfect Norwegian type. She had the fair hair, blue eyes and regular features of the north. She was tall and slender and recalled the description of a heroine of the Sagas.

Our first drive was to the hill Holmkollen, that overlooks Christiania and where the winter sports take place. Even in summer the great descent, where the ski-ing contests are made, can be easily recognised. Another morning we passed at the National Picture Gallery. They have some five paintings in Norway, almost all landscape paintings, with a few interiors, following the Dutch school. It appears that the works of these masters were sold among their countrymen so they had no



H.E. MADAME DE LOVENSKIÖLD.
Former Grande Maitresse at the Court of King Oscar of Norway.

chance to be known out of Scandinavia. I do not remember any sculpture that impressed me. The Viking ship that was dug up almost intact after centuries is one of the principal sights. And with this I should place the excellent State Exhibition, where can be seen men and women in the old dress of the different districts of Norway. The people live in the typical houses of each province, and work at their special trades and embroideries. When one has seen this exhibition, one has got a good idea of the chief characteristics of the country. The streets of Christiania are not interesting, but they are clean and modern. We made a pleasant excursion to Barum, the home of Madame Lövenskiöld as a girl. The place belongs to her sister, Mademoiselle Wedel Jarlsberg. This is another of the five great families that apparently own most of Norway.

Barum is a fine building, built by an Italian architect in the eighteenth century. Round the house were green lawns with flower beds, like an English country place. Inside, the rooms were more like the halls of an Italian villa. What attracted me most was the amount of southern plants that stood on the lawns and bordered the paths. I did not understand this till I saw the great conservatories that clustered round the house with vines, peaches and figs. I asked how they managed them, and I was told that the glass was double and they were heated always, both summer and winter. While I was in Norway we had peas, artichokes and asparagus. I heard that they were planted as soon as the summer began, and the continuous sunshine made the plants grow and ripen in a couple of weeks. There one can see the sun shine night and day. There were few small birds; I do not remember seeing any. Insects were also missing. The cold of winter destroyed this small life.

There was a pleasant diplomatic corps at Christiania. The British Minister was Sir Arthur Herbert, son of my friend Mrs. Herbert of Llanover. Lady Herbert was eminently fitted for the position. She was an American, tall, good-looking, with charming manners. Sir Arthur was very proud of being both a "chef de mission" and a M.F.H.

The Legation stood in an excellent position. The Herberts had chosen it and were the first to live in it.

The Russian Minister was M. Krupensky, who was afterwards Ambassador at Rome. The French Minister was amusing and full of wit. Of the Germans I only met the Secretary, Count von Goerst and his wife, *née* Princess Amelie Thurn and Taxis. She had a dear little baby and another little girl of three years old. We went twice for drives together. Her husband was not very congenial, but devoted to his wife.

There are, as I said, five or seven families in Norway who are great land owners, and have all intermarried with each other. They are connected with several of the great nobles of Sweden and Denmark, and they own the castles that are met with in the open country.

In honour of my visit, Madame Lövenskiöld gave a large diplomatic dinner. I believe this was the first that had been given at Väkero since the change of dynasty. There were several special Norwegian dishes, excellent of their kind. I was struck by a red flour that was most decorative, and certain tiny fish-balls, most savoury, and served in many ways. The wines were perfect. It appears that for many years the Norwegians have made a speciality of fine claret. Even in the country inns they have a store of French wines that cannot be found in first-class hotels elsewhere. Being, it seems, a dry country, they have excellent wine. It is not sold, but given by the landlord to the diner. One does not question the bill afterwards.

Sir Arthur Herbert took me in to dinner, and we had a good chat about Llanover—with whom I was going to stay when I left Norway—and Mrs. Herbert. I heard there is a large society of rich merchants in Christiania. But they never mix with the diplomats or with their own aristocracy. Soon after dinner we left for Holden in the Tellemarken. At the dinner my host wore his beautiful decoration as Member of the Order of the Seraphim. It now belongs only to Sweden, for there are no orders or titles in the democratic kingdom of Norway. So this decoration is one of the last to be worn by a Norwegian ex-Minister. The order for men has to be returned to the King of Sweden after the death of the member of this order ; but my hostess could keep her insignia as Grande Maitresse of the old Court of King Oscar as a souvenir. It consisted of a very beautiful miniature of King Oscar surrounded with brilliants. Like the Elephant of Denmark, the Order of the Seraphim is the highest decoration the King of Sweden can bestow.

At the reasonable hour of ten we three travellers and my maid, Mrs. Durrant, started for Tellemarken. The train was what we should call a mountain railway. It went at a moderate pace and one has a good opportunity of seeing the country. On the way I saw a fine old castle and asked who it belonged to. It was owned by one of my host's relations, but what was curious was that Madame Lövenskiöld told me it was impossible to live there because of the ghosts ! There was a very good buffet at one of the stations and plenty of time for lunch. Then we got in again and the little train ran on till we arrived at our destination, Skien. The way to Holden lay over a lake, Nordskiö, and there a steamer

belonging to Mr. Cappellen met us. This boat generally served to carry the ore from the mines ; it was a good-sized steamer and the journey was very pleasant. We coasted the left side of the lake, and before long the farmhouses grew fewer and great tracts of forest with no sign of human life, lay before us, the trees growing down to the water's edge. When at last one saw a farmhouse it had near it a strange erection of wood raised on high poles. This was connected by a kind of drawbridge with the main building, and the bridge when not in use was fastened up to the wall of the house. I was told this was the store-house of the farmer, and it was built in this fashion because the bears would try to get into it and steal the food.

The hour was very late when we came to the little lake harbour, where the steamer stopped, and we found Mr. Cappellen and his wife ready to greet her parents. The almost nightless Norwegian August made it possible to admire the first Norwegian country house I had seen. It was a long low house of two stories with two long wings. In the centre and round the building were green lawns and ornamental plants, palms and aloes that came for the summer months out of the conservatories. Inside the house a great stuffed bear confronted you. It had been killed about some five miles off from where we stood.

Mr. Cappellen proposed a shooting excursion, but I am thankful to say it was decided against, being too late in the year for Mr. Lövenskiöld who had been unwell that summer. I could not shoot, except with a rook rifle, and I did not enjoy the idea of facing Bruin, also my sympathies are always with the hunted creature and not with the hunter. Poor creatures ! they have so little chance against man ! The northern bear is not a peaceful brute. He can defend himself well and is dangerous. I was told that it is different with wolves. They are cowardly creatures, and the very children of the farmers can drive off a wolf with a switch in the day time. At night it is another matter. My host told a thrilling story.

He had been visiting some neighbour and had started later than he intended and found himself well within the big forest when the night fell. There was a full moon, but the place was full of wolves and one pack was known to be on the prowl. He had a favourite mare with him, no gun, only his whip. First he saw eyes among the bushes, their green and wicked light piercing through the undergrowth. The danger did not strike him immediately, but at last he began to see too many of the eyes and the beasts began to creep closer, and, surest sign of all, the mare began to show fear. It was impossible to do more than walk in the narrow path among the trees and all that time the wolves

came nearer and nearer, till Mr. Cappellen felt it was coming to a crisis.

So he jumped down and went for the wolves, whip in hand, having his reins slung over his free arm. At the beasts he went, showering blows, and they turned and fled, one and all. Then, as the last tail disappeared in the brushwood and the last squeal was lost in the distance, Mr. Cappellen mounted his mare and trotted home, as quickly as he could get there. "But if I had met a bear I should not be telling you this story," he concluded.

The month before I came they had had a bear hunt for Prince Henry of Prussia and two Italians I knew, one Marchese Carrega and the other Count Ascanio Brazzà, nephew of the explorer Count Pietro Brazzà. Countess Vera Brazzà, Ascanio's mother, was my friend. She was half English; her mother was a Miss Leveson-Gower, her father, M. de Blume, was in the Russian diplomatic service. His grandmother, Madame de Blume, was well known for her great beauty and wit. Ascanio's father was an Italian Senator and a power in Italian politics. In the garden at Holden there was a miniature house built in the eighteenth century where the Cappellen children played and kept their toys. It was complete in every respect, with all the furniture of that date. The charming daughter of the house invited us all to tea and baked excellent cakes for us in the doll-sized pots and pans. We were allowed chairs more suited for our size than those the playhouse provided.

On one day we went to see the great factory where nitrates are extracted from the atmosphere. We were allowed to see very little of their secret, but it was an amusing and beautiful drive. They gave us an excellent lunch in the local inn. Another day we went to see the first Christian church in Norway. In shape it is quite round and reminded me of the Roman straw-built "capannas" (huts) of the shepherds. It was built of wood black with age, and was of the time of King Olaf. Another day we drove to a waterfall and afterwards wandered about the woods. I was much interested in the farms with the lovely little cattle; they are small, like St. Bernard dogs, and have beautiful eyes. They are very tame and seem to care for their owner and those who look after them. I felt sad when the moment came to part from my kind friends, and indeed this visit was my first, and, I fear, my last to the lovely northern land.

September found me in Wales, guest of Mrs. Herbert of Llanover. Fortunately I was able to bring the lovely Norwegian roses that Sir Arthur had given me, grown at the British Legation, at Christiania. It gave me much pleasure to carry these flowers grown so near the Arctic Circle to my hostess, his mother.

We were a larger party than usual. Walter Maxwell was engaged in weighing his fine catch of salmon. The second son, Blei Herbert, and his wife, Maimie Acton, with her handsome children, and Nelly Oppenheim, were among the guests. The grounds of Llanover are very fine. They lead down to a romantic glen, where the "wishing spring" gurgles up, full of the clearest water. No guest of Mrs. Herbert leaves Llanover without drinking from the wishing well. The house is modern with a large carved staircase. Everything has been modernised and is the acme of comfort. About this little kingdom in Wales I have spoken in another chapter.

My next visits were to Machany and Southwick, and after these I returned to Yorkshire where I stayed with several friends. The principal feature of one of these visits was a story told me of a neighbouring squire's (Captain R.'s) charger. This horse was kept, summer and winter, as a possible mount for the captain. It was never clipped and its coat resembled that of a shaggy bear. One day the news came that he was to command the escort that had suddenly to be provided for King Edward. To his distress he found the horse still wore his winter's coat of fur. There was nothing to be done but to saddle the horse and do his escort duty. Captain R. did not put himself forward unduly and did not appear before the sovereign until the last moment, when King Edward graciously addressed him. Captain R. saw a dangerous light in the king's eye, which looked at him fixedly.

"What a strange charger you have!" said the King.

"A safe mount, sir, that I have always kept for my escort duty."

"It doesn't seem to have been lately clipped," said the King.

"No, sir. I am most careful about the army regulations. I always keep him ready to be called up. So the horse is always unclipped."

"So I should think," said the King, rather drily. "Its coat might be a little shorter, though I am very pleased at your careful observance of the army regulations."

During my stay at Boughton I paid visits to several of my connections. Mrs. Langdale and I went to lunch with a lady long known to the royal family. After luncheon this lady told me some of her recollections of King Edward.

Her doctor sent her to Nauheim, and the King arrived while she was still there, at the Cure. He was glad to see her and asked her several times to luncheon. One day His Majesty looked tired and sad. She tried to interest him. All to no avail. The King had something on his mind.

"It is terrible," he said, "that after such a glorious reign—for it is a glorious reign—I should have to leave my kingdom under such a terrible shadow,"

He repeated the last words dreamily, as if he were looking into the future. The lady spoke to him of his strength and his good health. He waved it aside.

"I have not got two months to live. But I am going to die in harness. No one shall put me to bed."

Nothing more was said on this subject, until the time when the King was leaving.

"This is our last good-bye. We shall meet again, but here this is our last good-bye."

And this was also His Majesty's last visit to Nauheim.

From Boughton I went to Cannon Hall in Yorkshire. It is situated in the most beautiful Riding of Yorkshire, but is now rendered unbearable by the uncleanness of the atmosphere. The windows can never be opened, for the smuts prevent anything being kept clean. Half-an-hour of open window will make a room uninhabitable. The glorious trees suffer most; the bark and leaves are black. Before the mines were opened the country was lovely and rural, full of fine trees and deer parks. The deer are still there and the scenery, but so changed. The place where I stayed was once the seat of the husband of Coke of Norfolk's (afterwards the Earl of Leicester) favourite daughter. It was to this daughter, Lady Mary, that the famous Englishman gave Cleopatra's fire opal. Mr. Coke had decided on making certain excavations at Herculaneum during his stay at Naples more than a century ago.

More fortunate than later excavators, Mr. Coke entered a house that had belonged to a celebrated ancient collector of rarities, and discovered a box that, besides a ruby-coloured stone, contained various documents authenticating the large fire opal. This stone was the one a Roman Senator had died to keep, for Antony had claimed it as a gift for Cleopatra. The opal was still mounted in the identical ring which gave us the size of Cleopatra's finger. The ring followed the new owner to England, where the discovery was much talked about until it came to the ears of the Prince Regent. His Royal Highness announced to Mr. Coke, then Lord Leicester, his intention of paying him a visit and of admiring the ring. Lord Leicester was no fool; he hurried back and presented his treasure to Lady Mary Spencer Stanhope, his favourite daughter. When the Regent came on his visit the fire opal shone from the bosom of this beautiful woman. The opal was now set in a magnificent cluster of brilliants. Alas, the ring and the size of Cleopatra's finger were lost for ever, but the Regent recognised that a lady's property was safe, even from the desires of a future king.

Mr. Spencer Stanhope's brother was the friend of Burne-

Jones, and his paintings were considered equal to the master's. A good many of his works, with other family treasures, were kept at Cannon Hall, where Cleopatra's opal is treasured together with the bow of Little John. This has been in the family since the days of Robin Hood. Until late years the bow was left untouched, but a friend whose strength was renowned determined to bend the bow which tradition said was unusable since the death of the famous archer. With much difficulty he bent it, but the effort cracked the bow. You cannot with impunity use a weapon left untouched from the year twelve hundred. Mr. Spencer Stanhope, the owner of Cannon Hall, was a great invalid, and the estate was managed by an agency who were responsible for everything. The position of the two unmarried daughters was more like that of visitors than like that of daughters of the house. Part of the house was reserved for Mr. Stanhope and his nurses.

In the evening it was delightful to walk under the great trees and watch the shadows creep on to the wide lawns. The deer stood, frail, liquid-eyed and grouped picturesquely, under the wide-spreading branches of the oaks of the park. In the wood, where the pheasants lived, it was more wild and tangled, and everywhere there came the little cries of the birds, and the sound of their wings crashing through the undergrowth.

While at Cannon Hall I drove over to Denby Grange, the place of the Lister Kayes. It was gloomy by reason of the prevailing coal-mine atmosphere, and empty, for the family had left.

Like the year before I spent a few days at Beverley, and then went on to Nidd Hall, which belonged to Lord Mountgarrett. Lady Mountgarrett invited me to the Leeds festival, a pleasure, having been so long out of England, I had never enjoyed in my youth.

Captain G. had come down on a short holiday. Even here duty pursued him. Admiralty plans arrived for the defence of Britain. This unwelcome interruption prevented his joining our party, for by naval law the officer to whom this great charge is given has to remain always with the papers, the guard keeping watch, till they are returned to the Admiralty. I was told a curious fact at dinner, after the documents had been returned to the Admiralty.

"You see," he said, "the great precautions that are taken over this work. When the plans are ready they are put in a thief-proof place, and the keys are kept with jealous care. No Englishman, even I myself, can enter the places where our naval secrets are kept or where the new guns are made. Less than a week ago one of the German Emperor's brothers paid a visit of inspection, taking with him four of the best experts of the German navy, and orders from the Admiralty came that he was to be shown

round everything, with his suite. The C.O. telephoned at once to know if they were really to allow these men, who, however friendly, were our naval rivals, to see the reserved places in which our most secret naval weapons are guarded. The answer came at once: the Prince had asked especially to see so-and-so, and the orders were to show and to explain everything to his Royal Highness. So the admiral had to obey. I believe there is someone who is determined to tell our secrets to our rivals, for remember, Miss Lister, that only four people in England can enter with an order, countersigned, and can take no one with them. But if you are a foreigner you will be let in without any precautions."

The festival was a great surprise, and is so to all who are told, —like most who are educated out of England—that there is no public enthusiasm for music. Certainly the great popular *fêtes* in Munich are far inferior to these festivals. To understand the musical devotion of the British public it is necessary to have attended one of these splendid réünions. I have heard experts debating which of the festivals draws the finest voices, but I have not sufficient knowledge to judge. To me the Leeds choir seemed perfect in voice and training, but I cannot judge because I have only once heard this marvellous festival. Those who go every year, as do many of my friends, never seem able to decide, but always give the palm to the one they have heard last. Certainly it was to me a revelation, and, fourteen years after, I still remember it with delight.

The hall was packed. I had a good place, thanks to my hostess. Next me sat the Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Londesborough. Never will I forget this joy that now is but a dream of the past. England's musical flower is the oratorio, and only in England does it come to full perfection of being.

I came back for a few days to Dean's Yard, Westminster, and in November went down to Arundel. The castle is a mixture of old and modern, with mediæval reminiscences, such as the ancient gateway, the courtyard and the tilting ground. The staircase is of stone, with the heraldic Howard lions. The great hall, with minstrel-gallery and its two wide stone fire-places, is only used for great entertainments. The windows of the dining-room are Gothic-like chapel windows, filled with stained-glass. The library was a delight to me, as it has a balcony running down both sides inside the long hall, making it easy to examine the books. Perhaps the most comfortable arrangements are the fire-places; side-niches, comfortably placed, form little sitting-rooms, reserved from the library itself, where one can dream away time with a book, apart from others, or can sit and chat with congenial companions.

In my bedroom was a most beautiful Flemish picture, which, by its exquisite colouring, made the weather seem less dreary. The wood and the other materials for the fires travel through the passages on diminutive trucks.

At luncheon one sat at small tables in little coteries, but dinner was served in almost royal state, with the splendid old china and the gold carved pieces of Benvenuto Cellini. The marvellous flowers and fruit were of a size and perfection of flavour and fragrance that only English hothouses on great estates can produce. Other countries can produce fruit and flowers of enormous size, and fine in colour, but they cannot produce the rare flavour and fragrance of those of Great Britain.

Arundel Castle is the only property in Great Britain that confers an earldom on its owner, but there is little chance of its being purchased from the present proprietor! In this castle are kept the cup of St. Thomas à Becket, the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury, together with the pearls which were sent by Mary Queen of Scots to the Duke of Norfolk who died for her sake. She took them off her person when on the scaffold, to be sent to him.

These precious jewels were always kept at Corby Castle, where as a child I had often seen them. The late Duke of Norfolk most generously purchased them a few years ago, to prevent their being sold out of the Howard family.

Arundel Chapel has been restored. It is the size of an ordinary church. It is connected with the sad story of the translation from France of the bones of King Edmund the Martyr, shot to death with arrows by the heathen Danes. When the great Cathedral of Westminster was built, the relics of this martyr were offered by the French monks, to whom they belonged, as their choicest offering. It was accepted by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and the relics were conveyed to England in state by a deputation. This story was told me by the Duke.

"They asked me," he said, "to allow the casket to remain for the night in the chapel of Arundel Castle, before being received solemnly by the cathedral authorities in London. The next morning there came a message post haste. Some difficulty had occurred. It seems that the authorities had discovered a fault in the pedigree. For a short time the sacred relics had been in the power of the Jacobins of the Terror, and no one could tell what had happened. Fear was entertained that the relics were destroyed and that the bones belonged to some ghastly revolutionary. Under this uncertainty the cathedral could no longer receive them. The French monks were much hurt that doubt could be thrown on their great treasure which they had given up

so generously, and naturally would not take them back. No one knew what to do with them. So I thought it my duty to give them a resting-place. They do not take much room, and when I pass the casket I bow to it in reverence to the holy martyr, and if it is a Jacobin I don't think it will do the old scoundrel much harm, or that he will do me any harm, by resting in the chapel. So I think I am right in either case."

Having been asked to spend some time at Arundel, I stayed over two shooting parties in November 1910.

The late Duke of Norfolk possessed a great and original character. Himself an undaunted Conservative, he was able to command the respect of men who differed from him in every way. If he had not been placed by his high rank apart from ordinary life, he would have initiated a great political career, for he was the only Englishman whose character commanded the same trust from all parties of the nation, like the late Marquess of Salisbury.

The Duke of Norfolk was always in touch with his countrymen, and showed his knowledge of their character and his determination to make them understand his own ideas. Really they did not differ much from his own. One day, in a political crisis, the working men of Sheffield would not listen to him. As obstinate as they were, the Duke retorted from his platform: "You shall damned well hear me!"

It was the men who gave way, not the Duke.

"He is one of our own men," was the verdict, and, as one of their own men, he could lead this obstinate, hard-headed race as he pleased. Very highly indeed did the Duke esteem the great honour they did him in electing him Mayor of Sheffield. It was his own, and unlike Lord Melbourne—being, in fact, the contrary-minded—it came from sheer merit, not from birth.

Another anecdote. On public days many people used to visit the gardens, where stood a post on which was inscribed the legend: "Visitors are requested to keep off the grass." The Duke was walking on it, when he was attracted by the cries of a fat old gentleman, with an equally fat spouse, who was waving his umbrella and calling to the trespasser, "Hallo, young man!" Said the elderly gentleman: "It's the like of you that spoil things for the likes of us. Don't you see what is written on that post?"

The Duke, understanding the situation, professed his regret and left the lawn.

"Now don't you do that again, young man!" said the two good burgesses, who went off, pleased with the lesson they had given the trespasser.

I think what pleased the Duke most was being called a "young man."

When I was in Germany several friends had spoken of the majestic figure of the Duke of Norfolk in his robes as Hereditary Earl-Marshal of England. They were speaking of this in German between themselves, and, as conversation had turned on state ceremonies, I told my friends the verdict formed by these men, high in the Kaiser's suite, who were competent judges. As Earl-Marshal the Duke was unrivalled. The Queen-Mother sent to know what was a Queen-Mother's place in her son's coronation. The answer could only be one, that the Queen-Mother held the first place, and the first box among the spectators belonged to her, but in her son's coronation only the Queen-Consort took a part.

Personally the Duke was one of the most charming hosts I have known. He had much sense of humour and was full of fun, and his generosity was unbounded, both public and private, and he never refused help even to a stranger. His chief characteristic was the same which has always belonged to this ducal house : good-fellowship. He was particularly pleased by the tactful way in which King Edward relegated to a well-merited obscurity the declaration forced from every British sovereign of past generations. The cruelty of this declaration, fortunately now abolished, can hardly be understood in modern days. That a newly-proclaimed sovereign should be obliged in the first official moments of his reign to insult the faith of the third part of his subjects to please another part of his people seems impossible. While this was being read a shudder of disgust passed through those present whose faith was so ill-treated. King Edward, the last Prince forced to repeat this insult, read it in a desultory way. Then, giving it carelessly back, he remarked with much feeling : " Thank God, this is the end of the impossibility."

The Duke of Norfolk told me that these royal words, said in such royal fashion, gave him a feeling of thankfulness which prophesied the event, when the next reign showed this last remnant of past fanaticism for ever buried in just oblivion.

A last little story. My dear friend the Hereditary Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar was charmed by the Duke. And she, in her turn, made a conquest. He told me that sitting next her at dinner she began talking very confidentially, mentioning many names and thinking that he knew them very well. She talked of Berty, and Nickey and Billy and of other nicknames. " I listened all I could," said the Duke, " but for the life of me I could not make out who all these people were. And it was only towards the end of dinner that I realised she was speaking of most of the sovereigns of Europe.

In the year 1910 I bade official good-bye to lovely Bellosguardo,

and definitely closed an epoch of my life. In August, 1911, I was invited to Fiastra, in the Marche. It was to meet a family party. The host and hostess were the Prince and Princess Giustiniani Bandini, their eldest son and his wife, Duke and Duchess Mondragone, Donna Maria Sofia and Don Giuseppe, the youngest son.

One day we all went, a party in high spirits, to have tea with the Contessa di Santaflora in her palace at Maccratta. Over her name I find her motto written in my book: "Tradita forse, ingannata mai." (Betrayed perhaps, deceived never).

The genial musician Adriano Ariani was also present. He wrote in my book a snatch of Maceres' song.

From there I went to Foligno, to my friend, Contessa Frenfranelli. Here, at Foligno, I met Marchese Viteleschi; I knew several of his family. The most sympathetic were the senator and the painter, the senator for his chivalrous devotion to her majesty Queen Margherita, which resembled an adoration in ancient days of romance.

Later I went on to the Tyrol and stayed at her Excellency von Gerstein-Hohenstein's, where I met many interesting Austrian and Tyrolese families. But to me the most fascinating thing of all was Madame von Gerstein's perfect *daschhund*.

A strange light was thrown on the uncertainty of the general condition of the Austrian Empire by a conversation between Tyrolese proprietors, at which I was present. The question was to which power the Tyrol would belong. A break-up of the Empire was spoken of as certain at the death of Francis Joseph. No confidence was placed in the so-called heir-presumptive, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose assassination three years later was to plunge Europe in the world War. The Tyrolese doubted him because they knew he was chained to the German Emperor by his determination to secure the succession for his son and the recognition of Countess Clotilde Pou de Hohenberg, his wife, at least as Queen of Hungary, if not as Empress of Austria.

"We are destined," said this Tyrolese gentleman, "to fall into the hands of Germany, or to Italy. If we become German we shall not be able to call our souls our own. But our railways will be in perfect order, and our post will be regular. If we become Italian, our trains will be unpunctual, our letters will be very uncertain, but we can live. My choice is Italy."

Amongst other guests at Gerstein came a scientist and his wife, Mr. and Mrs Gregory Smith. He was the great authority on etheric waves. Their Florentine villa of *Bel Riposo* at San Domenico I have already described. Madame von Gerstein drew me

with her to Peterhof, Munich, where Baroness Des Granges and her sister, Miss Cowles of New York, joined us. Baroness Des Granges was the widow of a very distinguished man. Her husband was a German of Huguenot ancestry. His family had, like many others, taken refuge at Berlin in order to avoid the Edict of Nantes. But since then his family had become quite Prussian. Many years of life in Greece had left the Baron a complete German, though he understood the Grecian character in the peasantry better than most men. When he had finally given up his property to live in Rome for the rest of his life, he brought with him the beautiful Tanagra statuettes he had found in his excavations. He had also brought over from Germany a small but very good collection of Italian and other masters which had belonged to his French forebears and had been collected by them. They lived in Palazzo Altieri, up a winding corkscrew staircase of the Quattro Cento. When they first took it there was no light, but a gas flare was conceded to modern luxury. To the Des Granges' friends the kindness of Mrs. Hazeltine allowed a passage through her rooms and so by the kitchen door they passed on to the Des Granges staircase. When you entered the apartment the scene changed. The ceilings were frescoed and vaulted, looking out on one of the terrace gardens peculiar to Rome, where night and day the sound of rushing water gaily pouring into a large round basin and the fountain itself hiding behind banks of arum lilies surrounded by fine azaleas and palms, made their roof garden a small paradise.

In their rooms gathered a small club of friends, in which I was privileged to take part. Princess Altieri, granddaughter of the King of Wurtemberg, with her daughters, one or two pleasant Americans, three or four Englishmen, this was our small company. We used to dissipate in very inexpensive "poker." To make it more amusing we each had a nickname, mine being "La strega"; the Princess Altieri's was "Cissy," while the Baron and Baroness were respectively, "Roni" and "Nessy," and Miss Cowles "Bow." The poker friends used to meet at luncheon sometimes at Colonel Douglas', who took a large share in Roman church music. His knowledge on this subject was of great service to several of the Basilicas. Princess Altieri was the life of this little circle and we mourned her death very deeply. She was married to Prince Altieri by her brother and guardian, the Duke of Ultrach, and brought an immense dowry beside her royal connection. She was not beautiful, but was highly cultivated, amiable and full of fun. Her eldest son is the present Prince Altieri.

From Munich I went to Tegernsee, where the only person of

interest I found was Countess Leontine Koenigsmark, whose receptions were so well known in London. She had the misfortune to be the mother-in-law of Count Bissing, Viceroy of Belgium by grace of the German Kaiser, and responsible for the murder of the sainted Nurse Cavell.

During the early part of the War Countess Koenigsmark stayed on in London until the Home Office considered it advisable that she should leave England. As her son-in-law was the supreme authority in Belgium, it was natural that Countess Koenigsmark should think Brussels a pleasanter winter climate than Berlin or Munich. On her way through Holland she passed many Belgian refugees to whom she gave all the surplus food her English friends had provided for her journey. A special train awaited her at the Dutch frontier, and she travelled in state to the Viceregal residence in Brussels, the palace where the Viceroy had taken up his abode. Countess Koenigsmark intended to spend some months there, but the Viceroy had other intentions. A special train was again prepared and she was landed in Munich. Here for the first time she felt the evil of war and the want of food, from which all Germany was suffering.

It was in this year, when war as yet was unthinkable, that I had the doubtful pleasure of meeting Baron Bissing at Tegernsee. He was not at all disagreeable in appearance, and seemed of the ordinary type ; he was very popular with his friends.

From Bavaria I went to Paris and my little hotel on the Avenue de l'Opera. It was an unfashionable time, but I found an artist friend still at her flat. She was an American, but had spent most of her time in Egypt and in Constantinople. She had known for many years the Princesses of the Khedival house. Two of these princesses were enjoying their annual holiday in Paris, away from the trials of the veil and the harem. Their ideas of amusement were very simple—a dinner at a famous restaurant with some women friends and an orgy of shopping during the rest of the day.

Abdul Baha, the Persian prophet, was in Paris. He had recently arrived from London, where he had once been asked by Canon Wilberforce to solemnly bless the congregation in the Canon's Church. I had heard of the great effect his discourses had produced. Religious thought had been stirred in England by the almost miraculous way in which his life had been preserved by the sudden revolution in Turkey. It was, strangely enough, the same day that saw the Sultan affix his signature to Abdul Baha's death warrant that saw the Sultan dethroned and the dynasty of Othman for ever divested of the Caliphate. Abdul Baha left for Europe with a band of his faithful followers.



ABDUL BAHÁ AND SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS.
Taken in Paris at the House of Captain Dreyfus.

His first visit was for England and London, where he met with much sympathy from men of all religions. Canon Wilberforce invited the Persian prophet to give a short address and to impart his benediction to a respectful and admiring congregation. For his life and the life of his martyred father had been given to announce the glad tidings that God is love, and that only the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount can endure. Persia is one of the most bigoted strongholds of Mahommedanism, where no missionaries can stay. It is the creed of the Shiah, who give no quarter to renegades. In this citadel of fanatics the Bab, father of Abdul Baha, brought the doctrines of the emancipation of women, the law of one wife, to love your enemy and to do good to those who hate you.

From London Abdul Baha came to Paris, where he was the guest of Captain and Madame Dreyfus. Madame Dreyfus was American by birth and her husband was a cousin of the celebrated Captain Dreyfus who was unjustly condemned for "espionage" and sent to the "Ile du Diable," from which he was saved by Zola's interference. Captain Dreyfus was not at all like his unfortunate cousin, and Madame Dreyfus was a typical American, very cultivated and well read. She was devoted to the Prophet and gave him hospitality during his stay in Paris.

I was introduced to the Dreyfuses by Miss Lilian Whiting, and Madame Dreyfus most kindly asked me to come to their house and be presented to Abdul Baha. Turkish and Persian I am totally ignorant of, but I was told the Prophet could speak a little English, and in any case Captain Dreyfus would interpret. With me came my charming friend, to whom, from her long stay in the East, Turkish was like her native tongue, and she also knew Persian fairly well. We came a little too early. They were chanting part of the Book of the Bab. A very old-world scene was this. On all the faces shone a grace and reverent expression of trust and faith in the Master. One man was pointed out to me who had a short grey beard; the little that could be seen of his hair under his fez was white. Captain Dreyfus whispered to me that this man had refused to be parted from his Master. Dungeons, chains, the daily threat of death, nothing had served to induce him to seek safety in denying the Prophet. His whole life had been spent in the service of his Master and his family. Abdul Baha ended his chant and Madame Dreyfus introduced us. The first thing that astonished me was to see the Master looking for chairs and pulling them up for us with very non-Oriental courtesy to ladies. He put us at once at our ease, chatting of his visit to London and his impression of Canon Wilberforce, which was in answer to the first question I asked him.

"Truly a man of God," he answered. "He understood my message that we must fulfil our faith. I do not come to bring a new message. My message is that the Light may shine in your hearts, that you must be filled with the Holy Spirit. It is necessary that men should really love one another. The Father does not wish that His sons, men, should hate each other. Their hate does not give Him pleasure. Though the mullahs tell us that the way to please God is to hate those who worship Him in another way than we think right."

I asked how could he make nations understand this?

Abdul Baha turned his wonderful eyes on me.

"I will tell you a little story," he said. "There were once a number of wine-sellers and wine-makers who met together and talked and decided that wine should no more be made, and there should be no more commerce of wine. And when they had settled this, the wine merchants went home and each opened his shop in his own city and sold wine as before. This is, I am afraid, the way your Governments act. You all go to the Hague Conference and you all speak of the blessings of peace and the wickedness of war. And then every man goes back to his own country and builds new ships and orders fresh guns. And I am much afraid that if you continue doing this and do not listen to the voice of the Holy Spirit, some terrible destruction will fall on the Western nations."

He got up and went to the window and stood there silent. Then he returned to us, with a look of great sadness.

Madame Dreyfus' dear little son, evidently a privileged little person, ran in and perched himself on the Prophet's knee. With him came also the maid. A photographer had arrived and, as this man's time was valuable, the Orientals trooped in and a group was formed with the child in the centre beside the Master. We were kindly asked to join the group, but our modern dresses clashed with those of the Persians. So we declined the honour, to the relief of the photographer, who in gratitude promised me several copies.

Captain Dreyfus then took us to another sitting-room, where my friend could speak quietly with the Master in Persian, while Captain Dreyfus translated the conversation for my benefit.

A servant interrupted us, and Captain Dreyfus left the room.

My friend and the Master were speaking of man's soul and its relation with God. It was all-absorbing, and Captain Dreyfus' interpretation was very vivid. He slipped out silently so that I hardly noticed he had left. My last question was about the soul's properties and Abdul Baha turned and answered me, and I replied. He answered me again and we fell into a deep argu-

ment. My friend joined in it. We were wrapped in our subject, when Captain Dreyfus returned. He exclaimed: "Miss Lister, I never knew you spoke Persian and understood it so well." I felt as if a blow had been given me that drew a veil over my brain. My friends chorused: "Why, Roma, you have been speaking excellent Persian. Why did you tire Captain Dreyfus to translate for you?"

I felt dazed and made some excuse, hiding my surprise. Fortunately another visitor came in, and our interview ended.

Before I said good-bye I followed Canon Wilberforce's precedent and told the Prophet about my work for the animals in Italy and asked for his blessing. He looked at me silently and then blessed me in Persian. Afterwards he said in his broken English:

"The work will prosper and you will have great comfort from it. As the world thinks, you will have great disappointments and trials. But afterwards you will have joy and peace."

And he blessed me again.

When I left, one of his followers ran after me. He had a good, faithful face and looked distressed.

"Madame," he said, in very fair English, "the Master's blessing is very terrible and dangerous. It can go to the head, for it disturbs the brain and has great powers. I tell you, because it was after the Master's blessing that the poor misguided one shot at the Shah of Persia. So please be careful. It is terrible, this blessing, unless you are very careful and very self-controlled."

He looked so frightened that I stopped a few minutes consoling him, saying I felt all right and had no desire to kill anyone, which seemed to make the young man happier.

Abdul Baha had a tall and impressive personality. His beard was white and he wore something white which was like a turban. He had a long silken upper garment in black that looked like a priestly overcoat. His smile was very winning. He constantly repeated the words: "We must love one another. You are brethren of one family. It is a sin against God if we do not love one another. For God loves us, His children, and we must love each other, for God is love. We must never be angry with one another, for men only do harm in ignorance, like silly children."

The next interesting personality I met with was at Houghton Hall. It was Mr. Grattan Esmonde, a great Irish leader. I found him a delightful fellow-guest and most amusing. He was a determined rebel and fervent Catholic. His remarks were sometimes original. One day at dinner we were speaking of the coming freedom of Ireland.

"What Ministry will you choose?" asked his cousin.

"On the day that the treaty is signed between the English Government and Ireland, I will pack my trunks and leave the country for ever. It will no longer be a place to live in."

"And if so, why are you a rebel?" said his cousin.

"Ah, that's quite another matter," said Mr. Esmonde.

We were speaking about workmen. "I have had some trouble with my roof," said Mr. Esmonde. "For some months I had a party of respectable religious Roman Catholics, and when I came back from the usurper at Westminster I found the water pouring in as gaily as ever. So I sent to the priest and I told him: 'Its no use my having such godly people to do my work. So, your reverence, I have just sent for a party of Methodists, and if they are damned in the next world, at least I shall be dry in this.'"

This year the most northern visit I paid was to Brux Lodge, Aberdeenshire. The house belonged to the Honourable Athol Forbes, now Lord Forbes, the Premier-Baron of Scotland. I arrived there in time to join in a most delightful local dance! We went off in a motor and very soon got stuck in the muddy ground. Not an inch could we budge until some willing shoulders had lent us motive power and we got at last off the ploughed field. The ballroom was like a barn in size and prettily decorated. The native music was inspiring and the company interesting. Aberdeenshire is loyal to the past. There is no house, rich or poor, of large farmer or poor farm hand, where is not placed in some conspicuous spot in the living-room the picture of Queen Mary's execution at Fotheringhay Castle.

I had been in Munich and was therefore a godsend to the people. I suppose I answered thirty times, if I answered once, their enquiries about Prince Rupert of Bavaria, and when he was coming over to take his realm of Scotland. (It must be remembered that this was before the War, and before Prince Rupert had made himself so hated for his extraordinary cruelty and his refusal to have anything to do with his Stuart heritage.)

I tried to parry these questions and humbly suggested that Prince Rupert was much inclined to his Bavarian kingdom, and held Munich dear. An old farmer was quite scandalised. He cried out to heaven: "And where would Prince Rupert find himself so well as in his ain town of Edinburgh and his ain kingdom of Scotland?" After this I could only be silent.

These were the days when King Charles I's statue was garlanded with flowers on the anniversary of that luckless sovereign's death.

One day, when Prince Rupert of Bavaria represented Germany at the Coronation of King George, he found himself em-

barrassed by the number of addresses of homage showered on him by his devoted adherents, the people who hung on their walls his portrait and that of his mother, Mary, inscribed Heiress of the House of Stewart, Queen of England, Scotland, Ireland and France, by the grace of God, but not by the will of the people. These cranks never posted a letter without carefully placing King George's stamp head down on the envelope, while Mary's head occupied the place of honour. Alas for old illusions! Some Scotch prisoners of war who were unhappy because they were fighting against the man they considered their rightful sovereign, joined in expressing their devotion to Rupert's person. To their surprise they had this answer: The Prince Rupert, loyal to Prussia, expressed in haughty terms his contempt and his hatred for everything British. Britain had been granted him by the All-Highest and he did not need his "subjects'" approval. The House of Stewart has gone down "some," even in Aberdeenshire, since this came out.

The only place I went to see here was Kildrummy Castle of Robert the Bruce fame. It is the coldest place and the bleakest ruin I have ever known, but the Aberdeenshire people I admire greatly for their devotion to a heroic past.

Close to the Forbes' house is a beautiful fairy glen. It has strange mounds and fairy rings where an ancestor of the Forbes took refuge on being accused of treason. He lived there in perfect safety, for people feared the place too much to look for him there.

Besides the host and hostess was their beautiful daughter, Marjory Forbes and her brother.

In November I stayed at the Upper Hall, Ledbury, in a very different climate from bleak Aberdeenshire. This is a very lovely place, with old yew trees clipped in Elizabethan fashion. The house belongs to Mr. Martin. Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Langford Brooke, her sister, were staying there also. Mr. Langford Brooke's daughter married the nephew and heir of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton. Alas! he died early in the War, leaving a little heir to the historic name and property.

Christmas day I spent in London at Mrs. Langford Brooke's. I had the pleasure of meeting here the daughter of Ellen Terry, distinguished, like her famous mother. I found her very clever and sympathetic. Several times I drove out to luncheon and tea at Mrs. Maxwell's (Miss Braddon). Her son, a novelist like his mother, was very pleasant. He told me some very good ghost stories and he talked much of Italy, which he loved.

CHAPTER XVI

ON THE VERGE

Roman balls—The International Council of Women—I am an official hostess for the Roman committee—Miss Bury of the Bury Institute—The redemption of a race—London—Irish matters—A journey in war-time from London to Rome—My friend the enemy—What might have been—A French priest's story—A friend of Joffre—A Belgian deputy and Echevin—On neutral ground—The passing of the Ambassadors.

IN 1913 I see that I stayed with my cousin at Ardwell, and that Susie Borthwick was there with her daughter Isolde. She was then a dear promising child and very lovable. Not long after this her mother Susie married Lord Euston, who succeeded his father on the death of the old Duke of Grafton.

Among other visitors was an important person, the Moderator of the Scotch Church, a very learned and courteous gentleman interested in the development and the changes of Vatican politics. He was agreeably surprised to hear that the Bible was attracting an unusual amount of attention through the revision of the Vulgate now proceeding. The work is most admirably done by the Benedictines.

A great change came in Rome. Society became luxurious. I met several remarkable millionaires, who disturbed the ideas of simple-minded Romans by giving really valuable presents at balls and cotillions. One of these balls, given at the Grand Hotel, surpassed the rest. The first presents were great silver vases and baskets, to which followed gold pens and pencil-cases, jewelled pins, writing-cases of painted leather, and the whole ended in the distribution of gold hunting watches and gold bracelet watches. One may say the ball was a great success in spite of the presents. There were many beautiful women present. This year and the next I gave my usual day dances and a series of dinners and luncheons in Lent. I need not say that I confined myself to flowers in my cotillions, and I was careful not to vie with the millionaires! Count Axel Blixen, son of Princess Augusta,



THE DUCHESS OF GRAFTON AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

sister of King Christian IX of Denmark, came to Rome with his wife. He was the picture of his uncle, everything amused him. Count Blixen was a cousin of my uncle Rosenkrantz. The Legnsbaron, the head of the Rosenkrantz family, also turned up; Hans had been given the post of Danish delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture.

About this time took place the meeting of the International Council of Women. The president was the Countess of Aberdeen, then Vicereine of Ireland. The principal personage in Rome was Countess Spalletti, and on her fell the duty of arranging the necessary entertainments. Madame Amalia Besso was a worthy helper in this difficult task. I was on the committee and accepted the duty of hostess. The first reception was given in the Countess's villa.

As the wife of the Viceroy of Ireland, the Countess of Aberdeen had come in full state with a gentleman and a lady-in-waiting.

The Minister of the Belle Arti (Fine Arts) gave the Council a most brilliant reception. Theatrical representations, luncheons and a great reception on the Pincio was hospitality that only Rome could offer. I was too much engaged with the municipal reception on the Pincio to take part in the Palatine Fête. (Two other hostesses and myself were responsible for the Pincio's success.) The Pincio was mainly attended by Americans and Germans, the last-named spent their time in wandering about asking the way to the refreshment tables. These pleasant hours helped to mitigate the time spent in listening to speeches and discussions of the advanced section. We had been advised to check, as far as possible, dangerous subjects, but the ladies were young and enthusiastic and preferred discussions on free love, modern marriage laws, the relation of children to the family, to less interesting matters.

Everyone admired Lady Aberdeen's kindness and her good sense. If this Roman meeting did not disappoint the leaders of woman's thought, who had been spoilt by the immense success and valuable work contributed and completed by the Berlin Congress, it is owing to the never-failing tact of Lady Aberdeen. A great many reforms were effected and still remain in spite of the destruction caused by the Great War.

To me the great event was meeting Miss Berry. It is not often one meets a woman to whom Providence has given the task of saving a race. Like all souls destined to great deeds Miss Berry was born with a mission. By some means this lady found herself, with her sisters, heiress to a tract of land situated not far from the southern range of mountains.

The hill country is peopled by the descendants of men and

women who had been deported in the old days. Members of Highland clans, royalist rebels from the Jacobite rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and some of still earlier times. Rather than live as slaves these men took refuge in inaccessible places. Their souls smarted from a sense of grave injustice and they naturally considered all Governments their enemies. By sheer capability and pluck they beat out a life in which all forms of learning took no place.

Many of these families are of noble descent; they clung together and refused any possible communication with the civilised world.

Until Miss Berry succeeded in winning their trust and their respect the race was abandoned to itself. The laws of the republic were unheeded, no exciseman had any authority, justice ran on tribal lines.

Feuds grew up and lived, as they do in the hill-country of the frontier between India and Afghanistan. The women wailed over the dead body of the murdered father and instinctively turned to the sleeping child, looking forward to the day when he would avenge his father's death with his gun. Many men knew that when they left their home they stood in danger of death.

Miss Berry was not sole owner of this property. One sister came to Italy in the course of her travels and married Don Enrico Ruspoli. The other Miss Berry, whom I had the good fortune to meet, gave her life's devotion to the redemption of this people.

A young boy found his way into civilisation and showed great capacity for study. His success attracted Miss Berry's attention. Without regret or hesitation, she decided to sacrifice herself to save the children. If the elder generation, the fathers and mothers, were too rooted in their habits to change their thoughts and life, at least the younger generation could be civilised.

The great difficulty was to persuade the people that she was a friend. Then they might be induced to confide a child to her care.

Miss Berry took off the dress of civilised life, put on the rough homespun of the mountaineers, covered her head with a sun-bonnet, and went to live as a boarder in a mountain farm. Even this small concession of allowing her to live in their house she obtained with infinite care and trouble. In return for her board, besides payment, Miss Berry helped the mother with her children and tended the boys and girls in health and sickness. At last she won their confidence and was finally permitted to take a boy to her home.

The next year she brought not one but several. So her

school began. She told me that the great difficulty was to keep these children in the confinement of a house, used as the boys were to the freedom of the hills. Miss Berry was their friend and the boys never forgot this. If a boy disappeared, he would re-appear again because he would not grieve Miss Berry.

The school prospered and Miss Berry attacked her second task, the education of the girls. It was more difficult, but she conquered. The children became civilised. Many of them have become great men and foremost in their native state. God blessed her work, their tract of land became most valuable; it was essential to a railway and money poured in. All that came from this source Miss Berry devoted to her work; buildings were erected, homes and schoolhouses, until the coping-stone was laid and her work was complete. Then Miss Berry solemnly gave over to the President of the United States, as representative of the nation, her Berry Institute.

When I met her in Rome, at a meeting of the International Council of Women, Miss Berry was a quiet, beautifully-dressed woman, full of pleasant humour, with not a trace of the years she had passed in a rough, distasteful life.

She told me it had been strange to hear the old splendid names of Border families, well known in history, that were rightly owned by these uncouth, untaught farmers.

"Blood tells," she said. "Once they were civilised their good ancestry came to the front."

She also told me that she intended her institution should be a gift to the United States.

"I can do so little," she said.

During the quinquennial meeting some of the principal speakers came to luncheon and dinner at my house, which was a great pleasure to me.

In those pre-war days it seemed strange to meet women legislators, who made and organised laws for their States.

Two of these ladies were severe on the habit of Italian boys smoking so many cigarettes.

One of the guests told me she and her sister were responsible for the law which made cigarette-smoking illegal in their State and punished offenders with imprisonment.

I looked involuntarily at the two husbands puffing away contentedly. "Don't believe all my wife says," said one.

"But what did you do?" I asked.

"Oh, we took care of ourselves," said the other husband. "Before the law was passed I took care that I had a stock of all I needed for two or three years. By this time I judged the women would be sick of it."

Then I was told a story; it was amusing and enlightening. "When we women first studied the question, there was no doubt that the vice of cigarette-smoking was deteriorating the health of our boys, and we settled that the penalty had to be prison. So we made a penalty of fifteen days' gaol for anyone caught smoking cigarettes in public. We gave the police a reward for every offender they took into custody. The men let us pass the Bill and it became the law of the State. All went very well at first; no one dared break it. Cigarettes disappeared. Then there began a large importation of Bibles into the State. They were bogus books filled with cigarettes and they had a great sale. Here we were checked by the Federal law, that laws of this nature had to be ratified by Congress before they became permanently part of a State code. Until now the men had behaved very well, but now a lawyer came forward and announced in the principal newspapers that at such an hour Mr. Z. would stand at the corner of a certain street smoking a cigarette. This the lawyer did for a week and we decided that we had enough of this law. It lapsed by default and never came before Congress."

All this time the two husbands sat over their coffee and puffed their cigarettes!

A very pleasant entertainment was given by Mrs. Gay. Mr. and Mrs. Gay are American and live in the old palace of Monte Savelli. When I first lived in Rome it belonged to Prince Orsini. Since the *débauché* of the family a bank took it as the principal creditor and it was sold to the present Duchess of Sermonetta, born Vittoria Colonna. Thus ended the rivalry of these two great houses, and the old feudal fortress palace of the Orsini shelters a daughter of the Colonnas.

At this time the Gays still had their apartment and a garden that formerly was the property of Princess Orsini. On this garden looked Mrs. Gay's drawing-rooms and near it is a great hall which Mr. Gay used as his study and library. Mrs. Gay gave a most enjoyable reception to members of the committee.

At the last moment I was asked to give a reception to all the English-speaking members not from the United States. A day had been fixed on which the different Embassies entertained their country people, but on the British side no one had come forward to receive the British or the still larger number who came from the over-seas Dominions.

I felt much honoured and did my best, though I fear it was a very modest affair. I managed to get some good voices and with these and the tea-table I pulled through. My guests were indeed charming; they came with their husbands and relations, so it was not what I had feared, a manless party. It was indeed

a privilege to meet so much wealth of learning, and so many public-spirited ladies. The Canadians and Australians impressed me greatly. I have no list of my kind friends. An official touch was given by the appearance of Lady Aberdeen and other heads of the conference, and I hope that my guests were not too much disappointed with the music. It is one of the pleasant memories of my life.

The chief honour must be given to Countess Gabriella Spalletti, who has for many years given hospitality to the members of different congresses.

1914 gave no sign of the evil in store for us. The winter seemed gayer than usual, the balls were crowded, the theatres were full, and I had as usual my half-share in a box. Prices were low. I had one evening, every eighth performance they gave at the Costanzi, and it cost me one thousand lire for the whole season. My box was on the grand tier, not far from the royal box.

People had grown used to restaurants and it was hard to induce them to come to a home dinner. The correct place was the Grand Hotel. Mrs. Evans came regularly to the Bristol; she gave her dinners at the Grand, and this year she had some pleasant German friends, Count and Countess von Bismarck. Lady Pirbright was a yearly visitor at this hotel. I met Mr. Hitchens at one of her dinners. He excelled in humorous stories. He told me how to keep a compartment to yourself in the most crowded trains. He advised:

"First tip the guard and conductor. Lie up on the seat and cover yourself and your head carefully. If you are alone give a few groans now and then. If a friend is with you he must look anxious, put his hand to his lips and shake his head gravely. Sometimes a compassionate soul will come in and ask what is the matter. You don't answer but groan louder. Most people now fly, but some have squalling children. These don't budge. Uncover a wrist and look at it anxiously. At the third time the hardest will give way. Cough again. Look sad, then observe very feebly:

"'Don't let the dear children come so near me.' That never fails. While people are standing in the corridor I have slept all night."

Mrs. Evans had a celebrated recipe that always figured at her dinners. It was an oyster *mousse* and was exquisite. I have never tasted it except at her table.

A great feature for several winter seasons were the Princess Bülow's evenings at Villa Malta. All Rome came, men of all political colours. A number of clever men were there and it was

less conventional than most salons. Princess Bülow was a factor in German diplomacy.

She was very clever and knew how to entertain. Her short little person used to be always moving round her rooms, and she had a way of making you feel she was glad to see you. So well did she play her *rôle* that I have never heard of anyone who was not sorry that her receptions ended.

A well-known Englishman asked, after war was declared, if he could still go to her evenings. The English diplomat he asked said, "No."

Personally, as an Englishwoman, I considered her one of our most dangerous enemies, for both the Prince and his wife were true to their Sovereign and country. Easter was gay and friends arrived. Spring was remarkable for the number of Scandinavians. Mr. W.'s garden parties at Villa Sciarra were full of people. I disliked the way in which the old Roman garden was desecrated by plants from Holland distorted into strange shapes that do not suit Rome. The sky was oddly marked by curiously-formed clouds. I remember driving down the embankment, called *Tor di Nona*, when the friend who was staying with me called my attention to the extraordinary aspect of the sky. It had a series of little square blocks of clouds. They were placed at equal distance and looked like the presentment of a battle in miniature. We saw it all, the cavalry, the infantry, then the artillery, the officers in motion, and the whole vision in a queer, orderly procession. We stopped the carriage to see the sight. There was a strange calm in the air and a sensation of something impending.

"Please let us go," said my friend, "I don't like this."

I have never forgotten the sight; it was a kind of nightmare. This was the first time I had a prevision of trouble.

I went straight to London without stopping at Paris. In London life was as usual, plenty of things going on and many friends and relations in town. I found Lady Cassillis very busy with charity work and the fêtes connected with it, in which she and her sister, Lady Euston, had much to do. The Ritz was crowded. Several Austrian and Spanish friends were staying there. Among the Spanish was the Camarera-mayor, who was here to see her son at Beaumont. Foreign boys like it much, as a boy told me. "Perhaps," one said, "they may take more care of us in other schools, yet I doubt it, but what is so good are the rules, which are the same as at Eton. They trust us and we are given all possible liberty on the faith of our word."

Conversation was chiefly on Ireland and the crisis that was rapidly developing between north and south. Nothing else was spoken of, the matter cut too deeply into the heart of the Services.



COUNTESS OF CASSILLIS.

I heard this little fact of the Navy ; if correct it is significant. The son of a friend of mine was on board one of the men-of-war who were detailed for Ireland. They had come into the Channel when the captain asked to see all the officers of the ship. He looked very pale ; before him lay the Admiralty's sealed orders.

In a few well-chosen words he told his officers that his instructions had been to open the orders at a certain specified point. He wished to know the officers' opinion. His own was settled under certain circumstances. A short time remained before the orders would be opened. It was also settled that this question should be put to all the officers of the squadron. The captain's letter of resignation was ready to be formally sent when the sealed orders were opened. On this the captain would hand over his command. There was not one dissenting voice. Even the middies gave their answer. No one doubted what the sailors and petty officers thought. In all the Navy not a man could be found who would fire on loyal Belfast. Mercifully the danger was prevented by the action of the Army, which threatened to resign "en masse" if they were told to fire on their brothers of Ulster. Before the time given, fresh orders were sent. The ships steamed back and the sealed orders were returned unopened. In Ulster and in the south of Ireland men were hurriedly drilling and preparing for war. At a lady's lunch I sat next to the wife of one of the leading military men whose place was on the border of Ulster. She told me amusing episodes that happened to her husband.

After the successful gun-raid her husband received this telegram from enemy headquarters.

"Congratulate you on your success. Splendid feat. Why not come over to us and join us against the old enemy?"

Both the Ulstermen and the Irish were drilling in greatest haste and apparently found it difficult to obtain proper instructors. The Ulster men had a little corps of ex-sergeants who had served in the Army. One day Sir X received a letter from the "General" of the Irish forces, asking him if he would lend them some of his ex-sergeants. His Irish soul was much grieved to be obliged to refuse such a request. He answered with much regret that they had hardly enough for their own men. "But," wrote the Ulster leader, full of a brilliant suggestion, "why don't you send over your men to drill with ours?" Said the lady: "Before I left Ireland, ten days ago, I happened to pass a squad being drilled by one of our ex-sergeants. And there were the two sets of Ulstermen and Irish being sworn at by the same instructor."

In another six months both these two divisions were united as volunteers for the greatest war of all time. The Irish tempera-

ment had put its grievance in its pocket, to be brought out at a more convenient season.

On July 28th my visit to Mrs. Martin was due. There I was to meet Mrs. Langford Brooke, whom I had missed in London.

Letters had come from friends in Germany and from the Balkans which were not reassuring. In fact all my foreign letters hinted at the political crisis at hand. Two visits I had been pressed to accept were postponed and the letters had been certainly censored.

The clearest intimation of danger came from an American diplomat, who tried to persuade me to return as quickly as I could to Italy.

American diplomacy seems far better served than our own. Now I see that my friend's remarks were very plain, but as I read them I could not understand them or what he meant. Still I felt oppressed by a strange uncertainty, a return of the same feeling I had felt the day I drove with my American friend and stared with her at those pictures in the clouds over the Tiber embankment.

No man was staying at the Upper Hall, Ledbury. Mr. Martin was away, therefore it was very pleasant to a feminine household to enjoy the visit of a member of the British Embassy at Berlin. He had been recalled by the Foreign Office but had snatched a week-end holiday. I hoped to hear some direct news of what was going on in these mysterious foreign chancelleries. He assumed all was peaceful in Europe, entertained us with very amusing diplomatic gossip but left us no wiser. The diplomatic man departed, and the quiet went on. Mrs. Langford Brooke and Mrs. Martin had taken rooms at Wimereux, where the two sisters were going to spend August together. Mrs. Langford Brooke had taken her Throckmorton grandchildren with her to the Upper Hall, and the whole party were to start for France in a few days. Then the news became certainty. My letters spoke of urgent danger, and I settled to go to London, from whence I could return to Rome at once. I felt anxious for my friends. If there was any chance of war, I strongly advised them to remain in England with the children, and not to risk a journey to France, the country most implicated in the war-cloud. My reasons almost convinced Mrs. Langford Brooke and she promised me to ask advice of her brother, General Hanbury Williams, who was high in the War Office, and must know the truth.

As my friend promised she went to see her brother the next morning. He made fun of my fears and told his sisters to go off happily. They were quite safe in France. He added a very pretty message to me reassuring me.

This is surely a clear answer to the accusation, so often made by Germany against England. A high Government official advises his sisters with nurses and two small children, one a baby, to cross the Channel the day before war is declared.

Is it possible that any man devoted to his sisters would risk their lives and those of children at such a moment ?

This alone shows that England was indeed unsuspecting and the last country which held war a possibility.

In London I found Mr. Ezekiel, who was to leave directly, travelling under the protection of the American Ambassador to Italy. Mr. Ezekiel took charge of the young daughter of Adolfo de Bosis, the poet, who was with Mrs. De Bosis, old friends of the sculptor.

I drew gold from the bank to face all eventualities and we started by the last boat that passed the Channel on the ordinary traffic.

As we left the harbour I watched the grand and most imposing line of dreadnoughts, cruisers, torpedo boats, and other warships. How safe we felt under their impregnable protection !

At Paris the misery of war grew. There were no cabs ; I found an old four-wheeler with a lame horse and chartered the conveyance by the help of my gold. Many fellow-travellers were in trouble, for all had brought paper-money, which no one would accept, and for two gold pounds the old horse and still older driver took us to the Gare du Sud.

On our way we passed the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The moonlight shone on the ancient façade ; on the walls hung loosely notices of mobilisation. There was not a sound, only the rumble of our wheels and the clop-clop of the lame horse. The stillness of the great building fell like a benediction on the soul. I felt comforted and reassured by this short vision.

We passed the night in a small hotel ; there was no bed, but we sat in the smoking-room. I found a porter for our many bags in the willing courtesy of a soldier, just called up to the colours. We were saved by a miracle from the terrible strain of a journey under war conditions. Led by necessity I hunted for a carriage and found one that was reserved for officers. At my very humble prayer they were only too polite and invited us all into the empty seats. A kind French colonel protected us from being turned out and got us some garlic sausage and a loaf of fresh bread. This, divided into three portions, was all the food we had till we reached Italy.

At Rome I found my house shut up and the servants asleep, so I drove to the Excelsior, and slept in comfort, thankful to be in reach of my home again. Rome was hot and close so I left for my little villa in the Casentino.

When I heard from Mrs. Langford Brooke, her letter told of the troubles the party had passed through before they could get back to England. There was no fresh milk for the babies and very little food for the others. At last a ship was sent by Government and the stranded English pleasure-seekers returned to their country. It took more than a fortnight before Mrs. Langford Brooke, her sister and the babies were safe at Ledbury.

Italy was still neutral. In the early part of the winter I stayed a week with Donna Eugenia Ruspoli at her castle over Lake Nemi.

The nights were exquisite in this old historic fortress shadowing the placid waters of the lake. Another strange sign was again seen in the heavens one night. The servants saw it first and came and called us. Towards the side of Monte Cave came sailing a flock of clouds. They grew distinct as we watched, and formed shapes, like men on horses bearing lances supporting crescent-shaped emblems. On a wide flag of fleecy vapour there showed a sign like a crescent moon. "A war with Turkey," we whispered. And there was war, but later.

As yet we had no war hardships and life was peaceful enough. Several French prelates and Belgian deputies came to Rome, to plead the cause of their countries, and told us stories of German cruelties.

I had one embarrassing visitor, Baron Schomberg. He was sent by Kaiser Wilhelm on a mission to the Vatican, and had also a mission to Prince Bülow, the fountain-head of German intrigue.

I received a note, as far as I can remember in these words :

"Dear Roma,—I am very anxious to meet you. How can I see you in present circumstances? Shall I come to your house? Let me know."

I thought it over and decided I could not refuse an old friend of my mother's and of my own. It seemed to me that in such a case the best way to meet an old friend was to do it openly. I considered the best place was the Excelsior Hotel, in those days a society centre, and I answered by asking him to tea and inviting at the same time Princess Pignatelli, a friend at whose palace we had often dined together. Thinking he probably wished for a quiet chat I came half an hour earlier. I found him waiting in the hall, having quite understood my note.

The War was most distasteful to him. He had a genuine attachment to his cousin, Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, and through her to England, and he very soon let me see how ill-pleased was his Sovereign, the king of Saxony. In spite of the trust displayed and the honours shown him by the German Emperor, Baron Schomberg was by no means pleased with his

position. He told me briefly of his different missions and dwelt on the great sorrow of the Pope for the fratricidal war.

"The war is terrible," he said, "and what is worse is the hatred that is kindled, which I fear will never end. No one thinks of this or even cares about it, except the Pope. And what can Pius X do more than pray? They are so sure in my country of victory. But my king is afraid. What do you think of this hatred? What do you think will happen?"

I realised the great doubt of his mind, but what could I say? I answered as I thought.

"I think when the War ends people of our class will know that peace must come, and if we have fought fairly the bitterness will wear away. Commercially, things will patch up because of the money-making, but I fear the people will not forgive for many a long year. And this, I think, will be on both sides."

Baron Schomberg sighed and looked dispirited. He began to talk of his own part of Germany. He was very careful of what he said, but from our conversation I saw there was a very different opinion of the war in the smaller states of the German Reich. I understood that Prussia and Bavaria were the only countries given heart and soul for the war. The people in these countries approved of it because of commercial rivalry. The aristocracy and the Royal Houses because they hoped to become masters of Great Britain. The Saxons hated it. They had no illusions; gentlefolk and the people equally detested the war. The Royal House disliked it and feared Prussia in every way. We had proof of this in the Christmas truce held between our soldiers and the Saxon regiments. These men gave a concert of Christmas songs and carols. They kept Christmas by refraining from acts of war, and they fought loyally without cruelties and disloyal conduct. They would have ended the war very speedily if they had had the chance. I wish some of the politicians on the side of the Allies had shown more understanding of the enemy.

A very little intuition, making for peace, honourably and justly concluded, with support shown to the small German countries who suffered under the ruthless tyranny of Prussia, might have altered and shortened the war. The terror of the Prussian eagle, the iron system that took no account of latent humanity in man, should have been attacked morally.

Later it was too late, when the whole of Germany had suffered famine and disaster. Then they held together because there was no way of escape. France and Belgium stood victims calling for vengeance.

While we were still talking, Princess Pignatelli arrived and the other friend, and my opportunity closed.

That night Baron Schomberg left for Berlin on his unloved missions. I saw him once again before the war ended. I met him when lunching with our mutual friends the Des Granges.

The war over, the Baron took Italian nationality. By doing this he saved his property, and his position at the Papal Court made this easy. He was glad to belong to a country where there is a king and no republic. Baron Schomberg told me of the evil plight of the dethroned Royal Family of Saxony, to whose Court he had belonged. He had a personal affection for the ex-King, who had suffered so much in his private life and now was deposed as sovereign. I do not think many a man would have sacrificed himself so largely and disobeyed his father's orders, in order to save a bad and unfaithful wife from poverty and ill-treatment. Out of his small apanage, which was reduced by his father's anger, the Crown Prince George sent a part of what he received, all he could spare, to Princess Louise, and on this she lived.

One day when I was calling on Donna Eugenia Ruspoli I met an interesting-looking priest. He told me he was a friend of Joffre, and he had personal knowledge of the retreat in Alsace.

He said that the troops were magnificent, but there were traitors among them. They had disposed the troops so that the loyal soldiers were held as reinforcements. When the order was given for the soldiers to attack, not one moved, only the officers advanced. Then the front lines rose and retired in perfect order, their rifles in position, every man in perfect marching order. The first line having retired, the brunt fell on the reinforcements. They were cut down like grain in a harvest field. Not one could defend himself, taken thus by surprise. "Ah! mes soldats," cried the priest, "Ce n'était pas la peur, c'était la trahison!" (It was not fear but treason!)

As soon as the *débacle* was known Joffre left at once for Paris. He went directly to the President, and asked to see him. He was told that the President was engaged, but Joffre was too strong and the President gave him audience.

"Monsieur le Président, I have two things to offer you. One is that all the Cabinet is immediately dismissed, together with a certain number of officers which list I will furnish, and another Ministry shall be called to office. Or else I give my resignation and shall return at once to the front to serve and die as a private soldier."

"Give me twenty-four hours," said the President.

"Then I have the honour to offer you my resignation, sir."

Twice this was repeated and finally the President gave way.

Courts-martial were held and the guilty expiated their crimes. Some time passed in disciplining and giving the troops confidence. Then they were led against the enemy; the officers gave the order to advance, but again the troops remained still. The officers ran forward, but there was no sign among the soldiers. A colonel, when he saw his men would not move, called out to them, "Will you see me die alone, my children?"

For one moment the men wavered, but when they saw the colonel went forward, their honour led them and they rushed to the attack. So ended the influence of the Communist poison. They realised that the anarchist word "Fraternity" does not mean true brotherhood. I asked about the German atrocities, if they were true? The priest told me that what made him proudest of the French army was the patience and kindness of the officers who brought back determination and courage to the hearts of their men by speaking to them more like a father than a superior. One thing he told me was that on entering a village he had seen the doors of the houses covered with dead bodies of women outraged and crucified by bayonets.

This was in his own part of France. The priest's story was strange, but I believed him. He looked a truthful man, and his talk was most realistic.

At the Marquise de La Tour's a Belgian deputy and échevin gave a little lecture on his experiences. I asked him to give a conference at my house and afterwards to dine with me.

The Belgian expressed a great contempt for the Germans. "If you are sufficiently authoritative they always obey." In proof of this he told me the following experience.

"As échevin I was responsible for the good behaviour of my people, and the Germans used to drag me about where it pleased them.

"One day a staff officer called for me to take me before the General. A battle was going on and we found ourselves in the thick of the fray. The balls were too near to be pleasant, and the German officer jumped from the staff motor; muttering some excuse, he fairly raced into safety with my papers in his pocket. So I stood there, a battle going on, with no authority to protect me, doomed by all martial law to be shot. I left the motor, thinking I was never in greater danger, and I saw careering towards me three military lorries filled with troops. Spurred by despair, I went forward and shouted to them in German.

"'Who are you and where are you going?'

"I said this in a commanding tone, and the leader answered:

"'We are the O. regiment, ordered to the front. We are bound for the station.'

"They were on the wrong road, so I seized my chance.

" 'This is not your way. Pigs, turn back at once.'

"Two turned obediently, but the third protested:

" 'Who are you?' he called out. 'A civilian to give orders to soldiers!'

" 'I am the inspector of police; this is my district!' I shouted in German. 'How dare you ask me questions and not obey at once!'

"With this I walked angrily towards them, but they did not waste time. They fled, frightened by my string of titles. When they disappeared I returned at once to my horse, fortunately meeting no other soldiers.

"When the Germans entered the town," the *échevin* continued, "they seized my unfortunate servant and from sheer lust of cruelty buried the man alive, together with several other innocent citizens. As soon as the troops had left we hastened to assist their victims, but they were already dead. When the Germans had systematised the occupation of Belgium they came down on our hospital, which had been arranged in a part of my house. By God's mercy, the Germans found there one of their own men whom we had picked up, wounded, and whom I had treated with every care, foreseeing his value to the town.

"The General in command was won by the report of the soldier and placed an officer in our care who had been wounded. A slight success of our Belgian troops spoilt the General's temper and he ordered our doctor to be arrested, intending to shoot him the next morning.

"My answer was a strike. From the hour our doctor was marched away not a hand was lifted, not a service done to the wounded Germans. An aide-de-camp came rushing up full of threats. I interviewed him, and told him plainly that not even a glass of water would be given until the doctor was sent back, safe and uninjured. I laughed at their threats. 'Do what you will,' I said, 'You can shoot us, but what will your wounded do?'

"No answer was given, but the doctor reappeared unhurt.

"The Germans had taken all Belgium, when a wounded officer was brought into the General's residence with much secrecy.

"One of our greatest surgeons was sent for from Brussels. The surgeon put up at my house, being an old friend. He was taken at once to the bedside of the strange patient, who wore a black silk mask.

"A German nurse was present while the surgeon examined the wound. The patient's state was serious; it rapidly became worse and the officer died. The body was taken to Germany, but the mask was never removed nor did the Belgian surgeon know who his patient had been. The secret was kept even in death.

My friend believed that it was a son of the Kaiser, and that the matter was kept secret for fear of discouraging the soldiers ; still it might easily have been the son of some other German royalty."

In the winter of 1914-1915 the Germans and the German party dominated Rome. A kind of spurious gaiety prevailed and rumours came that Italy would keep to the Triple Alliance. All that the British and the Allies could do was to wait patiently until we were told to pack our boxes. The Germans gave themselves airs ; Villa Malta was never so brilliant ; night after night the lights of the Bülow receptions blazed. Curious signals were seen and German sympathisers in their arrogance behaved as if Italy were already a conquered country.

Still the state of uncertainty lingered on. Germany, being wise in her policy, urged Austria to offer terms, but the offer, when it came, was so worthless and Austria showed such pride that it would have been better for the Central Powers if they had not moved. The winter passed ; things were still uncertain. Then came May of 1915, and the poet spoke. I was driving through Piazza Barberini, when the news spread. Gabriele D'Annunzio's words had roused Rome, and Italy answered.

A great change took place. The Germans and Austrians packed their trunks, laughing and insulting the new ally we had gained. In answer the people went mad with excitement. The diplomatic trains drew up beside the station platforms and the enemy subjects followed their Ambassador's example. It was difficult to keep serious before the many foolish remarks heard wherever Germans congregated.

An old friend, of an original nature, born a Russian and now the widow of a retired Austrian Ambassador, had prophesied the total destruction of the evil-minded nations who attempt to dispute God's will. In her own heart she was kindly affectionate and full of religious fervour. She passed down the platform, blessing everybody within call and dispensing huge signs of the cross.

Princess Bülow left her glorious villa with a last regretful glance at her roses, now in full flower.

"Antonio," she said to her gardener, standing on the platform to greet her. "Take care of my roses. Look well after my flowers ; we shall soon be back at Villa Malta. Arrivederci !"

Rome breathed more freely.

Princess Bülow's prediction came true, though not as soon as she expected. Her brother, Prince Camporeale, who is a Senator, claimed Villa Malta as his own property. It was in this way saved from confiscation as enemies' property. On their return Prince Bülow and his wife have settled down again in their lovely villa, but I have not heard of any conspicuous return to social life in Rome

CHAPTER XVII

UNUSUAL PEOPLE

Matthew Arnold—A past romanec—The salon of two Russian ladies—Terrors of Tzarism—Colonel Roehas and Monsignor Batandier—A subject of Charcot—Palle Rosenkrantz, socialist and author—Lilian Whiteing, poet and writer and most dear friend—American diplomats—Rudolf Steiner—Theosophical celebrities—Great Italian ladies—Edouard Schure—Poet and initiate—Lords of the air—Wilbur Wright—Bjornson—Esoteric teachers—Madame Helbig—Franciscan poverty—On the way of the saints—Mother Mary of the Little Company of Mary—Fra Agostino of Montefeltro and Padre Pio of Monte Rotondo—Old Italian friends.

THIS chapter contains a few recollections of people I have met in my time during a long life passed in many countries.

Naturally I begin with the most famous, for it is unlikely that I shall have the fortune of recalling anyone else who is enshrined in England's Valhalla, Westminster Abbey.

A bounteously spread tea-table in the Arnold nursery, a number of children's chairs, decorously placed round a table, and filled with small lively occupants. All but one of the chairs, which holds a fragile, delicate little baby, the invalid. One of the children, myself, glares across to the opposite infant. Both are little ones two years old. Enter the majestic presence of grown-ups, and I recognise a big, tall presence which fills me with awe. In after years I learnt it was Matthew Arnold. There are some passing pictures of this figure, a letter or two remain to me filled with kindness and with precious counsels (I had tried my hand at verse) and then the last memory—Westminster Abbey, where England pays her tribute to her sons' glory.

A genial, interesting character was Lord Waveney. I was then a shy school-girl, and I listened silently to the Italian makers of new-born Italy. I did not understand much, but the military authorities arranged a non-official show-fight and display of forces for the English peer, who had been always Italy's friend and had helped her to the utmost of his power. I remember him prin-

cially for his political interests and the veneration with which his name was spoken and also for his ill-judged wish to present my mother with an Irish outside car. Like many ladies of her day, my mother preferred a brougham, for according to her ideas you cannot see the horses and feel safe.

It was in the days of Lord Waveney that I saw Garibaldi. We were driven out to his villa and while the elders talked with the hero, I sat unnoticed and admiring. He sat on a large garden chair. Over his knees there was a rug, for the day was chilly. His voice was husky, but my imagination pictured the man young and handsome, wearing his red shirt, riding his white horse, waving his sword and shouting: "Viva l'Italia!" It was all changed now. The hero had carpet slippers instead of a wounded leg.

The next romantic figure I remember is Duchess Sforza Cesarini, the widow and heroine of a great romance. Recalling her I remember the history of her marriage. Close by stood the gloomy castle, from which the midwife had carried the youngest boy twin, doomed to death by his own mother for no more substantial reason than a dream. My nurse had often told me this true story.

Her family knew the clever midwife and she had heard the parish priest at Mass. The Duchess Sforza of long ago had an ill-omened dream. When she woke she sent for the midwife who was to attend her at the birth, soon expected, of her child. When the nurse came, the Duchess made her first swear on the crucifix that she would not betray her secret, and then she told the woman the dream she had had. That night she had dreamt the birth had taken place. Two sons were born. They grew up in her dream and were strong, handsome, high-tempered men. Always in her dream they quarrelled. Words led to blows and one lay dead, while the mother was helpless to interfere. In the morning she made up her mind this should not happen. So the midwife, trembling and in fear of ducal vengeance if she did not obey, swore to kill the youngest child if twins were born. Being the midwife she could do it without being suspected. The Duke was away and the Duchess's will was law. It was very different when you were at home in your cottage and the threats of the great lady became less terrible. Like a wise woman she consulted her husband, and they called in the advice of the parish priest. So it was decided that no murder should take place. If there were twins, the rejected child should be taken to the priest who would baptise him and write the facts down on a secret paper, her husband being the second witness. Then the child would be taken by her husband far away into the hills where lived

a relation of her family. Safely hidden the child's life would be secured and the Duchess would be told the child was dead. The time came and boy twins were born. Even in her agony the Duchess reiterated her orders. The innocent baby was wrapped up, smuggled from the palace and handed to the midwife's husband. The priest baptised it in all haste, wrote down his complicity in the plot for fear of death, and the baby disappeared in the mountains. The elder twin grew up his father's undoubted heir. After a while both parents died.

On the mountains near Rome an English peer happened to see by the side of the road as he drove towards Rome a handsome shepherd boy, who was engaged, like Giotto of old, in attempting to draw the sheep he tended. Something in the boy's face and bearing attracted the Englishman. He stopped his carriage and went with his young daughter to speak to the lad. Like most Englishmen the peer was a patron of art and artists; he took a fancy to the young fellow and sent for the supposed father. The peer said: "Such talent must not be lost," he would take the youth to Rome and have him trained as an artist and he would pay all expenses.

The father consented readily, so the shepherd boy travelled to Rome with his lordship and his pretty daughter. Good blood tells. The young peasant became soon so intelligent and attractive that he was treated almost as one of the family. And the young people fell desperately in love.

Hopelessly so. Though his painting was really good and full of talent, the obstacle of birth could not be overcome. Then fate intervened: the young Duke Sforza Cesarini fell ill and died. He was the last of the royal race of Sforza, formerly Dukes of Milan. Relatives gathered round to divide the property and the midwife thought it time to interfere. She communicated with her relation and heard what had befallen the hidden child. Though it was a long journey for them, all three, the woman, her husband and the priest, came to Rome bringing their documents. and the painter was told the marvellous tale. His patron, the English peer, went at once to his banker, Torlonia, who saw his way to help the young man. An arrangement was made by which a certain part of the Sforza property was given to the Torlonias, and in as short a time as possible the rightful heir had recovered name, title and estates. True love for once was rewarded.

The peer's daughter became Duchess Sforza, wife of the "shepherd duke" as they called him. The peasant training of the Duke Sforza left him, in some ways, without power of self-control, but his love for his English wife never wavered. Some

strange freak made this man amuse himself by sitting on his balcony in the Palace at Genzano and firing at all who passed down the ilex avenue. Dogs, horses, men, women and children, in fact everything that he saw was shot at. At night the Duchess with her maid went by stealth to where the injured persons lived, and by money and kindness managed to silence the wounded and their families. At last a wood-cutter was killed and his widow would hear no reason. On her feet, dressed in her rags, she dragged herself and her children to Rome and personally appealed to the Pope for justice. The Vatican knew the Duke was the centre of the party which stood for United Italy, and promptly sentenced him to perpetual banishment from the Papal States. The Duke remarked on the Pope's "kindness": "Paris is so much more amusing than Rome." And there he stayed till Rome was lost to the Pope for ever.

The Duchess, when I remember her, lived in a villa she had built in the fashion of English country houses on the grounds of the Palace at Genzano. With my Danish cousins we used to drive to Genzano from Albano to play with the grandchildren of the heroine of this romance. Unfortunately her second son, Don Bosio, Count of Santa Fiore, was suddenly taken ill and died, which ended our games. There was a wonderful funeral, like one of the fifteenth century, and his little world mourned for Don Bosio very sincerely, for he was renowned for his kind and generous heart.

About that time comes the shade of my memory of Mantovani.

He was the last trained in the ancient classic ways, the last who carried on the inheritance of Camuccini. In Mantovani survived the school of the past. To him the Loggie of Raphael represented the highest art. It was very beautiful while it lasted and brought a note of pure joy into creation. Like the Greeks these artists held that only things beautiful, dignified, and planned to the utmost possible perfection should be portrayed. All else was unworthy. We have gone far from that ideal; golliwogs and billikins seem the [highest ideal of beauty we can offer our children. Like the old masters, Mantovani had a school of pupils. He distributed them over his work according to what he had undertaken. I never saw him without an escort of young would-be painters listening with reverence to his words. In him died the last of the old Roman school of artists.

The *salon* of real interest was the house of some Russian friends, the Mademoiselles Moskvitinow. The two sisters lived with a German chaperone and a little dog, Gyp, of much importance in the household. Their place was not far from Nijni-

Novgorod, and their peasants were Tartars. A comprehensive account of their property is to be found in two articles in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Their brother died of consumption and they had settled in Italy to save the life of Lydia, the younger of the two sisters.

At their house in Rome one generally met Frenchmen of scientific research and Russians who more or less avoided contact with cosmopolitan society. One old lady who was a frequent visitor was a niece of the man who burnt Moscow that it might not fall into Napoleon's hands; and others of distinction came also. I remember that once after some ladies had been severely criticising Government acts, they turned to the end of the table and suddenly ceased talking. There was a certain embarrassment, and a quiet homely individual looked up quickly.

"Don't be alarmed, mesdames," he said in French. There is only present here this very stupid and unimportant person. The head of the police is left at home in his office and will be told nothing of what has transpired here."

I never saw a group of people look more relieved. The boldest answered:

"You see we believe you, General. For what we have said just now you could shut us up for life in the fortress of St. Peter and Paul."

This was all very well, but when we were going away together the General being well in front, I heard one lady say to another: "Of course I trust him, but if you have a care for yourself and your friend's safety, don't speak so freely, my dear."

After this I understood Russia, and felt it was much to my credit to be born an Englishwoman.

Two ladies, friends I often met at this house, told me the following story bit by bit as it came to pass. One had a nephew, the other a son, students at a Russian university, and both the young men had been reprovved for their laziness. With the new year came good resolutions and with two other cousins the young men paid for a tutor. The next report was much better, and then there was no more news, no report, and worse still no cheques were cashed by the students. This made their families anxious. Letters were written to the authorities. No answer came. Thoroughly alarmed, the fathers of those two students went to St. Petersburg and made inquiries. They found out that the police had arrested them. An old law forbade any meeting, for whatever reason, of more than four people. It was an act of rebellion against the State. By this law the students were condemned to a long term of imprisonment in Siberia.

The fathers were furious that the police should dare to interfere with their sons and threatened that unless the young men were sent back instantly to their families, they would use their rights as nobles and personal friends of the Czar and appeal to him directly. At that threat the official machine gave way and the next letter told the ladies the boys were safely at home. It was none too soon, for the recall reached the young men at the first halt in Siberia of the condemned prisoners.

In the *salon* of these friends I met Monseigneur B. This prelate had been given a very delicate mission by Pope Leo XIII. He had to study the new developments of psychology and report them to the Vatican. For a man with such a difficult charge the prelate was sufficiently wide-minded and he told me many of his experiences. Those with Colonel Rochas, the head of St. Cyr, were sufficiently strange. At St. Cyr they possessed a great number of scientific apparatus, especially electrical machines, and with these many experiments were conducted. Monseigneur R. told me of two of their subjects, a lady and a man, both studying for their degree at the University of Paris. With this lady they tried the well-known experiments of the transference of nervous sensibility, transferring all feelings of those experimented on into a glass of water (*extériorisation de la sensibilité*), so that the subject felt nothing when actually touched, but at any prick or any other experiment on the water, the body of the subject suffered. One of the scientists carried the experiment so far that he took the tumbler and drank up the water. The result was unpleasant to both. The scientist was sick and unwell, and the lady lost her sense of feeling for two days, after which it came gradually back.

With the young man they went further. By persistent training they succeeded in detaching his rational self from his body, and sent him on sundry missions, which he fulfilled admirably. One day they sent him to explore other spheres. On his return the young man told them that he had met another being who travelled about in a kind of bell-shaped cage of light which protected him from anything that sought to molest him. The order was then given that he was to communicate with this intelligence and try to induce it to enter his body, which lay in a trance. It seemed he succeeded, for the student's body suddenly became conscious. He was in a most excited state and tried to throw himself from the window. The experimenters were horror-stricken, but managed to calm the student. When it was possible to obtain coherent speech, this entity told them that they had done a very wicked thing, for if some mischance happened, his fate would be terrible. "Do you understand, I might be forced

to go on living in your conditions, and be compelled to die again in order to get free."

By shrewd questions they managed to obtain this from the entity: He declared that he had been floating round. He had met the student several times and had spoken to him and had been tempted to undertake this in his own individuality. He had then entered this body and this conversation was the result. He told nothing of interest about his own state of being, but reiterated his wish to return immediately and to send back the student. He told them some details of his past life on earth and also where his body was buried in the great Paris cemetery. He said his trade was that of a grocer and he gave the number and address of his shop. He also gave the date of his interment. (All this was taken down and subsequently verified.) And then terror seized the intruder. He tried to dash himself against the window and it took some force to prevent him hurting himself. So they let him go after he had first given them a second warning against their rashness.

Besides this they attempted to change individualities between the lady and the student, experimenting by putting the man in the woman's body and vice-versa. I think Monseigneur knew a great deal more, but this is all he told me.

A note came one day from Mademoiselle Barbara. It was to invite me to a meeting of medical celebrities. A subject of Dr. Charcot's was passing through Rome on his way to Professor Lombroso at Naples. At nine o'clock the doctors had arrived and in another quarter of an hour the subject came in. He was short, with an intelligent face, with the curious eyes that mark an abnormal condition of brain. One of the professors had known Mr. R. at Dr. Charcot's and he now undertook to direct the experiments. His first act was to partially hypnotise the subject. This he did by using the inside of his watch-case. He speedily reduced him to a convenient state to begin his experiments. Taking a candle and bringing the flame near the eyes of the subject he made us observe that the man's body obeyed him more completely than it did the man himself when he was in a normal condition. This was proved by the fact that at his order the muscles of the iris contracted when the flame was at a distance and enlarged the iris when it was brought near. So that in contradiction of the ordinary laws of sight the iris shielded the eyes when there was no light and when the flame was near the pupil was enlarged to its widest extent.

"You can see now," the doctor observed, "how completely I am master of this man. And before making further experiments the subject can be asked any question that is desired."

The doctors were not slow of taking advantage of this permission and made copious notes. Before the séance began, the subject asked the doctors to promise that he should not be given three orders : it must not be suggested to him that he was to commit a crime, that he was dead or in any after-death state. This was readily agreed to, and the man was put in complete hypnosis. We had not gone far before the chief medical authority present took command. The first thing he did was to tell the subject that his daughter had been outraged and that the criminal was in the room, indicating one of the doctors. He told him that the man had an appointment with another innocent girl and that the only way to save this new victim would be to kill the man monster : the subject grew very excited. It was more realistic than the finest acting. When at last the professor placed a paper knife in the subject's hand and showed him how easily he could commit the murder the tension was great. The subject gazed in white fury at his supposed enemy, made a step forward, then cried with a bitter voice : " No, I will not be an assassin ! " and fell heavily on the ground.

" You see," said the professor, " it is not true that you can destroy the will. I have power over the man's iris, but not over his conscience." Before the subject awoke, an order was given he should not remember anything of what had happened. The subject looked rather tired, but said he would be able to continue. So another doctor came forward. Both my aunt and the Professor Hoffman were distressed at the way no attention was paid to promises made, and Mademoiselle Moskvitinow was also annoyed. Instinctively we grouped ourselves nearer the subject. The new doctor seemed inclined to produce a sensation.

Suddenly he told the subject he was very ill, his heart was wrong, it was intermittent, then it had stopped, he was dead. The subject fell like a log. His face turned red and then pale white. His eyes turned up and became glassy, and his jaw fell. He looked a corpse, and he would have been a dead man if Professor Hoffman had not sprung forward, making at once rapid mesmeric passes over the dying man. In contradiction to all medical theories, those magnetic passes saved the situation. The doctor who was the culprit looked frightened enough, while his colleague who was responsible for the subject, having known him in Paris, expressed his opinion in a few cutting words. It was a narrow shave, as he said with more truth than politeness : " Thanks to an imbecile we might have found ourselves in prison."

With the power of commanding the muscles of the eye, any fool might understand it was equally easy enough to stop the action of the heart, which must result in death.

While the man lay unconscious, in a light hypnotic state, the doctors consulted together as to what was to be said to the subject, and Mademoiselle Moskvitinow absolutely refused to allow the séance to continue. Again, the order was given that no memory should return of what had happened, and Hoffman was left to remove the hypnotic influence in his own way. When the subject came to, we were all thankful to see he was quite normal, though very much shaken and tired. He asked for water, and as it was near the time his train left, he said farewell to the company, and I trust his parting words pricked the conscience among some of our medical scientists.

"Good-bye, gentlemen," said the poor fellow. "I feel so ill, that if I had not your word of honour I should have believed you were trying to persuade me I was dead."

The fact that impressed me most was the actual proof that hypnotism and mesmerism were really interchangeable. Hoffman used mesmeric passes to break the hypnotic trance of the subject contrary to all medical theories.

Among people I have met and valued, the two Moskvitinows stand out as the personification of kindness and goodness. Mademoiselle Barbara was self-sacrificing to the extreme. When I knew them first she was very rich, even for Russia. While living with austerity herself, she took the charge of an entire family of six children. The only tie with this family was that Mlle. Moskvitinow met their dying mother on her sad journey to attend the funeral of her brother. The mother of these children died comforted by the knowledge that her fatherless children would be provided for.

About this time came the election of the King of Norway, and several candidates were proposed. Among the victims of ambition is to be counted my cousin, Palle Rosenkrantz. Ambition will even survive a long course of socialism and Palle put in his claim. It was not quite without reason. As he said, if all the world came up for election, those who represented the ancient kings of Norway might also put in their claim. He spoilt it all by declaring his objection to kings as kings, and assuring the Norwegians that it was only his condescension to their weakness that induced him to swerve from his socialist principles. His austere republicanism was never tried; The Norwegians preferred to link themselves with the Danish kings and the British Empire.

Palle Rosenkrantz, who does the socialists the honour of calling himself their leader, is really a very good writer and for that we all respect him. His books and his plays are popular in Germany and in the north, and, I believe, he has a large circle of

admirers. I have to thank him for very kind mention of my mother and myself in his last biography.

His brother Marcus has made a fortune in Wall Street and has married a charming American from the southern States.

A lady who has been for many years my friend is Miss Ellen Shaw, of old family and one of the "daughters of the Republic." Few ladies have travelled more in little known parts of the East. She is also considered a true expert in Japanese prints and engravings—of both she has a wonderful collection. Personally I consider her a friend with whom few can compare and who never fails. During the War she was a symbol of fidelity. Many cases were dispatched by her to the Italian Red Cross, and for her work in its behalf she received royal thanks. As a friend it is difficult to find her equal and many are those who love her and value her. She has lived in Rome for many years in a pretty little suite in the Palace Hotel. From its windows she sees all Rome and the Capucin convent, living in the vicinity of St. Francis.

For many years the representatives of the great republic have been chosen from their most intellectual aristocracy. Mr. Page, with Mr. Underwood Johnson, have been shining lights among European diplomacy. Before them Mr. and Mrs. White were well-known and much appreciated in English society—through their daughter they are linked with Great Britain. Mr. O'Brian, another Ambassador, was extremely popular in Rome. They lived and entertained charmingly in Palazzo Barberini. Perhaps the most noteworthy among American diplomats were Mr. and Mrs. Post Wheeler. They lived in Palazzo Orsini. Their servants were Japanese and Japanese were also the beautiful vases, the exquisite bronzes that filled their apartments. I shall always remember a rare Buddha. The enigmatic smile, mild, yet a riddle, invoked a blessing on that quiet home. In the loggia a Japanese garden recalled the East. Her cousin, Princess Troubetskoi, like Mrs. Post Wheeler, is also a writer; and Mr. Post Wheeler's masterly works on Japan enforce admiration. They left Rome for Japan, the Empire they already so well understood.

We owe the Augusteo as it now stands to Sgambati and the Count di San Martino; before he came into power we had a very second-rate municipal band. Under Count San Martino everything was changed. An orchestra was chosen and the ancient ruined walls, the sepulchre of Augustus, was transformed into a unique and acoustically perfect concert-hall. It is a place where the old gods of music are revered. From the first the classic work of Beethoven ruled supreme and only the greatest

masters claimed a hearing. Patriotism was stronger than art during wartime, but since then old ideas have returned ; most of the great musicians have brought Rome their tribute. No city in the world can hear such glorious music at so small a cost.

Amongst many interesting people a place must be spared for theosophical worthies. Mrs. Besant enlightened Rome by lectures, given in the sculptor Ezekiel's studio, to which most of society flocked. It was doubtful if they understood what was spoken about. When Steiner, in his turn, lectured in Palazzo del Drago, I heard a very dear and good Roman lady confide to her friend : " I must go, to please the dear Princess. But first I asked my confessor's permission. He said he thought it would not hurt me, and I might safely go and listen. Of course it is all in German and I can't speak or understand a word."

Mrs. Cooper Oakley was the leading spirit that began theosophy in Rome. But the real founder of the theosophical lodge was Mrs. Lloyd, of whom it may be said that few have practised the Sermon on the Mount with such devotion. The president for many years was General Ballatore. He and his wife were both convinced and devoted Catholics. Many uneducated and cultured materialists has the president helped to wider vision.

The two who have done most for this little circle of thinkers, and still are working in the field, are the Commendatore Calvari and his wife. The wide knowledge of the Commendatore has sustained "*Ultra*," the periodical issued by the lodge, while the wise tolerance and kindness of General Ballatore and his wife put the society above any accusation of narrowness. The president's standing and his reputation was a guarantee of perfect impartiality and of no sectarianism.

On the death of the General, a much-esteemed Government official, Commendatore Galli, who has wide knowledge of the Italian African Colonies, was elected and is now president. When the Theosophical Society was shaken to its base by the "Lead-beater scandal" the Roman lodge quietly separated itself from Mrs. Besant's party. It became "*Indipendente*." This ended all acrimonious gossip, and there has never been any serious misunderstanding among the members. Both presidents have allowed no religious thought to be questioned. Signor Calvari has held for years a high position in the Chamber of Deputies. Their hall in Via Gregoriana has welcomed many illustrious speakers, and has hospitably opened its doors to outsiders. Madame Calvari is cleverer than most Italian women. She speaks and writes admirably.

In Palazzo Sacchetti, on the top floor, which commands a marvellous view of the Gianicolo and the Tiber, lived Countess

de La Tour. Her husband for many years was Italian Ambassador to Japan, from which country she had brought an unusual treasure of antique art. I believe her gold lacquer was the most beautiful ever brought to Europe. She told me that her good fortune came from having known one of the former princes who, through his rebellion, had been reduced to abject poverty. Thus the Countess de La Tour was able to obtain them for a nominal price. They were things that had never come into the market and now no wealth could buy them. Madame de La Tour had one daughter, Jeanne, who was at school with me at Madame Gemeiners. To all appearance the child should have had a long happy life : unfortunately this was not to be : to the grief of her mother, Jeanne passed away in early girlhood. Countess de La Tour was an intimate friend of the famous Gaboriau. Another celebrity who was deeply attracted to her was the Count Pierre Savorgnan di Brazzà. To this great Italian explorer Belgium owes her immense possessions in the Congo.

Amongst living writers, Paul Bourget used often to stay with her, when passing through Rome. To lunch with him was an intellectual joy. His conversation was as markedly original as his books. In such an atmosphere he showed a depth of thought and knowledge of human psychology that is seldom found in a French genius.

Count Brazzà impressed me with his strength, with his brusqueness of speech and autocratic manners. When he spoke a ray of soul-fire seized him ; his words became enthusiastic ; he was convincing ; his ideas became great and the calmest brain would have been overwhelmed.

Jules du Bois I met also at Countess de La Tour's. We were excited at meeting him. It was the first visit to Rome after his submission to the Church. He was one of the cleverest men I have met. He talked freely and told us many things about his travels in India. One story I remember.

He received news from a friend that through his intercession a mahatma had consented to grant him an interview. On considering the matter he came to the conclusion that such a favour was well worth the long climb. Early in the morning Jules du Bois joined his promised guide. The climb was long and it was night before they reached the herdsman's hut, where they slept. About midday the guide stopped and told Mr. du Bois that here he would leave him, but when he returned, he would be found waiting and would guide him down the mountain. Mr. du Bois told me :

" I took the road with considerable scepticism and uncertainty. At first the path was possible, though rough, but it

became more and more impracticable. On one side was the mountain, rocky and steep, below me a precipice. I looked up and saw a great barrier of rock and my path ended. Beyond there was a little platform where the path widened, and on it stood a smoking brazier. I give you my word there was no one visible. I was alone. The brazier stood placidly smoking. Then my eyes felt blurred and I heard a voice. It spoke excellent English: 'I am glad to see you, Mr. du Bois. My hospitality extends only to coffee. Do me the favour to come and sit down.' I rubbed my eyes, perplexed at the change, but I could not rub away what I saw. There by the brazier sat a very intellectual-looking man; he was sitting in the Eastern way on the cushions. Our conversation began naturally on the subject of our mutual friend. When that was exhausted there was a little pause. I saw my host looking at me with a humorous expression: 'Confess, Mr. du Bois, I do not come up to your expectations as a hermit and as an ascetic.'

"I did not know what to say, like the architect who disputed with the Emperor Hadrian. I felt my position critical. The mahatma laughed: 'My power is not destructive; that is against the rules of my order and my own inclination. Please put your fear aside, or we cannot talk freely.' We began to talk politics, and finally came back to that most interesting subject—myself. 'I do not advise you to become a hermit,' he repeated. 'Your life is lived in the world. Your idea of isolating yourself is a folly. My first impulse was to prevent your approaching me, but that night in your cabin and the sincerity of your soul decided me to grant you an interview.' Feeling his goodwill, I ventured to put some questions. He answered in the same pleasant way. 'For me it is different, nothing binds me; I wish to be apart, and so I never go willingly to the great centres of city life. But it is as easy for me to go to Calcutta or Paris or London as for you to breathe.' I looked astonished, so the Master said hurriedly: 'This power is necessary for me in order to do my work.' Then I spoke about the British occupation and suggested how, if he and others of his position consented to direct the masses, it would be easy to overthrow the British rule, and a more sympathetic nation could be substituted, say for instance, France, notoriously known to be able to sympathise with Asiatics and who is less hard and unyielding than the Anglo-Saxons.

The mahatma listened attentively, but his reply was not what I expected. 'What matters it,' he said reflectively, 'one nation or another? So long as my people cannot rule themselves, it is indifferent under whose rule they live. Good and evil belong to all races, and the British have been brought to India by her own

fate.' He relapsed into silence. I was disappointed. 'Then you approve of the British rule,' I said. 'It is such a little matter, not worthy of consideration,' he answered. My ideas melted away. These Indian saints are too unworldly for our Western ideas, and we spoke of other things. He was much more open when speaking of my future. He told me that my soul's restlessness had attracted him, especially during the time of my voyage. 'Several times I have been in your cabin,' he said. 'I sympathised with your soul sorrow.' He then repeated to me some thoughts I had had during my voyage to India. He bent towards me. 'Do not destroy this light, or let it die in the aridity of life. Cling to this note. A blessing will come to you, not what you are looking for, but your soul will be satisfied.' He named a date. And this date coincided with my return to the Church."

Mr. du Bois here asked Madame de La Tour if she could solve the enigma. "This mahatma was not a Christian. I do not know if he understood anything about Christianity, but what he said had such an impress of knowledge and power that the impression still stays with me. I remember every word he said, as if it were yesterday. Only what still I feel disgusted at is his want of interest in the objectionable British rule. The mahatma told me many things and he told me a great trial was coming on Europe. He refused to say anything more. He told me space did not exist for him; but that he had this fixed dwelling-place. He praised my friend. The time came for me to leave him; we said good-bye and I left him seated on his cushions. Before I turned the corner from curiosity I looked back. The cushions and the mahatma and everything had disappeared except the brazier. There was no possible exit except the path on which I stood. Where he had sat was the precipitous rock of the mountain. I made my way down to where my guide waited for me, and began my journey back to civilisation."

Among the great writers that came to Rome I must count Schuré. This poet gave some lectures and the world flocked to them.

Both my mother and my aunt were great admirers of his, and they were determined to secure him for dinner. I was dispatched to capture him. On asking a friend I was told that half Rome had tried to induce Monsieur Schuré to dine with them but, had failed. From what I heard, tact was greatly required. As there was no time to spare, I went that same evening to the old French hotel in Via Sistina, Hotel de Lavigne. Alas! the place has been bought now by a German company and the pension exists no more. In the dining-room I found the poet and his

wife. There I proffered my request, but to madame, and not markedly to the poet. Then the secret transpired; both the poet and his charming wife were under doctor's orders. I swore that all should be in order, and very carefully the list of friends who were devoted to his ideals was made out.

The only thing that remained was to study the *ménu*.

Here came the difficulty. Not that the rules of Madame and Monsieur Schuré were troublesome. It was the rest of our friends. There were separate dinners for each of our guests. One was simply vegetarian, my aunt ate nothing with cheese in it and no entrées. Another ate only a salad of oranges, made with sugar and much oil, rolls and butter, fish and a cup of *café-au-lait*. All being arranged, dinner began and everything went wrong. Each dish went round the table until it found its owner. All the meat went to the vegetarians while the hungry ones sat and trembled for their food. It was a relief when the feast was over, but all was forgotten when Monsieur Schuré sat down and spoke to us. The silvery tones, with their marvellous teaching, enchained all present. Rarely indeed have I spent such an evening. It was late when we dispersed, but it remains a note in our lives.

One of my friends whom I have had the privilege of knowing for many years, is Miss Lilian Whiting, well known in Boston and in the literary world of the U.S.A. and in Great Britain. Almost every year Miss Whiting's attractive and charming personality is to be met in the great capitals of Europe. Her facile pen and wonderful power of discovering the note which has been the soul of these cities, has brought them near her readers.

"Athens, the Violet Crown," holds the note of Greece, and though consecrated in many pages to ancient, imperishable memories, tells the story of the modern town and the true fairy tale of Atlantis. Her "Lives of the Brownings" is a picture of Florence at that date and of the two great poets. In all her books one feels the touch of an understanding mind. Miss Whiting, moreover, will always be remembered for her heart-inspired poetry.

Another famous American author I met in Roman *salons* was Marion Crawford, where his great good looks attracted general attention. The fame of his books is the world's property. They relate many episodes of Roman life admirably described. The handsome Mr. Bagot and his remarkably beautiful collie were also marked figures in Rome.

In the days when radium was a novelty, Mr. Bagot's specimen was much talked of, and he always called it "Madame Radium." It was through my interest in this great scientific

novelty that I enjoyed his friendship. We were sent down to dinner together one day and I remember his remark. He had never hoped that we should have found so much in common. He was referring to my mother's Catholic coterie. No one could remain indifferent to Mr. Bagot, and at once I fell under the spell of his charm. It is hard to explain how much anger his controversial book gained for him. He had been the poet of that quaint circle of old ladies devoted to proselytising and his books were too life-like. I fear the "Casting of Nets" hurt more than he bargained, for some innocent people were included, with Lady Herbert and her coterie. I remember a tea was expressly given to the ladies caricatured in his book for a royal foreign lady. The result resembled a part of the book complete even to the words. The Vatican very prudently kept out of the whole matter, and it gradually died out. Since then Mr. Bagot's genius has passed beyond all such matters and his personages are truly the offspring of his own creation.

About that time I had the good fortune to meet at the Countess Brazzà's Wilbur Wright, who himself introduced me to his friend, a quiet, middle-aged lady. Her wonderful faith in the genius of the inventor of aeroplanes gave the world its first serious progress in the art of flying. His gratitude to this lady was beautiful to see. She was not young and her affection was entirely maternal. The success that at last came to them was indeed won by many years of struggle and failure. Told by him his life was a true adventure. Time after time he was on the point of success and then a mistake, a misadventure, spoilt the work of three or four years.

It is difficult to write of this in cold measured words, very different does it sound when one is sitting beside the hero speaking in a voice whose tone explains everything and bears the note of these years of uncertainty. I saw these people only twice but never shall I forget them or the memorable afternoon I first met them. I saw him once in my own house and arranged a flight in one of his aeroplanes at Centocelle, but the morning of the day he wrote me saying he had to leave, I think for France, and had told his best pupil to take me up. I was not strong and my friends discouraged me. After all it was different to fly with Wilbur Wright to being piloted by a new recruit, however capable. Once, when staying with the Austrian Consul-General at Florence, I had another fascinating offer, but my hostess's tears and her son the Consul's plea, not to give them the sorrow of my death, killed my nerves.

To go back to still earlier days I was present at Raoul de La-grange's great experiment. So changed are the times that the

immense audience applauded wildly when the aviator rose into the air some fifteen feet in order to salute the King and Queen. His three rounds of the aerodrome never varied from about six to eight feet. The friend who escorted us was disappointed and said so. I could not help pointing out that it was not a matter of the height but of the action; that a machine could sustain itself in the air being heavier than the air, and that this fact upset most of the laws of physics and inaugurated a new era.

In Palazzo Frankenstein, near the Ponte Margherita, lived a M. de Buma, a very pleasant Dutch Jonker. He was a great game hunter; his rooms were a complete museum of skins and fine heads and lent an exotic touch even to a commonplace Roman flat. He was a delightful host and his dinners and lunches were deservedly popular. Above his rooms were those of the Danish Consul, and there could be met such northern genius as came to Rome. There I met Björnson, the Norwegian genius, and his wife. I think that the marvellous head of the Master brought back the days of Greece. It was difficult to keep up a conversation with him or his wife: they were both entirely deaf, but what he said was worthy of his greatness. It is a pity that the Italian point of view is not more understood in the north. One of the occasions when he was at his best was during a procession in honour of the President of the French Republic. He talked of France and he was full of that country. Certainly in literature and in thought France is nearer Scandinavia than any other nation. My few touches of contact with the East began with Chatterjee's visit to Rome. Professor De Gubernatis kindly lent his University hall and his cathedra as Professor of Sanscrit at the Roman University. The Indian gave a series of lectures on the esoteric meaning of some Indian classics. Mr. Chatterjee had very charming eyes and long dark hair. In short he was a novelty and good-looking at that. Before he left he made the mistake of cutting off his hair. The women of his audience were much displeased.

Another teacher of esotericism was Professor Meybold. He was a pupil of Dr. Steiner and by profession was a botanist. He brought with him an Indian servant, which added to picturesqueness. His rules of diet were severe. To eat an egg meant moral failure; to gain occult powers special food was necessary, and abstention from all the delights of the flesh a *sine quâ non*. He was an ardent politician and held that Germany would bring salvation to the world. When the war begun he wept over the misery awaiting those nations who refused their chance of salvation. He had the certainty of a mystic joined to the fanaticism of presbyterian ancestors. Still the Professor had much heart and

might have done much, but for the days in which his lot was cast. He had occult knowledge, and had read deeply. As a friend he was very true and sincere.

Most of the friends we knew in former days have disappeared. Among them Madame Nadine Helbig. Liszt pronounced her the finest of amateur pianists. The Helbigs lived in Villa Lante on the Janiculum. From the villa you can see all Rome before you. The entrance is on the high road in the public park and a small railing defends the owner's privacy. When Madame Helbig lived, on Fridays and Mondays her sitting-room used to be full of all the great ones who passed through Rome. In old days the Empress Frederick was often to be found there. Her last visit had a curious omen. On every visit the Empress went to the Trevi fountain and drank the water before leaving. This ceremony was never omitted. On her last visit to Madame Helbig the Empress had not noticed the time, and started when she saw that there was scarcely time to reach the station. Lily, Madame Helbig's daughter, offered to go and fetch the precious water and bring it to the train. The train was on the point of leaving when the lady arrived and, as she ran along the platform her foot slipped and the bottle fell and broke. The Empress's face changed colour and she said mournfully: "It is hopeless. This is my last sight of beloved Rome." And truly she never returned.

Madame Helbig was by birth of a high princely family, a Russian. She had all-embracing humanitarian views. In Trastevere she started an ambulance for children, and her charities were never ending. I met at Villa Lante, among others, Sabatier, who gave France the impulse to the cult of St. Francis. I remember M. Sabatier and Madame Helbig accusing each other of luxury. The room where we sat had no carpet, the chairs were ragged, common china cups with heavy white plates held a few slices of thick bread and butter. Mademoiselle Sabatier, a pretty delicate girl, looked at me appealingly. I followed her glance to Madame Helbig's robe of coarse peasant serge, grey and worn, which she always wore. Monsieur Sabatier wore a black much-worn suit. It bore traces of repairs. "No, papa," said the girl, "no one could call this luxury."

Feeling the truth, we all burst out laughing.

The delightful musical At Homes are no more, but a beautiful, most charming friend still opens her house and we are refreshed by the classical masters and the musicians of her own land. Madame Kreiger is a Scandinavian and with her husband they invite what there is best of the north in Rome. Danes, Swedes, Norwegians—one meets every one, and hears the last gossip. A very clever Norwegian who has been long my friend is often to be

found there. During his many years in Rome, Count Paus has collected a great number of good pictures and especially of Greek and Roman heads; with this collection he intends to enrich the National Gallery of Norway.

Rome possesses a great architect in Commendatore Piacentini.

When the death of the author of the Monument of Victor Emanuel became known, the first question was, who would take up the labour?

In future years, when men's minds have attained the required calm, there will be no longer two sides, one to destroy all that is old, and the other to hold all works of the past in exaggerate reverence. In this future, men will seek beauty, not considering age, or modernity. The beautiful alone will be accepted. Critics speak against this building of the monument to the King Victor Emanuel, but they do not take into consideration that time will mellow the colouring. The colonnade is in strictly Grecian manner. If there is a slight heaviness it is owing to the immense respect with which all that touches the sacred heart of Rome is held. We do not possess overwhelming genius like the Greek. Phidias is not here. But there can be no criticism of the figure, emblematic of the country, in this symbolic statue, whose outstretched arms let a blessing fall on the sacred spot where the Unknown Warrior lies buried. The Altar of the Country is the most sacred spot of the kingdom. It is as I have said, symbolic. It symbolises Italy. All nations who come to the capital of Italy offer their homage here by their representatives. This is the new temple, the *Mater coeli* representing not only Rome but Italy. So it must be honoured.

An old friend who has spent many years and was a well-known figure in English circles is Miss Adeline Edwards. She lived in the Palace Hotel, like many other single ladies, such as Miss Lee, so well known in European Society as daughter of the Great Southern General. Miss Edwards' slight figure was always seen at midday in Piazza di Spagna. In the summer she often travelled in mountain districts, where she made several minor ascents. She was patriotic above the average, which accounts for a quaint incident that happened in the first days of the Great War. It may be remembered that in conjunction with the Ultimatum, there came an outbreak of influenza. It was very severe among the Board of Admiralty. Most of the Admirals were confined to bed and perhaps this shortage of advisers is the reason of a somewhat comic interlude. It may be remembered there had been many changes in the disposal of the men to whom the safety of the coast is committed. The brilliant idea seized one amongst the Board of Admiralty that if men were wanting

we had a fine reserve of unmarried ladies of a certain age. A messenger called Miss Edwards to an interview with a friend of her family, and the astounding proposal was made, that Miss Edwards and two young ladies, whom she could guarantee as good shots like herself, should undertake to patrol a given part of the coast and see all were ready for their duty. They added that quarters would be found for the three ladies and she (Miss Edwards) should receive the King's Commission signed by His Majesty. Miss Edwards suggested that a uniform would be required and orders were needed for the purchase of revolvers. She was told that a uniform must be worn, but the exact type was left to her own choice. The King's commission would remove any other difficulty. It was Saturday and in the afternoon, past the shops' closing hour.

Miss Edwards hurriedly taxied to Harrods' Store. She entered by the private door of the shop assistants and explained her needs. The manager was most amiable and, though the place was closed, the willing hands of the staff found three blue dresses of yachting serge. Miss Edwards fortunately possessed a sailor hat of dark straw with an official-looking ribbon. The uniform was complete. Remained the revolvers. Here the Royal Commission proved all powerful, and, in spite of legal restrictions, Miss Edwards secured three excellent revolvers and the needed cartridges. The two girls who were to act as subalterns were wired for. The whole party stood ready on the railway platform for the rôle of safeguarding the English coast, at 10.30 on Sunday morning.

Whatever may be thought of this appeal to womanhood, it must be allowed that they answered the call nobly. It shows great readiness of mind in Miss Edwards, who was given so short a time to make ready on a day when all the shops were closed. I believe their active work lasted a week. It was very monotonous, and I regret to say before the time was out the two younger girls returned home tired of the game. Miss Edwards remained to the end. I imagine someone in high quarters may have criticised the innovation of employing ladies. In any case Miss Edwards received an official visit of thanks and she was asked to return her commission for a few days when they would send her one more worthy of her birth and position.

"Men are deceivers ever." Lured by the promise of a specially-worded document, one reserved for herself alone, Miss Edwards foolishly gave back the King's commission with the treasured royal signature. It vanished in the official pocket. All the comfort she received, in spite of her earnest appeals, amounted to this: "If you valued it so much, why did you give it up?" Miss Edwards still possesses the satisfaction of being

the only lady who for ten days has served the country under the King's commission and commanded the armed forces of the crown.

It took place when I was a flapper, and I can remember the long description of Madame Nicati, who taught me French, of the wonderful preacher in the Church of San Carlo al Corso. Padre Agostino of Montefeltro had a romantic life, as one of the laity. He had joined Garibaldi's volunteers. The campaign over, he returned to his parents and to his adored fiancée. She was not Penelope. When the young man returned he found his future bride had married another. Mad with anger and disappointment, he challenged his supplanter and wounded him seriously, leaving him apparently dead on the field of honour. The sight of his foe dying, as he thought, awoke his conscience and, in an access of remorse, he rushed off into the wild country wandering aimlessly like a mad man. Two days later, the bell of a Franciscan convent was rung. When the monks answered it they found a man in heavy fever and delirious lying before the door. In pursuance of the teaching of their order, the friary took the young man in and kept him till he was cured. But the thought of the rival he had killed haunted him and he asked permission to enter the order, where he was later professed under the name of Padre Agostino.

Buried as a recluse, he was not known till chance helped the brothers to recognise his great talent as a preacher. It is the rule in this order to make the novices preach trial sermons, so that the superior can judge of their talents and their gift for preaching. Very soon the extraordinary gift of Padre Agostino was realised and it was favourably noticed by the Father Guardian. At first he was sent on small missions, afterwards he was sent to Turin and Pisa, and at last he was called to Rome. He was chosen for the Lenten preacher at the Church of San Carlo al Corso. And there he began the discourses which were received with great enthusiasm. Newspaper reporters were in constant attendance. The common people waited hours to get a seat and after the sermon he had to hide his movements. A friend who had an apartment in the higher parts of Rome called a cab in order to bargain for the fare. As soon as she saw the driver, they recognised each other as members of the congregation of San Carlo.

"Jump in and make no fuss. We are both of Padre Agostino's flock." While they climbed the hill he reproached the lady she had not been there yesterday, ending with: "You are a lady and a woman. You are not like me. Every time I go to a sermon it means a day lost for me and my horse."

Padre Agostino fell under the anger of the Vatican for taking too great a part with the rulers of Italy. He carried this so far that he dared to solemnly bless from the pulpit at San Carlo the Italian people and Government in almost inspired language. He never preached in Rome again, being sent instead to Turin and other cities. When staying with Lady Paget at Bellosguardo we were invited to spend the day at Marina di Pisa, where Padre Agostino had his orphanage. An Irish lady, very rich and charitable, used to give £3,000 yearly towards this charity. She had instructed her nephew to ask Lady Paget to inspect the home and judge as to the clothing and rules of the orphanage. So we left Florence early in the morning; at Pisa took the little train to the sea and were met by the genial Irishman. At the home, Padre Agostino met us and we were given into the charge of the Mother Superior of the Sisters of Nazareth who kept the institution. Lady Paget duly inspected all arrangements made for the children and when business was over, we were hospitably entertained at luncheon by the dear sisters, whose sweetness and gaiety have left me an ineffaceable memory. Like Padre Agostino one could only feel the presence of the Holy Spirit, a spirit of peace, of love and happiness not of this world.

After luncheon Lady Paget and the Irish captain explored the fine forest. It was then in its greatest beauty, filled with flowers and sweet woodland scents. Eagerly did I seize these hours to hear the words of Padre Agostino. I never before met such an exceptionally holy man, and this visit made a lasting impression on me. The first thing I noticed was the behaviour of the wild birds. When Padre Agostino left the house a cloud of wild birds flew towards the friar and settled on him. They kept coming from the forest and crowded on his shoulders, on his arms, and on his head. I have seen nothing like it. Even the watch dog, against whom the Mother Superior had warned us, stood wagging his tail frantically till the padre let him loose, when he came up and fawned on us. Another dog came up from the street outside and rubbed himself against the padre's sandals. And so we walked up and down in the little enclosure.

Of what he spoke I cannot remember much. He told me this idea of the orphanage for girls had come to him in Rome. He had found two little children asleep in a doorway, nestling to each other for warmth. It was a bitter night and he was returning to his convent. The children seemed half-starved with cold and want of food. They had no home, for the mother had deserted them. Padre Agostino carried the little mites to a good woman he knew in the neighbourhood. This scene was often repeated, and his little family of forlorn girl babies grew

until it became necessary to find a permanent house. The monk had recourse to certain pious ladies who promised funds. A house was founded at Pisa and the institution was confided to the care of the Sisters of Nazareth. Now they were two: one at Pisa, the mother house, and the other by the sea, where the smallest of the children lived. He ended: "Signorina, the good God knows what He does. When you see that line of happy children and know they are safe from sin and trouble, the heart might feel glad and you would be content with your work. But Jesus knows what He means and to stop all feelings of self, He provides such daily mortification and trouble that I assure you no room is left for any sense of security and content, but rather your work keeps you in a state of continual misery. Praise be to God for the way in which He teaches us to work only for His glory and His honour. Those who do the work for the world's sake can only reap sorrow and misery."

His extraordinary reverence for these little children was shared by the Mother Superior. They had prepared three little baskets with beautiful embroideries worked by the children. Both Lady Paget and I could not accept this valuable present and we suggested they might be sold for the benefit of the orphanage. Padre Agostino would not listen to these suggestions, children's work should never be sold, he said. It is a sin against the children, and their work is not made for sale or barter.

Close to Santo Stefano Rotondo, near the walls of Rome and within sight of the cathedral of San John Laterano, the Mother Church of Christendon, stands a great building, surrounded by gardens. It is planned in the form of a cross and in the centre of the cross the building continues in the form of a heart. This is the convent hospital of the Little Company of Mary. For many years the mother foundress of the order lived there. In her room Mother Mary always kept a curious Roman brick, on which was roughly drawn in old Roman days the plan she had devised and given the architect as the original design she wished followed. It is impossible to tell all the difficulties and troubles this holy woman overcame before her church and her hospital were completed. In the first place they dug the brick was discovered and Mother Mary took it as a sign from God and of His blessing on her enterprise. The sisters have some pretty customs. One, I think, is peculiarly their own. When the convent dinner is brought in three plates of food are generally served before the sisterhood eat their dinner. These three dinners are called the meal for the Holy Family: Our Lady, St. Joseph, and the Infant Jesus, and in these holy names are given to any hungry mortal who happens to want food. Mother Mary had a weakness that

prevented the use of her limbs. I heard that on the occasion of the audience of Mother Mary with the Holy Pope Pius X, the Pope offered to heal her, but she would not consent to this relief from the trouble which God had imposed on her.

The most wonderful thing I remember happening in my frequent visits, was her answer to a very devout Englishwoman. She was saying good-bye, when Mother Mary stopped her.

"My dear, I have a message for you. You are a good woman and your husband is a good man and God is going to grant you what you have prayed for so much." I never saw a woman's face change so. It seemed to radiate joy. After they had left, I heard a few remarks which enlightened me.

It was a great privilege to pass some time with Mother Mary, and I saw her very often. She gave me one of the blessed rings, a silver hand with a crucifix. When she put it on my finger, she told me it was a reward for patience and to grant me strength. I never parted with it until one fatal moment during my journey to Rome in August, 1914, when I carelessly left it in the station of Milan. How I regret the loss! Great was the sorrow when her holy spirit left us; still I believe the prophecy made on her newly-closed grave will be fulfilled, that one day she will be venerated and raised to the altar.

Padre Pio of San Giovanni Rotondo I met two years ago. My friend Countess Grace Campello, a very eminent prelate and myself resolved to visit this holy man, of whom some friends had told us. It is a long railway journey to Foggia, and from this town to San Giovanni Rotondo we motored, for it was a long way up to the hills. The Capuchin convent stands about half a mile from the village, and when we got to the church, we found some Roman ladies waiting before the confessional.

The church is not large, but small and beautiful, and it is joined to the convent and served by the friars. Until lately Padre Pio's duties were the cares of the confessional. Padre Pio is young. His eyes are deep-set and full of a quiet, peaceful expression. He is pale and slight and wears a small close beard.

We were not able to stay for High Mass. As I was kneeling there my attention was caught by the scent, which I thought was the incense. It grew stronger and the perfume was different. It was like a field of wild plants and herbs, of sandal wood, fresh and reviving. It stayed there for a long time, almost all the time we were in the church. When I talked about it to our clerical friend, he said that my account was the same as that of a Belgian priest he knew. Countess Campello confessed to Padre Pio and I brought him three requests for prayers to which he made curiously apt answers. Of two sentences, I remember one was

his advice to a man and his wife, both my friends: "That souls sincerely good like these should hold each other up in the road to Christ." The other was a general remark: "When Christ is in the house there is calm and peace." We left San Giovanni Rotondo the same afternoon and took the express to Naples.

From these high souls I pause to note down a few names of friends who made my Roman life filled with interest. In Florence I must mention first a dear friend, Miss Mansfield, the daughter of Sir Charles Mansfield. Sir Charles was known for his talent, and his career would have been remarkable but in his last post he sustained a terrible accident. He had been appointed to the Republic of Columbia as British Minister. Sir Charles and his daughter were present at some local races. Growing tired of the confinement in the carriage, as soon as they were over, he decided to cross some fields. A young bull was unfortunately grazing there. It attacked Sir Charles violently and threw him against the gate, and his head was severely injured. The injury did not show itself till later, when he was forced to return to Europe. Miss Mansfield settled with her invalid father in Florence. Her talent, her wide culture and knowledge of the world, made her popular with everyone. When at last Sir Charles passed away, Miss Mansfield, in spite of all temptations to return to London, where her brilliant talents would have found scope, settled definitely in Florence. Her relation, Count Lutzow, was named Austrian Ambassador in Rome. Strangely enough a short time before the Great War, Miss Mansfield, who was staying with her cousins the Counts Lutzow, then living on their magnificent estates, told me she felt a strange presentiment that never again would she visit her relations in their beautiful country seat. And so it was, for as soon as the War broke out they were given the care and maintenance of a cavalry regiment, which, combined with unheard of taxes, injured even a great fortune. So long before the fortune of war had cut the bonds of the Austro-Hungarian Empire the grandeur of the past had departed, never to return.

During the War Miss Mansfield did important service for the country. Lord Monson, her uncle, acted as President of the Red Cross.

Our department in Palazzo Senni belonged to my mother's old friends Count and Countess Luigi Senni. Count Senni in his younger days was famed as the finest rider in races and steeple-chases in Rome. Unfortunately racing is not economical and his large fortune suffered considerably.

His marriage was a love match. In those days there was no rail from Frascati to Genzano, some twenty miles, and only true love could induce a young man to ride that distance to the house

of his beloved in the hope of seeing her and gaining one word assuring him of her affection. I fear he was not always rewarded, *for sometimes the fear of her father was too strong and all the greeting given her ardent lover was: "Go away, papa may hear you!"* Her sweet disposition has made her my dear friend for many years, and her Wednesdays, when she receives, are well known and bring many people to the pretty Villa Senni by the Tiber embankment.

At Mademoiselle Gemeiner's I had a school-fellow, a dark-haired, large-eyed girl, who caused me much envy through a beautiful school pinafore, made of black holland and trimmed with red braid. I pestered my mother in order to have such a pinafore like Angelina Lante's for myself. I was told my small body was not suited to such a garment, as I spluttered my ink too lavishly. All this is long ago, but when I grew up I found one of my truest friends in Angelina, my school-fellow's mother, the Duchess Lante della Rovere. Angelina married very young, Baron Wulf of the Baltic Provinces. When I met her again Duchess Lante was living in Via Tritone.

Baroness Wulf had only one child, Marie Christine, who in these pre-war days was a great heiress; and the then Russian Government kept a jealous eye on the education of a child who would inherit a province. This happy condition did not last long. The first revolution began and her mother used to sit until early morning awaiting the attack of the peasants. To illustrate the upside-down conditions, the police used to send warning of when the insurgents would attack the castle. Many an hour did Baroness Wulf spend sitting by an upper window with her burning lamp so as to let the peasants know they could not take them by surprise. But behind this parade of strength lurked the spectre of hourly, daily fear. In the governess's room stood a ladder ready to let her take the child to the stables, where night and day a sledge in the winter and a dog cart in the summer stood ready harnessed to one of the swiftest horses they possessed. At settled intervals the horse was changed and night and day a coachman was ready to drive governess and child to safety. This went on for many months. The servants were all faithful; they knew that their masters and they would be murdered together, for they were distrusted and hated by the Letts.

In the meantime horrors and massacres went on among old friends and relatives. Two episodes Baroness Wulf described to me. A near neighbour was seized by the insurgents and with her daughter shut up in the fowl-house, while the peasants decided as to the manner of their death. The girl was very beautiful. With their hands, for they had nothing else, the two ladies made

a breach in the wooden wall and slowly dragged themselves through the snow, seeking refuge. Alas! before they had got into the nearest town the rebels came up with them and with jeers and blows whipped on the two women whom they deprived of their clothes. When at last they reached the principal square in the town the women fell down fainting in the snow and then the grim dispute began again. How should they kill them? The town was full of police and soldiers but they closed the doors of the barracks and no one stirred. Only a Jew had pity on them. He came out of his house and spoke to the men. Killing the women would bring them no gain. Only one was young and she was half dead with fright. Why not sell them their lives? He pleaded this, while the victims listened, and the insurgents accepted the bargain. The Jew paid the money and took the women into his house and safety. Another relation of theirs was taken by the Letts and put into one of the woodmen's huts which was covered with brushwood so that they could burn them all together. As there was a number of little children, some of the less cruel objected. A fire was started, but they allowed the poor women to push the blazing faggots away, and after two days of mortal fear the brushwood was pulled down and the death-doomed allowed to come out of the hut alive.

Then followed a period of being dragged along with little food and water, by the insurgents, the stronger of the party carrying their weaker companions, for if a woman or a child fell from fatigue, they were promptly shot. At last the insurgents took them to a castle, the property of one of the ladies. The insurgents housed themselves in the lower servants' quarters, and the leader told the owner that they had left some other people there. But no damage was done, for these other people were told to go upstairs under the roof. The owner had arrived with her friends and wanted her own rooms. "When we put them here," he said, "we warned them to be very careful with the furniture." Being curious to see what had happened the ladies went to the upper floor, and found twenty refugees, ladies of highest birth, with their children, who had been treated very much in the same way as they themselves. All were thankful to get to a place where at least they were not threatened daily with being burnt. Food was brought them, and all necessities of life, and the rebels called in some peasant girls to act as servants.

I think it was a year before they were able to feel free once more. The insurgents disappeared and matters became more normal. Baroness Wulf had a terrible experience. There was a stone staircase which could easily be held by a few good shots. All the night Baroness Wulf stood behind her husband

helping to reload the guns and watching the destruction of their home. When the first alarm came from the police the child and governess were sent away by the sledge that had been kept harnessed so long before the time came to use it, and after many adventures they reached the castle of a friend who had agreed to protect them. The sacking of the castle took place, but there were no more attacks made on the steward's house. In course of time the Baron and his family managed to leave the country in safety and found their way to Italy. These adventures took away all wish to return to Russia. The Baron went back in order to secure his property; for the strange thing was that though the Letts would beat the German steward almost to death in the presence of his wife, still, when the man could drag himself to their house they would pay their rent without any idea of refusing it. It was only when Central Europe went mad and Russia became Satan's kingdom of hell, that the old rights of property were abolished.

For many years I was welcome in the apartments in Piazza Cavour where the Duchess Lante lived. It was one of the greatest sorrows of my life when at last she passed away. I can only repeat the words said of her by a mutual friend who was also a relation of hers: "Duchess Lante was different from most people, especially women, during all her life. No one ever heard her utter a hard judgment against any friend. In her presence she could not allow a criticism or even a harsh word to be said against anyone. Even people who had injured her or her children, were held sacred, for a misinterpretation was always possible. She would say: "We cannot judge for we do not understand." "*Elle était la charité même,*" said a prelate. Baroness Wulf was clever, she wrote very well and interestingly for publication. She was unrivalled in friendship, an exceptional woman in every way. She survived her mother a very few years and fell a victim to the great suffering and anxiety she had borne during the first Russian Revolution in 1905.

Among the notable men who figured in London society during the late Victorian and Edwardian era must not be forgotten Sir Seymour Blane, for many years a most staunch and loyal friend to the Prince of Wales and afterwards to King Edward, with whom he corresponded regularly. Tall, soldierly, with an inimitable air of high breeding, Sir Seymour's figure was well-known in the clubs and drawing-rooms of society. He could tell a story with grace and vivacity, yet free from all undercurrent of sarcasm, for he was one of the kindest-natured men. His wife is a very dear friend, and like him is one of those who are never forgotten. I knew her first in Rome as Mrs. Henry Blake of

Boston, where she attracted many friends by her charm and her interest in the classic past. There is a fountain among the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars which will always be associated with her graceful presence. In the spring-time it is buried among the green and white of arum lilies, with great clusters of banksia roses breathing perfume ; there stands the statue of a woman bending over the crystal water at its feet. By this enchanted spot we used to sit and evoke past beauty. It was here I saw her last in Rome. Her house in Lowndes Street bore the seal of Italy, and of her other favourite period, the eighteenth century in France, when French workmen wove the colours of Nature at her fairest in the looms of Aubusson.



THE DOWAGER DUCHESS MATHILDE LANTEDELLA
ROVERE MONTEFELTRO.

CHAPTER XVIII

WAR AND POST-WAR IN ROME AND ITALY

Mussolini—The Marchese Afande Rivera Costaguti and his wife.

My horses were gone; there stood the carriages—old friends, immovable. Alone in the large stables stood a little Italian mare of fourteen hands, rejected by the authorities. I kept her for the first six months; forage grew scarce and rose to famine prices, and few private individuals could obtain it regularly, so I sold her for the use of a colonel's family. The menservants had followed the horses, drawing-rooms were useless and cold, for there was no more coal, there were few friends to invite and the lowness of my banking account suggested present economy. Thus, instead of renewing my contract, I took a small apartment in Piazza Trinità dei Monti. It was full of sunshine and had a little green garden behind, convenient for my doggies. Society had by this time dwindled to the unavoidable marriage Receptions, for war or no war the signing of the contract was obligatory.

The first marriage Reception I attended was in Palazzo Soderini, and well I remember the difficulty of finding any kind of conveyance to take me to and from the party that evening. At last I joined forces with a friend. She had three excellent motors standing useless in her garage but we were thankful to have the use of a dirty cab with a horse dead lame from age, not far removed from the state of the ancient driver! The bridegroom started the next morning for the front and the bride remained with her parents.

The next wedding I was interested in was that of the only daughter of Prince and Princess Pignatelli. With more consideration for their friends, the Reception was held in the daytime.

The first sign of growing scarcity came from the pastry-cooks. Warnings plastered their walls in which we were told to expect no more cakes or sweets or candied fruits. Ices alone were excepted, but vanilla ice was banished. Weird concoctions of raisins and almond-paste decorated the windows, until, in order

to pacify the proletariat, all display was forbidden. Bread became dark and unpalatable, cream had long ceased to exist, only one firm, Bernardini, was allowed to sell pure butter. Horrid little books became obligatory, and a brisk traffic was arranged between the heads of large families, who managed to procure food in unknown ways; besides these, there were the unscrupulous people with plenty of money in their pockets. A home-made loaf was indeed a treasure. I depended for butter on the kindness of the French officers I met in the hotel to which I had moved for the sake of warmth. Meat was allowed legally five times a week. It was very good and very dear.

I had enlarged the garden by hiring one next it that belonged to Count Bobrinsky, who was absent from Rome. With the help of the maidservant I filled it with peas and beans, salads, potatoes, tomatoes and other good things. The only certain means of locomotion were the trams, run by women, who did their work admirably. The Italian women had the spirit of self-sacrifice. They came in force to do the work of the men fighting for their country. They were postmen, telegraph boys, railway porters, street cleaners. You saw them in every office and in every bank. None could realise the true greatness of Italian womanhood. In the sorting houses of the post office ladies worked, each taking their turn, and all gratuitously, because the finances of the country were in need of such self-sacrifice. This does not apply to the poorer classes, who were liberally paid by the Government.

For some time I attended a nursing course given by the School of the Samaritans. This institution is a half-way house between the ordinary nurses and a more complete course. Perhaps the best way to describe it is as resembling the medical nurse—training in Australia or any land where doctors are not easily obtained. We were taken to different insane asylums and shown the way to distinguish different forms of insanity, and the best way to treat the special cases we met with.

Each patient was led on to a platform under the care of an attendant, and a conversation was carried on by the doctor in which each kind of madness was made apparent to the dumbest brain.

One case I remember. It was an old man with white beard and shrewd eyes. His delusion was that the Princess B. was in love with him. They were engaged and she would marry him but for her relations, who had forbidden the banns. Under the doctor's science, the old man began to show his want of reason, yet he gained in interest. The doctor asked him if it was true they loved each other. The lunatic was transfigured and his language became poetic. For a short time he was allowed to remain so. But at the words of the doctor romance fled,

The doctor said: "Besides being beautiful, the Princess is very rich, I heard."—"It is true," said the madman; "you will see when we are married, for I know how to spend."

And the shrewd expression returned to his face. It was a sad exhibition.

The next test in our pursuit of science was the dissecting hall of the hospital of Santo Spirito. We were twenty-five student nurses, who took our places with pencil and paper in the theatre.

When the sheet was removed there lay the body of an old man who had died the night before. Unaccustomed to such sights, the volunteer Samaritans showed much courage. The subject was duly dissected. No one failed while the surgeon completed his task, calling us down, one by one, to observe the different veils of Nature's mysteries in human life.

To reassure us, our instructor told us that unheard of expenses had been incurred in the lavish use of aromatic vinegar. Above all shone the great abnegation of the major part of the students. All of them, barring myself and one other, were working women. They went on with their several professions while attending this course. I made friends with one, an elementary schoolmistress.

She came with three others, all giving up their short leisure. They were intelligent, putting acute questions and reasoning out things themselves. The doctors who taught us, one for each subject, seemed admirably patient. In the Samaritan School it is understood that trained doctors and surgeons may not be immediately available, and therefore more scientific knowledge is required than in a simple nursing course. But at the end of every lesson the teacher would tell us to call in a doctor as soon as possible and not to rely on our knowledge. The necessity of some knowledge of insanity was obvious, for too frequently in the long trains of wounded a patient would be seized with madness. The need was so great that our third lesson was training in hypodermics, and we were urgently begged to give an hour to this work in the hospitals. Alas, very few of us at that period in our course cared to accept this responsibility; the four or five who did accept this duty were led to it by the terrible picture of the sufferings and agony of the wounded lying in their misery with none to help them. I had gone through all to the last lesson and had prepared all that was asked for to be ready for the final examination, when I was struck down with influenza, or rather the illness which passed under that name.

There were no doctors or nurses, and my servant was conveniently ill. At any rate, she disappeared from the house for good, and all for fear of infection. I can recommend strict dieting and the absence of anyone to look after you for pneumonic infection.

The portress brought up such food as she could obtain, enough to exist on when the high fever subsided. The servant never reappeared and I soon found a successor. On the whole I got through the time of sickness very easily. It was during this curious development of influenza that the originator of the Bill against the abuses of vivisection died.

The Cavaliere Agabiti was a young man of the highest moral character, and his genius would have carried him far. He was engaged to be married and had been given a few days leave from his post in the Chamber of Deputies. On returning to his mother's house he had been seized by this epidemic and died in the hospital after a few hours' illness.

I remember several piteous stories of the time when the epidemic raged. One of the well-known physicians was suddenly seized by it. To be certain of his condition he took his own temperature. The first remedy was blood-letting, and the hope of life depended on the condition in which the blood was found. If the patient's state was desperate, the blood coagulated from the excessively high temperature.

This happened in the case of the doctor who, with fictitious strength, asked continually if all was well. The hospital doctor, to prevent a sudden shock, assured him there was no danger.

"Because," said the sick man, "I have a wife and children, and my many patients will die if I am not there to look after them. My life, I tell you, is valuable; I must live."

From his confrère's words he understood that there was no danger.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed and sat up. Then fell back dead.

Owing to the purity of the Roman water and the health-giving air, the illness passed away without working greater damage on the public health.

It is impossible to say enough in praise of the Italians of all classes during the War. The Italian people supported the Government without complaint or rebellion. They were not outshone in this by any other nation. There was no mad denouncing of spies. If a man saw something suspicious he went and told the authorities and left it in their hands. There was no sudden collective spy-insanity. No murders or riots happened, although the people were fully aware of their danger.

A proof of this came before me unexpectedly. I was driving in my pet cab down the Via Nazionale. It was beginning to rain heavily when I saw a friend, whose husband was nearly connected with a well-known Austrian statesman, standing on the pavement. Seeing she was in distress I stopped my cab and found the driver

whom she had engaged had bluntly refused to take her home. His sons were fighting at the front, and he would have nothing to do with one who was related to their enemies. As he drove off I came to the poor lady's rescue and my cabby, who was a brother of my old coachman left Princess X. near her palace.

There sprang up, in Rome at this time a number of adventurers, seeking to make money out of the misfortunes of others. Some few, I believe, became rich, but the greater part disappeared in a commercial maelstrom.

The most peaceful moments in this besieged civilisation I passed driving in the Campagna with a friend the Marchesa S. T. By the influence of her husband, a Deputy, she had managed to obtain permission for her motor, and with her grey-haired dog, the size of an ordinary cat, we used to take long silent drives together. How glorious were the Roman sunsets and the winter twilight! It brought a feeling of unreality borne out by the classic ruins we passed to realise the true importance of antiquity; it was necessary to breathe the air of the Campagna and so understand. Our usual drive passed the church of the Tre Fontane. From the hill beyond the Trappist convent the land stretches in never-ceasing sunburnt ranges towards the classic sea where Europe first found civilisation. Another Xerxes had gathered all his forces, intending with his myriads to overwhelm the civilisation we had so carefully won. In the fast-fading light remained ruins of a past that perished by Goth and Hun. The victim of its own weakness, Rome passed, and so shall we disappear in the fullness of time when something better is ready to take our place.

The defeat of Caporetto came as a blinding blow on Italian security, and Rome, like other cities, took its share of refugees. Among other more important places the beautiful Castle of Brazza was seized by an Austrian general. There was only time for Count Detalmo and his daughter to escape into safety. The news came suddenly as they were sitting peacefully in the drawing-room. The horses were harnessed and they fled with the few objects they were able to save from the *débauché*. In Udine the loss was greatest, for Jews came with transport carts ready to carry off the booty to Vienna. A friend of mine, Countess X., who was serving as a V. A. D. in the hospital, was determined not to abandon her wounded. While others fled she waited stoically doing her duty. The first Austrians arrived and with them came an officer she had known in happier days. He looked at her aghast.

"You here, Countess? What could the Italians be thinking of to leave you in such a danger?"

She had Austrian blood, and told him, laughing, that her race

was not accustomed to fly, adding: "After all, you are a civilised nation and I wear the Red Cross."

"Good God! Did no one tell you that the troops are Turks and absolute ruffians? They know nothing of the Red Cross and respect neither God nor the Devil. I must save you. But how?"

"My wounded?" she said.

"They must take their chance, but you shall be saved."

The officer rushed out of the ward. He returned with an elderly sergeant and a corporal with a kindly face. Covering her white uniform with a military overcoat he escorted her to the back-door and there left her in the care of the sergeant, saying:

"You are quite safe. This man comes from my property and has daughters of his own. I have told him to get as near the Italian rear-guard as he can, so that he leaves you with friends. If the troopers catch you up, rather than let you fall into their hands, he will shoot you."

"I needed none of the prompting of the sergeant to run as fast as possible. It was a terrible moment. I shall never forget the sergeant's: 'Quicker, gracious lady, quicker.' On we went and by the grace of God we were not molested."

"A little later and we could see the moving mass of the Italian rear-guard."

"'I dare go no closer,' said the sergeant."

"I tried to give him a bracelet, but he pushed it aside. 'I have daughters and I am bound to the Prince.'"

"My wounded lay on my conscience but he did not seem to understand me, and time was precious so I ran as fast as I could towards the Italians. I was lucky enough to meet an officer I knew, but all the help he could give was to let me follow with the troops. For seven hours I stumbled on. My shoes fell from my feet in fragments; I tied up my feet with pieces torn from my clothes, and stumbled on until at last I reached safety."

This story, told me while drinking tea at the Excelsior Hotel in Rome, left a lasting impression.

The Castello Brazza was burnt down by the negligence of an Austrian General who quartered himself there. The Villa di Brazza was sorely wrecked, and the villa of Count Asarta was utterly destroyed. Both these houses were on the principal line of Italian defence, the Tagliamento. The Austrian victory caused no great alarm in central or in southern Italy. With great *sang-froid* the reinforcements were sent and General Diaz took the post of Generalissimo, instead of General Cadorna. Above all comes the name of the king, Victor Emmanuel III. An officer of republican politics told me the first time I met him on his return

for a few days' leave, that he and most of the army had entirely changed their opinions. The army, one and all, are entirely devoted to the King's person.

"I was," he said, "on duty with my men at the front, when I saw a small party ride up. When they dismounted we saw it was King Victor with his staff. They settled down to a very frugal picnic meal. We were within range of the enemy's fire. When the brief meal was ended, the King and his staff went on with their inspection and I heard my men saying to each other :

" ' This is a man as well as a King. He is a true soldier. ' "

The officer told me that this fact was very often repeated, to the wonder of the soldiers.

" We are all royalists now in the army, and we would all die for King Victor. "

The man who said this before the War was a whole-hearted admirer of Brutus, and a very hot-headed Republican.

The King's abnegation was in marked contrast to that of certain officers, whose quarters were well out of the danger zone and who did not stint their luxuries. The army's passionate devotion to King Victor was further accentuated at a banquet given for the demobilised officers. In one of the speeches, these young men, the flower of Italian youth, were warned not to forget the lessons of the Great War, or their military training. This speech was greeted by thunders of applause. How many of this splendid youth joined themselves to the great national movement of the Fascisti, and defeated the designs of the Bolsheviks, both Italian and foreign, who sought the destruction of Italy !

Before the War ended I had the great pleasure of seeing two interesting people. One was my old friend, Mr. Carline Severance. He had been sent on a mission to Italy by President Wilson. At a dinner he gave the fact that impressed on me why the sumptuary laws were suspended was that we had actually rolls of real flour from American private stores. The other friend was Count Zanardi Landi, husband of the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth. Count Zanardi Landi was on his way to Malta to take command of his ship. He was charged with some missions for the Italian Government. The count dined with me and gave me an amusing account of his last visit to Ireland, which to our famished imagination seemed a land of plenty. He told me the food shops in Ireland made his heart joyful. Going into a provision shop, where stood gigantic mounds of butter, he humbly asked if he might secure a pound of this golden treasure. " Twenty pounds ! " said the shopman. And twenty pounds he brought home, together with other spoil. He showed me the photograph

of his beautiful daughter, who strikingly resembles her grandmother, the tragic Empress.

Among other memories of Rome in war-time is a great dinner given at the Grand Hotel by Americans, Mr. and Mrs. de la Roche, in honour of the Dean of the Sacred College of Cardinals. His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli and many other princes of the Church were also present. Our host had been honoured by one of the high decorations belonging to the Holy See, of which he and his handsome wife were devoted adherents. The practical head of the Red Cross in Rome under the Duchess D'Aosta was the Marchesa Constance Guiccioli. An Englishwoman by birth, the Marchesa brought this institution to the highest point of efficiency and discipline. Very wisely no foreigners were admitted and the entire Red Cross consisted of Italians. This measure prevented unwise criticism. The Grand Sovereign Order of Malta equipped an ambulance train and maintained it throughout the war, where it was of the greatest service. The reorganisation of the army under General Diaz was followed by a quick return of the old morale, and gradually the Italians took back their lost positions. The Austrians were completely defeated and their short-lived triumph faded away.

Then came the Armistice and the War was over.

The first slump was in the business world and many profiteers went into the bankruptcy court. The fictitious flow of money stopped, though a little profit was made on the sales of Government stocks of clothing, etc. There began to be felt a certain tightness in the money-market and the people showed signs of poverty not seen since the beginning of the War.

Prices rose, food became dearer, but there was an improvement in the quality of the bread. The invasion of north Italy and the devastation of these provinces had destroyed the source from whence the capital drew its supplies. Milk, butter and cheese remained scarce. Cream, as I said, was, as ever, unattainable. The thousands of refugees that had crowded into Rome after Caporetto were not anxious to return to their ruined homes, but former employees in the Government services began to return and claimed their old positions. With much moaning and complaints the Venetians and others from the plundered provinces packed up and left for the north. Rome breathed more freely and a new air of contentment was seen on every face. What this meant can be understood from the experience of a family I knew. They were husband and wife. The man had retired on his pension after forty years in the Government service. He had two children by his second wife and their income sufficed for the necessities and perhaps the comforts of life. On these quiet people

there descended his brother-in-law, the director of a bank in Brussels, the wife and the six children. The six rooms of the Villino they occupied were crowded to overflowing. Even the Professor's study, essential for their livelihood, had to be given up to his wife and daughters. He was ultimately obliged to give up his post in the Academy of Oriental Languages at Naples at a time when money was essential, for he could not work without a study where he could prepare his lectures. His son was sent to an inferior school, his daughter took the place of the servant they could no longer maintain. The Belgian wandered round the town seeking work he never found, and thus the whole family vegetated, rather than lived, till peace came and the Belgians departed.

The Professor mournfully remarked to me : " I, too, had my Caporetto."

The harm done to his son's education was irreparable.

The next event in the Ministry was the exodus of the " young ladies." It was simple. They would not listen to reason, and insisted on retaining their posts. The doors were shut and their places filled by officers returned from the War.

A deputation arrived in Rome. They were visiting the capitals of the Allies in order to promote the cause of Poland's independence. I came into contact with one of the leaders, and in a visit he paid me, he asked me for some letters of introduction to political friends in England. Those of the mission whom I met impressed me with the marvellous sincerity of their patriotism. In every word they said rang the ideals of chivalry : my religion and my country. Truly Poland is pre-eminent in faith, and the divine power has well chosen the Poles to be again the bulwark of Europe against the Bolshevist foes of Christianity. In the past, which they proudly recall, John Sobieski, King of Poland, stood with his army, champions of Christ against Islam. He shattered the Grand Vizier's strength and preserved Europe.

Chivalrous as ever, these representatives of newborn Poland, having done their work in Italy, left on their mission to France and England. I was fortunately able to give them some introductions. I feel ashamed of the pooriness of my effort, even now, when I think of the touching words with which they left me, saying that my assistance was followed by the gratitude of a nation. Later on, after the Council of Versailles, I met some partisans of Albania, who also wanted introductions. This time the matter was more mercenary. The Albanians hoped to establish sundry industries mostly concerned with shipping. A small fleet existed, belonging to an Albanian citizen, but they had higher and greater ambitions. Nothing less than a large

fleet and a harbour to hold it would satisfy Albania, and for this much money was needed. Again I wrote to various financiers for whom in my turn I secured introductions. The only thing I remember of the plan is that there were many advantages for England if the plan had, as the Americans say, "panned out right"; but I suppose that the Albanian Minister's securities were too fairy-like. It ended in silence.

President Wilson came to Rome on his round of political State visits. A gold wolf was offered the President from the city of Rome. When his anti-Italian bias was shown at the Council of Versailles the question came as to who was to pay for the present. It ended by the Syndic paying for it out of his purse. Everybody else refused.

Italian feeling grew high at the preposterous idea of denying a victorious nation what it had fought for. Much misery was averted by Gabriel D'Annunzio. His intimate knowledge of the character of his fellow citizens was victorious. His flight over Vienna had raised popular enthusiasm. To throw pamphlets instead of bombs was the thought of a true poet. A few children murdered would make no difference to the end of the War. "Frightfulness" is a very poor reason. The same spirit prompted his actions as governor of a disputed city, and again D'Annunzio triumphed. The poet became the national hero. He incarnated Italy. The soaring ambition, the gentleness, the bravery of the people showed themselves in the poet, and also the tenacity of the popular will. King Victor had a royal intuition when he named the soldier-poet, Prince of the Snowy Mountain, Prince of Untrodden Peaks.

In Rome hungry hands groped among the fleshpots of the Government, trying to gather what riches were available. The Italian plenipotentiaries left for Paris and the Versailles Conference. A small and influential party wished that Palestine should be handed over to the guardianship of the Pope. This solution would have contented the majority of Catholics, who are also the majority in Europe. The Italians would have hailed it as a final settlement of the papal question. From the Christian point of view nothing could have been better than that the holy places of Palestine should be in the hands of the head of the Christian religion. Places, for centuries, indeed from the first years of Christianity, where the Divinity of Christ was first acknowledged, that were held the most holy on earth, might surely now have been handed over to Christian believers. Politics and the necessities of modern civilisation destroyed this dream. Russia's pious hand might have interfered, but she existed no longer. The Jews willed it and no one cared more than they

for Jerusalem. The epoch of the Crusaders is definitely closed.

Sometimes one may ask what the Moslem world would say, if Mecca or Medina were given into the hands of men not of the faith of Islam.

During this period I chanced to meet in a friend's house an interesting stranger. The man was not handsome, but there was an atmosphere of decision in him. He was passing through Rome on his way north, but had stayed a few hours to meet his well-wishers. This quiet-looking man was by no means commonplace, and to him Italy owes it that she is not the headquarters of a gang of Bolsheviks. These were turbulent times, the temper of the man in the street was by no means pacific. Every day the newspapers chronicled a new advance of communist principles. Workmen seized the factories in north Italy, and worked them for their own profit. Certain parts of Rome became unpleasant to walk in. Any lady in a hat was liable to be insulted. Finding no force to stand against them the Communists grew bolder; it was an offence to the people to show the national flag. In the Trionfale quarter, the Testaccio and San Lorenzo quarters, the times seemed ripe for an uprising.

A policy of silence was carried on in the newspapers. The Ministries were guarded and the palace courtyards were filled with soldiers. A few brutes dominated Rome. In Via Nazionale, I saw a wounded officer surrounded by bullies. They tore the distinguishing marks of his grade from him, took his decorations, threw them on the ground and spat on them. They then broke his crutches, leaving him helpless.

The Government recommended the officers not to excite public opinion by wearing their uniform. In Piazza Santa Maria Maggiore there were scuffles between troops and Communists. Private individuals, like myself, found it safer to avoid these places, and if caught in them, the best way to escape a bullet was in the nearest doorway. Life went on without much regard for these disturbances, but it was not pleasant.

The true heart of the people was shown in the ceremony of the "Unknown Soldier." There was no mistaking the nation's feelings and the general devotion to the glorious army of victory. Nevertheless the insults to the national flag grew more frequent. No lady could hope to enter a tram-car. Then the end came.

One morning I had gone down the Spanish Steps to the British Library in Piazza di Spagna. There was a little bustle in the piazza and shops were putting up their shutters. We had unfortunately grown used to this, for there were frequent cases of looting by mobs. Miss Grimes, the librarian, with true British courage, was the last to give in to necessity and her library was

nearly always open in spite of other people's shutters. As I ran to the door trying to see what was happening, a number of pleasant-looking, strong, capable youths in various uniforms, but all with black shirts, drew up in the piazza. Battalion after battalion arrived with their flags. Some of them wore the most picturesque clothes imaginable; one band struck me particularly.

They were all in black and on the left side was embroidered a skull and cross-bones. Others wore the mediæval dress, bright in the bravery of ribboned ornaments. In the end the piazza was crowded with them. The crowd melted away imperceptibly; they were to join in a procession of menace to the communists. The whole army was encamped in Villa Borghese and there they waited the orders of their chief.

Counter-movements were made by the communists, but when it came to defying the force of an army, the followers of Lenin quailed and nothing happened. It was otherwise when they caught some of the Fascisti away from the main body. The poor lads foolishly strayed into the quarter of the brickmakers. They were overpowered and thrown alive into the burning kilns. A great deal of rioting took place, and active attacks in the San Lorenzo quarter. Enraged by the murder of their comrades, small communist citadels were taken and the enemy routed completely. A strike followed. I was in a cinema when the lights went out. It was full of Fascisti and the orchestra began to play patriotic songs, which were vigorously taken up and sung by the Fascisti. There was an undercurrent of anger against the recalcitrant electricians. A man got up and addressed the audience, repeating Mussolini's message to the strikers: if the light did not come back in forty minutes they would be dismissed from their posts, which would be occupied by Fascisti.

In thirty minutes the cinema was again at work. The strikers, who had seized the power-station, put away all thought of armed revolt and returned to their duties under the surveillance and persuasion of armed Fascisti. There was no more trouble with the men and no more talk of strikes. Next morning I ventured to take the autobus at Piazza Montanara. It was manned by new men not in uniform, volunteers as I found out, to replace the strikers. As I entered a man brushed roughly past me. One was accustomed to this sample of Bolshevistic manners. The volunteer conductor stepped forward.

"Sir," he said politely to the rough fellow, "do you not see a lady is standing?"

The passenger seemed puzzled.

"Excuse me," said the conductor, "I felt sure you did not see



H.E. SIGNOR MUSSOLINI.

this, for a gentleman like yourself would be the first to give up his seat to a lady."

Mollified by the compliment, which was said in the politest tones, I was installed in the seat so gallantly vacated. This was the first movement to recall the Italian to his natural courtesy. The volunteer strike-breakers were of all classes, but were all conspicuous for the most accurate politeness.

March, 1925. I had just returned from a pleasant "at home" given by Madame Szambati, the widow of the great composer. It was a stormy day, and the wind and rain beat against the windows and created Nature's accompaniment to the harmonies of man's composition to which we listened, translated in the notes of the human voice, and to Beethoven's creations drawn from a modern piano.

Among the crowd were two Scandinavians, old friends, who are themselves devoted to music. Madame K. plays entrancingly, but during the silence I did not talk of art with her husband. Rather it was the turbulent sea of politics and the ever-present menace of War that filled our minds. What will the next year bring us? The future stands veiled, shrouded in the fears of the nations. And so I heard the possibilities that may materialise later, according to the predictions of men of the north. It was not from the age-long conflict between France and the Germans that our danger comes, but rather from the unknown land of Russia.

A silent land held bound by snow and ice for more than half the year. The land that is more a continent than a country when compared with the other petty divisions of Europe, Russia looms over the German nation. The Soviets have prepared their army, their aeroplanes, and their poison gas for war. The German eagle sulks in his trampled eyrie. Each possesses what the other seeks, and longs for. The one has mechanical genius and fertility of thought and invention. The other has the raw material without which the inventor is useless, and the thinker is silent. The Scandinavian spoke of war and the menace of war. A great vision seized me. What if the Russian land gave a home to German genius? The instinctive reverence of the German character for superior humanity would be transmuted into respect for real kingship, real leaders of men in science, in discovery, and in true brotherhood. The Slav, with his wonderful patience, becomes a tamer of Nature's forces, a redeemer of the earth from the remains of so much bygone savagery. They are the two great nations that have not as yet displayed their full power. As yet the German idealism has been that of all rising barbarism, to dominate by brute force, to reproduce an industrial slavery, and an actual slavery in men's minds.

Russia is full of half-learnt and half-remembered ideals. The Sermon on the Mount is in the air, not yet brought down to earth and practical duties. It is now a brotherhood of hate. But time is always a conqueror, except of Christ, for living in eternity Christ's words are time's master. Hate is very sterile. Six years of class hatred has only brought destruction to the nation and destroyed the tools of an outworn civilisation. While Europe is teeming with genius, the Soviets have given us class-consciousness, and the communist Sunday-schools. Nothing more practical. Lenin's embalmed body surveys other corpses ; the result of his iron rule of destruction. The creator of the Red Army is cowering before his own handiwork.

The impracticable thoughts of a German Jew, Karl Marx, hold the Russians enthralled. Surely this cannot last.

Again, as in Peter the Great's time, German and Russian stand face to face. What will come forth ? What will be the solution of this old-world problem ? War, fear the Scandinavians—but need it be so ?

Far away I see the meeting and the reunion of two great races, not to the world's downfall, but to the joy and harmony of the nations.

From the slayer will come sweetness as in the legend of Samson. From the lion's mouth comes honey.

This seems to me more probable than that earth perish, victim of a world hatred. Surely we can trust the Hand that has drawn us from the reasoning brute to the Buddha, St. Francis, Beethoven, Dante and Shakespeare. The elements have submitted to their master, man. In the end reason will triumph and love rule.

" God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the World ! "

says the English poet. And let us say with Dante, who alone of men has written the Divine Comedy of Humanity :

" In God's Will lieth our Peace."

